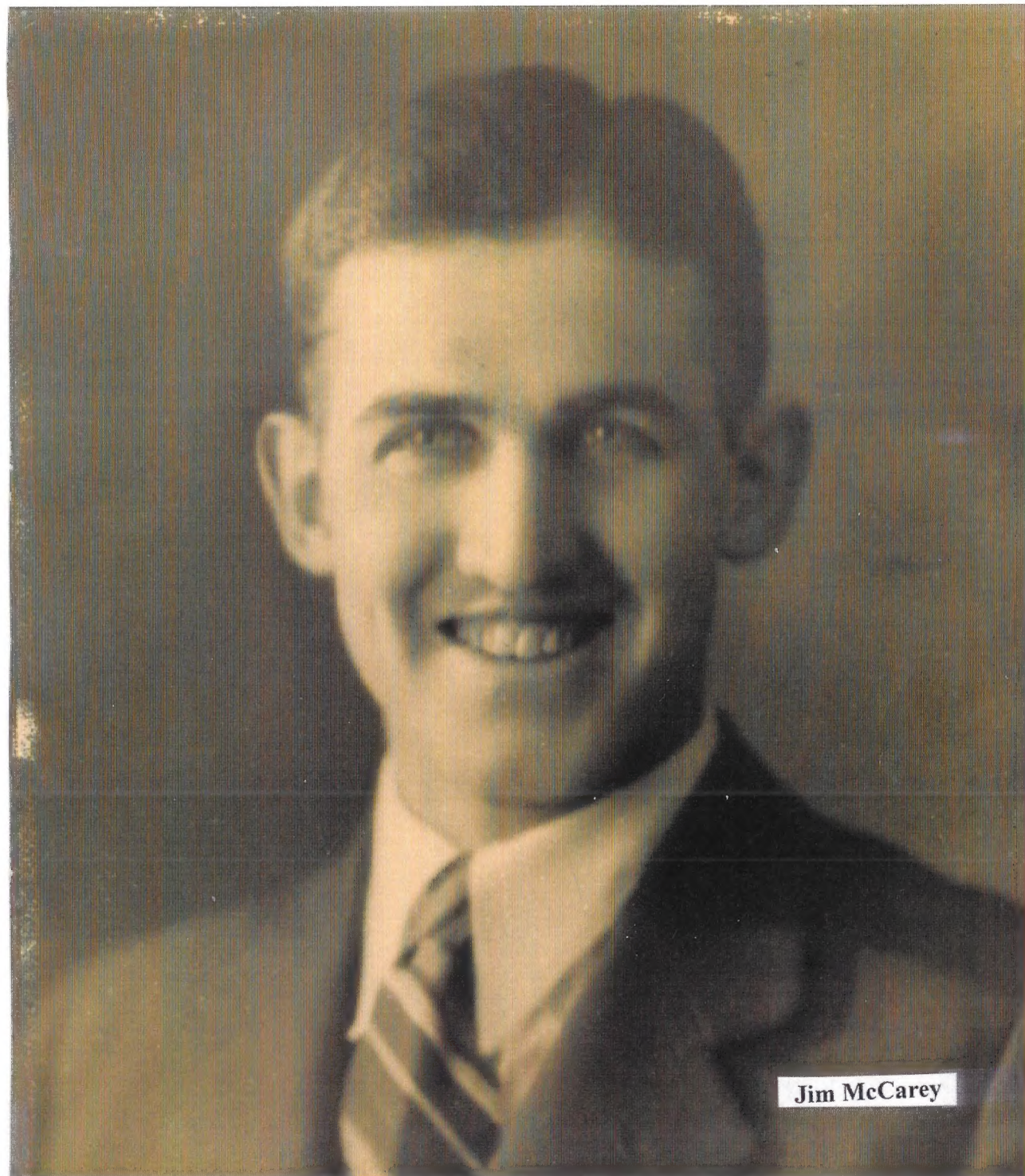


MEMOIRS

James B. McCarey



Jim McCarey

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Data for "Family Tree" - McCarey Family

| Name | Birthplace | Date | Death Date |
|-------------------------|----------------------------------|-------------|----------------------|
| McCarey, Thomas | Monahan Town & County Ireland | 1824(?) | Sartwell, Pa 1865(?) |
| McCarey, Mary Caufield | Monahan, Ireland | 1828 | Sartwell, Pa 1912 |
| McCarey, Owen Eugene | Sartwell, Pa | 1848 | Sartwell, Pa 1932 |
| McCarey, John | Sartwell, Pa | 1851 | Sartwell, Pa 1938 |
| McCarey, Elizabeth | Sartwell, Pa | 1858 | Sartwell, Pa 1942 |
| McCarey, Michael Joseph | Sartwell, Pa | 1862 | Portville, N.Y. 1924 |

Eugene, John, and Elizabeth remained single. Elizabeth became an invalid (polio). She arranged to adopt a neighbor girl, Anna Bly, who looked after her for many years until Elizabeth died. Anything she possessed was left to Anna Bly McCarey who died about 1942.

In Emporium, Pa., Michael Joseph McCarey married Annabelle Bisett September 19, 1896. Anna Bisett McCarey born Dallas Center, Pa., 1864, died Long Beach, Calif., 1941.

Mary Eugenia McCarey Sterne - daughter of Michael and Anna McCarey (1898-1925). Eugenia married Walter Clayton Sterne (1921). Eugenia died in New York City 1925 of typhoid fever. Walter Sterne died San Pedro, Calif. 1974.

James Bisett McCarey - son of Michael and Anna - born Portville, N.Y., 1902 - married Vivian Vergason McCarey 1940 - St. Bonaventures, N.Y.

Vivian - born in Olean, N.Y. 1901 - Her daughter, Marilyn McCarey, Long Beach, Calif.

Norma Eugenia McCarey - born 1941 to James and Vivian McCarey, Long Beach, Calif.

MOTHER AND DAD'S FAMILIES

I never saw either Grandfather or Grandmother Bisett, nor Grandfather McCarey, but I was eight years old when Grandmother McCarey died. I do remember some about her. A pleasant little old lady sitting in her rocking chair, with her prayer book and beads. She was very pleasant to us kids. I sort of remember the peppermint candies she would give us kids sometimes. It is vague but I do recall she was very pleasant. She seemed so frail. When I think she managed this good sized farm. Uncle Gene was sixteen when his father died. He became head of the family -- a custom in those old Irish families. This was Civil War times, about the 1860 time - in Western Pennsylvania. My dad, Michael, does not remember ever seeing his father.

Dad became a doctor, but first he had to become a school teacher to finance his medical education. He had to teach two years to help pay for his medical school for one year. During the last four years of med school he got a job teaching at Corwin Center School, which was two miles from Dallas Center where the Bisett farm was located. He and Anna Bisett became friendly. She told me, "We were not engaged but we had an understanding." Michael finished medical school at Columbus College. It is now Ohio State University. He located in Portville, N.Y. Eugenia and I were born there, and had the pleasure of a delightful life in this nice town.

The Vergason family moved to Portville about 1910. I was in the fourth grade. Norma Vergason was in my grade. Vivian Vergason was in the fifth grade. (She was always a little bit ahead of me, but I tried to catch up to her. We never had a date as kids -- neighbors and friends.) She went to Syracuse and graduated, to teach home economics. I slipped through St. Bonas, got working in the oil fields, eventually got to Long Beach, Ca. By that time Vivian was a widow, with a little girl, Marilyn. They came out here to visit her old friend, Mollie ~~D~~^Hodges. She gave us a call on the phone. My mother invited her to visit.

My grandparents on both sides were born in Ireland. Grandmother McCarey was born Mary Caufield. In the village of Monaghan. We know she had a brother, James Caufield, his daughter, Elizabeth Caufield, came to United States, and came to visit our family one time.

Grandfather McCarey was from the same part of Ireland. He came to the USA as an indentured servant, on a five year contract. He was a boot maker in Ireland. My uncle explained it to me one time. You killed the animal, skinned it, cured the hide and processed it into boot or saddle. In the course of his contract to the saddle and harness maker in Friendship, N.Y., he arranged for his girlfriend to come to America. She told her family about coming by sailing ship and by stage coach to meet her boyfriend. They were married in Friendship, N.Y.

Patrick McCarey as I have found out was his first name arranged for his brother John to come to America. A cousin, name of McPheeters, was here and he got a job clearing the right of way for surveyors who were laying out a railroad from Buffalo to Philadelphia. He found out that you could file for acreage along the line, and he filed for some land for himself and McCarey, many years later the McPheeters lot was part of the McCarey farm. The brother, John McCarey, became a missing person during the Civil War.

Grandmother Bisett was born Mary Clark from the Dublin, Ireland area. She met and married James Bisett. I think in the New York area where she lived with her brother and his wife Tom and Rose Clark, there also was another sister, I think her name was Jane. She married and became Mrs. Richardson, lived in Rochester, N.Y. There are a lot of Richardson connection about the Rochester area.

James Bisett became an employee of a man named Devero, who had trading posts both in Canada and New York. Bisett was stationed in Ellicottville, N.Y. This Devero is the same man that gave the land to the Franciscans, where St. Bonaventures College is now.

THE EXTENDED MCCAREY FAMILY

In order to explain our relations, my mother was Anna Bisett. Her next older brother was Charles Bisett. He located in Parkersburg, West Virginia, was a landman for the Eastern Oil Co. There was an oil boom. Charlie was securing leases for this oil company. His wife became ill. They had two children, Marie and James. Their mother died and Charles is left with two young children. Marie about fifteen and James about 12. Charlie tried to get help to keep his family together. It didn't work out well. He arranged to have Marie go to a sisters' school and James to a Christian brother's school, live-in arrangement. For vacation time, my mother and Uncle Charlie worked out a plan. James and Marie would come to our house for vacations. So vacation time Jean and I have brother and sisters. It worked out well.

The sisters that ran the school where Marie went also ran a hospital and nurses training. Marie completed high school and went into the nurses training, but having her summers and vacations at our house. Marie was a year or so older than Jean, and Jim was about four years older than me. When Marie was into nurses training and on vacation here she often would go with Dad, when he made a sick call. He thought that was great. Jim and I played catch, used the old swimming hold, had a good time together. As he got a bit older, he became sweet on a girl, Bessie Mohan. He arranged for me to stay home. We were good pals. Marie finished high school and was in her last few weeks of nurses training. She contracted tuberculosis, she had a lot of treatment. She survived about a year, but died in a sanitarium in Arizona.

Jim by now was finishing high school and had a year of college at Notre Dame. Uncle Charlie had remarried, but Jim and the stepmother couldn't get along. So he came to be with us.

Uncle John Bisett had opened a garage and auto sales business in Bradford. Jim Bisett went over there, had a try at selling cars. He did pretty well, gave it a good try for about a year, he had a buddy in

Tulsa, Brownie, who got lined up with an oil well supply company. He was doing well. He got Jim interested and Jim left Bradford and went to Tulsa, with Brownie and the Continental Supply Co. He got married to a Tulsa girl, Betty, ^{Beth Ann} I can't remember her maiden name. Very nice person. They were a very happy couple. Came to visit us several times. After a year or two a big oil boom happened in Texas. Jim and Brownie opened a supply place in Fort Worth. It was going strong, they were doing well -- a lot of business, hard work, long hours. Jim got sick -- was a few days at home, then hospital -- he died. Brownie bought Jim's half of the business, and Betty went back to Tulsa to live with her sisters.

About the time Jim Bisett went over to work for Uncle John Bisett, Lionel Bisett who was the son of my Uncle Richard Bisett, who was dead was working in the garage. He came down with an attack of sciatica rheumatism. He lived with his widowed mother, Aunt Mayme Bisett, in East Bradford. He went through quite a lot of treatments, our Uncle Water Bisett, arranged to bring Lionel over to have my Dad look at him. Dad arranged to have Lionel stay with us to see what he might do for him. Mother arranged another bed out in my room. Sleepy Valley -- Bis and I are roommates. He was with us two or three years. He got better, but somewhat crippled, he could drive a car. Dad was having real trouble with the car. Bis drove Dad about for a year or so. During this time Uncle Wally knew Bis would never be able to work in the garage, so he made plans to have him take a business course, in West Brooks Academy in Olean. Bis drove Dad on the house calls mornings and went to the West Brooks Academy afternoons. His health was improving all the time. He always would be somewhat lame, but got about very well. While this program was going on, Dad was getting more and more confined to the office practice, he almost was giving up house calls.

Along about this time, a lady Lilla Wheeler bought a car. She hired chauffeurs, found trouble with two of them, one was stealing from her. However, it happened Lionel became the chauffeur for Mrs. Wheeler for many years until she died and she left him a nice purse when she died. She did that to all the help. Jean and I had a good cousin, Buddy. We were always good pals.

THE BISETT FAMILY

James Bisett came to the United States from Ireland. He was from the Dublin area. He and Mary Clark also from Ireland became married. I don't know if in Ireland or USA. Mary Clark's brother, Thomas Clark, lived in New York. I think probably they were married in New York. They moved to Ellicottville, N.Y. James Bisett got a job working for a Mr. Devero who had a series of trading posts from Canada down into Pennsylvania. This is the same Mr. Devero that gave the land to the Franciscans where St. Bonaventure College stands. When I was a student I lived in Devero Hall. This was either early Civil War time or before. After a while in Ellicottville, Bisett moved to "Tar Port." It is now East Bradford, Pa. There was a saw mill and a small settlement along Tunawat Creek. After a little time here Bisett acquired some land, at Dallas Center, about four miles up a tributary of this creek, where there was also a saw mill and a little settlement building. By this time the Bissetts had a family developing. They maintained and became quite self supporting on this farm. In this development they produced nine boys and five girls. That was in the days when big families were the rule. Every hand as it developed was taught to help out. The family progressed and prospered on these rolling acres. James and Mary Bisett must have been pretty good managers as well as breeders. They were able to stock the farm and acquire teams of horses so as the boys developed, they became productive teamsters in the growing lumber business and the now developing oil fields. I don't know just when Grandpa Bisett died. Edward, one of the older boys had developed a pretty good teaming business in Bradford area. Thomas had married and moved to Smethport where he was operating a farm for his in-laws. Two of the girls had jobs in Bradford, so the farm was sold after Grandpa Bisett died, and the family still about. Moved to Bradford -- on Congress Street. Charlie got a job in the oil business, Chris got a teaming job in the Olean area - eventually married his employer's daughter. Ed had John go to business school in Rochester, N.Y. Charles and Walter also went to St. Bonaventures for a year or two. Anna and Rose went to St. Elizabeth's Academy at Allegheny and Anna was in Fredonia Normal when she was called home because her mother was very ill. Grandmother Bisett died. Anna had a friend who was a milliner and she got a job, learning the milliners trade. She was doing

some corresponding with a fellow who had taught school near Dallas Center and was struggling to complete his education for a medical degree. Each two years had to be able to go to medical school one year. Got room and board for janitor work and some cash money for being hostler for one of the school managers. This doctor had charge of the epileptic ward for the state penitentiary which was connected to Columbus Medical College. This experience turned out to be most beneficial for Michael McCarey -- one thing Dad always said, "The one thing I am most pleased about was that we proved epilepsy is an illness not a crime." It took a long time to get that stupid law off the books.

Rose got a job in a photo studio and she became a very fine retoucher. Even after she was married it was a nice source of income. Jane married George Ferris, a Civil War vet. Also, Mary married James Hannigan. Anna married Dr. Michael McCarey to whom I am obliged for my existence. William died quite young -- also, Henry who became tubercular. Walter always was somewhat frail and somewhat slow, but he became self supporting. John became a horse man -- a horse trader and later an auto dealer. Charles became a boiler maker and oil operator -- he became quite well off. Raised two families -- his first wife died quite young and he married again. They had four children and they have some offspring. Rose Cunningham had two boys. Her son James Cunningham has two daughters. Merrill Bisett, Tom's son has a daughter. I don't know her married name. Ed Bisett has a son, Richard, who has a son and daughter. The boy's name is Tom Bisett. He is a doctor, lives in the Boston area. I am trying to make a Bisett family tree, but don't really know how.

In the 1830s, James Bisett came to America from Ireland. He is to have grown up in Dublin. Some time and place he met and married Mary Clark, who had a brother in Brooklyn, N.Y. and a sister, Jane, who married and came to live in Rochester, N.Y. -- Jane Richardson. When my sister Eugenia was in college in N.Y. Mother took me to visit her. We went up to visit Aunt Rosie Clark, the wife of Grandmother Bisett's brother. There were two grown young people living there, John and Mary Clark. John Clark died as a young man, never married. Mary married but I don't remember the man's name. He was a widower with some children.

My sister Jean kept in touch with the Clarks. I was a student at Fordham when Aunt Rosie died. Jean and I went to the funeral. They needed a pall bearer so I had my first experience as pall bearer.

A few years before this, Mother had taken me to Rochester to visit Aunt Jane Richardson, who was quite feeble, she had a large family of children but she lived in her own home with her unmarried daughter and son, Tom, who was a secretary for George Eastman, the Kodak man. Effie, the daughter taught in a Catholic school in their neighborhood.

My mother's brother, Uncle John Bisett, attended business school in Rochester and I remember him saying, "We are related to all of Rochester." In some way or other, James Bisett and wife, Mary, are located in Ellicottville, N.Y. He was employed by the DeLarouche Trading Co. The same DeLarouche that gave the land to the Franciscans at Allegheny where St. Bonas College is located.

James Bisett was later located at the DeLarouche store in what is now East Bradford, Pa. Bisett acquired some acreage for himself at Dallas Center about three miles east of Tar Port which was the going name for East Bradford. Quite a good stream comes down off the hills at this spot, a water wheel mill had been set up, and a little town developed -- church and school, post office, Dallas Center.

Some time after the death of James Bisett, the family moved to Bradford Pa. Tom married and moved to near Smethport, Pa. He helped manage his wife's family farm. Her name was Mayme and she was a milliner. They had a son Merrill Bisett. He had a daughter -- I don't know her name.

William died as a young man -- not married.

In Bradford, Edward Bisett became the head man of the family. He started the Bisett Bros. Co. Moving and Storage. It was a team operation at that time. Oil field teaming and other hauling. Ed married and raised a larger family. Edward Junior, who went to Texas had a family -- two boys and one or two

girls. His sister, Josephine White, raised a big family. I knew some of them but do not recall all their names. Their names are not Bisett. Richard, Ed's second son, now lives in Bradford. He is old like me. Dick has lost his sight. Dick has one son who is a Doctor Bisett somewhere in the New England area.

Eugene, the third son had infantile paralysis as a child. He grew up but was quite delicate. He died sometime in his twenties -- not married. Elizabeth (Betty) married a Doctor Lavin, so her children will be named Lavin.

Christopher Bisett married and lived in Olean, N.Y. He ran a transfer business there. He had a son, Howard, who had family. I don't know who or what gender. There was another son, Robert, who died as a teenager. Three daughters -- Loretta, Celestine, and I don't know the third daughter's name.

Richard Bisett. Married and had two sons and a daughter. Harold Bisett, Lionel, and Pauline Scanlon. Harold had a son who would be Bisett. I don't know about him. Lionel had no offspring. There are a lot of Scanlons about Bradford are related to Pauline.

BIRTHDAY PARTY

It was about Kindergarten time -- maybe first grade. July 14 was my birthday. Mother and Jean invited some kids for the party. The night I was born, Dad delivered three babies. Doug Roulo, Clary Peckham, and me. We never knew in what order, but we are the same age. We kidded about it some.

The party -- Jean had secured a bunch of little kid's guns. She was going to have us march and parade, she always had fancy ideas. While she was lining all us up, she was going to pass out the guns. Mother had the dinner all ready. So we go for the food. While everybody is eating, Doug and I go get the guns. They are too much fun for these kids. We hide them under the barn.

Dinner over -- Mom, Jean, and some of the other parents are picking up. Doug and I chase some of the other kids home. We wanted the guns to play with ourselves. Some kid got in and told Mom, and that was the end of my birthday party. We never got to march with the guns. I was sent to my room.

UNCLE GENE'S STORY

Uncle Gene was Dad's oldest brother. He was seventeen years older than Dad. He was born 1844-45. After the Civil War he was a young fellow big enough to pass himself off as a veteran. He picked up some cast off soldiers uniforms - and as Uncle John told it - "Strutted himself about like a Yankee Colonel." He was quite a reader and he consumed every report about the war he could find - He memorized the days and dates of battles the locations of the various units and the fronts - picked up tales true and tall from returning soldiers. There were a lot of 16 year olds in the army - so mixing it all up - with the old soldiers cap and jacket this brash kid passed himself off as a knowledgeable veteran. He got away with this stunt a few times and then was exposed as a show off - know it all kid. Uncle John telling about it - "That know it all, He never did get it all taken out of him."

Their father died when my Dad was just a little boy - so the only head of the family was "Owen Eugene." The oldest son was the head man with those early families - Uncle Gene gave the orders - You asked him for permission. He made and settled the community deals. What he said went. John would not really question but grouse a little. Grand Mother always said "Owen will know what to do about it." With Aunt Liza and Dad - what ever "Owen" says is it. He was "Owen," at home but Eugene almost every place else - Aunt Liza - we called her "Bestes" as little kids - she said "Uncle Gene" when she talked about him to us kids - but if she called him from the barn she would call "Owen." Up and down the valley he was "Gene."

I recall him - as a stocky - robust man - gray hair - drooping white mustache a little tobacco stained. He kept steady company with a corn-cob pipe - used "Growler" tobacco - both smoked it and chewed it. Old Jim Reilly - who helped out there sometimes, said of that tobacco - "It is the vilest stuff that ever was made - ground alfalfa and thistles, and that pipe - it would snuff out a forest fire."

When we were little kids the farm was all romp and play but when I was about fifteen I spent the summer on the farm to help with the farm work. I had fun - Dad thought it was a great place for a boy - that is where he grew up. I was big enough to help my uncles a little and learn a little about farm life. I was a husky kid and enjoyed it. Found some time to hunt woodchucks - or play catch with the kids up or down the road. We had a pretty good swimming hole down the creek.

My uncles had their separate responsibilities - John looked after the cattle and hogs - Uncle Gene looked after the horses and farm equipment. They gave each other a hand - but they ran their jobs like they were separate companies. I loved to hang around the horses - I helped John too but milking I tried not to be good at. It is awful steady work. I would sometimes be up at Cawleys and help "Jerry" milk - but down at our farm I wasn't considered a good hand at milking - I was happy to flunk the course.

At this time they had two teams of horses. Uncle Gene drove one and Reilly a hired man drove one - Then they had a single - "Buggy Horse" "Old Maude," I drove Maude to the cheese factory with the milk, some mornings my aunt or Anna Bly would go along and stop to see someone or get stuff at the Turtle Point Store. Once a week the store had a wagon come out and deliver groceries and stuff, but we ran out of things and it was usual to bring back a pound of coffee or a can of baking powder. Mostly they bought by the 100 lbs. - a barrel of flour, I had quite a lot of activities up and down the road. At the cheese factory it took a while to unload and load up our cans with whey for the pigs - and time for a bit of playing catch - a little tag - some wrestling. Some of the men would pit us kids against each other - I being a town kid had to do quite a bit of defending. Quite often had some cleaning up to do before I got home - My nose always bled - even when I didn't hit it. I never got hurt.

My Aunt "Bestes" - a maiden lady - never understood why boys had to get so dirty. It was never real clear to my Mother either. When I got back from the cheese factory and the detours, there was a little snack of cold milk and cookies. There were some jobs for Maude and company - like a little trash to haul out and burn - take tools up into the field for the men, haul seed, fertilizer, some wire for fence, and fence

fixing equipment. There were still some rail fences on our farm - they were quite bedraggled so they were reinforced with barbed wire. Most of the fencing was woven wire. Maude and I did most of the garden cultivating and shovel plowing. For cultivating the field corn and potatoes they usually used one of the team horses - It was lead the horse up and down the row, try and keep them from stepping on the crop. Most of the neighbors did not shovel plow their rows, but not my uncles - then the potatoes had to be hand hoed - and hand de bugged - squash them with two pieces of shingle. I don't know if there was spray stuff or not then - We had the pick and squash system. To work with the horse I like the hand stuff I could leave. There usually were quite a few things for the one horse shay to do - I particularly liked trips up or down the road to other farms - the necessary ones and particularly the unnecessary ones - up the road there was the McNalley Boys and Jerry Cawley - Down the road was Greens with a slew of kids - Finns two big boys and the Sullivans - four miles down was the Cantwell Farm - It was kind of hard to justify and errand down there - but Frank and Skip were my buddies. Uncle Gene sort of explained that we had some business here and other people had business there and that was their business - We didn't want them to interfere with our business etc. So after chores - I used to put a blanket and sirsingle on Maude and canter away - Canter? with old Maude would hardly be it - sometimes a little above a jog - her old sway back was no rocking chair and if she got much above a brisk walk it was painful - for man and beast and particularly a tender bottomed boy. There was a McClland saddle in the barn - but so old and dry - Maude's bare back was softer than that.

I had a good time either at work or play - it was hard to be sure which was which. Most everything was something new every day - It was a learning experience but I didn't know it was. I began to learn about farm life, how to hoe a garden, fix fence, maintain a horse feed water brush and curry - shovel out the stall - tar soap the harness - treat sore fetlocks - clean and medicate their collar sores - fix pads to relieve pressure. Any work at the horse barn was fun - I helped out at the cow barn some but that was chores. Uncle Gene kiddingly would say, "would you like to go up and give the Governor a hand" - (meaning John). I would help feed and water the cows - they had a silo had to get out some insulage not

my favorite smell. Carried up the milk it had to be strained, pails and cans cleaned up - chores - I liked Uncle John - but cows are for eating.

When it rained there was always a lot of lubricating jobs to do wagons to grease - equipment to clean and oil up. It seemed like every day there was some grind stone work. Ours was a old hand turner - sharpen tools - axes scythes, mowing machine sections, garden hoes, sicles - seems everything on the farm starts out with a trip on the grind stone. Keeping a steady turn on the grind stone is quite a discipline for a boy. Uncle Gene and I spend a lot of time at the grind stone. I learned how to draw a true edge on a blade, axe scythe or what ever. Keep a good edge on a jack knife. Not to leave a feathered edge, which wont cut true. Even now I have no use for a dull tool. I got my instruction from a man who had only two terms in school, but I think he was the best teacher I ever had. He could put down facts with his finger on one knee, He could figure pretty near anything. He had such a keen memory and he could tell stories about the old times that could put you right therein the midst of them. Electric grinders are efficient and they can sharpen tools, but the old grind-stone whetted both the tool and the mind - it exercised the wrist and the intellect, it triggers understanding like no flick of a switch can approach. We ground out stories about the bad winters - floods - sheep and cattle died - people sick.

The Indians came down the valley for food - they were starving - There were good Indians and there were "Shongos." "Shongos" eat anybodys chickens. The good Indians offer to give help skidding logs etc. You have to share what can - that is the way it is out in the country. A "Shongo" will never do you any good but if you don't help him he can do you more harm. I remember many years later Uncle John telling about the Indian boys that were helping him "They are really pretty good boys for Shongos."

I used to be most fascinated when I could get Uncle Gene to tell about taking lumber and log rafts down the river. He went with his father and then he became the boss raft's man. He told that in the period after the Civil War - Cash money was not available - barter was the only trade - but when they sold timber down the river they got cash. It was the only cash they saw, and no matter what the hardship, rafting

brought cash money. In the winter they got their logs down to the creeks and river and when the ice went out they floated their logs down to the river where they could be lashed together into rafts. People brought their logs and timber into rendezvous places, Uncle Gene shipped his own timber but acted as agent for other people. He bought and sold their goods. As they went down the river they built up a bigger shipment. The Allegheny flows North then turns and goes South and this bend starts at Red House, N.Y. on the Seneca Indian Reservation. In this big bend is the "Shallows" treacherous place to get thru. They had to bring small rafts thru here then assemble them into big rafts. They would make a lot of trips around the bend, walk back and go again, with another group of small rafts. There was an Indian at Red House that knew the channel and he guided the operation. His name was King Jamerson - He and Uncle Gene became good friends. They visited each other back and forth. I met him one time at our farm. One time Aunt Liza went down the river and stayed with Jimmersons until Uncle Gene came back. Once Uncle Gene took a raft to Cincinnati on the Ohio River, ordinarily they went to a mill near Pittsburgh on their regular trips. There was a big pond near this mill, it is where the Monongahela and Allegheny join to make the Ohio - this is where the timber was sold, they walked back home, about 150 miles up hill and down dale sometimes thru the woods. One time when Uncle Gene and Grandpa McCarey went down the river and when they got near Pittsburgh another raft group caught up with them, and passed them the word that Grandmother was taken sick after Grandad's raft had left. So Grandad, Uncle Gene and Bill Lundergan took out for home. They bought a jug of whiskey for a quarter, got some hard tack and some cracked corn, their only food. They walked, they walked all day and most all night - stayed one night at Clarion, Pa. and were home in four days. They would sit down eat a bit, have a pull on the jug once in the forenoon and once in the afternoon and go as long as they could see anything at night. Uncle Gene said that he walked for hours almost sound asleep - leaning on the two men. He was a lad about 14 or 15. That's the good old days - pretty rugged; even terrible - this is the way they had to scratch for a living. They survived and were successful farmers, had good stock and raised fine crops. I remember Uncle Gene saying "I've had a good life."

UNCLE JOHN'S STORY

My two uncles, Eugene and John, were bachelors, all their lives. Aunt Liza we called her "Aunt Bestes" was an old maid - she explained to me "Maiden Lady." Dad was the only one who got married. They were very very different people - Uncle Gene was a stocky man - usually serious - but he had a sense of humor. He was mostly a quiet man. John was tall, sort of gangly tall - long nose - a squirrel tailed mustache that wiggled when he smiled - so that you had to also. He was quite a happy person. Dad told me that in their day - John was quite the favorite of the ladies. I think Dad said something like "He was the curley haired dandy." His hair was thick tight curls all over, he could hardly make a part in it as he got older it parted wide on top, but it was always curley with a hat on.

Mother said that the first time she ever saw John McCarey he came down to dinner wearing the loudest suit ever made - A red-brown and gray plaid. She said she thought it must be a circus clown outfit. "The most awful thing." Dad was not disturbed. He told Mother - "No one will think anything of it, that is just John."

Uncle Gene used to say - "John can do anything - if he is a mind to but - there is so damn much foolishness in him - he will drive you crazy." when I knew him I never saw a whole lot of it. Once in a while he would needle Uncle Gene. Or the "Man" as John usually called him. Uncle Gene tipped over a load of hay trying to go up the ramp into the barn one day. As we were straightening it up and re-loading - John said, "I could have told you it was going democratic, when he made the turn, but them people are all hell for going bust - so some one else will pick up the mess" -- Uncle Gene only grumbled about. "Born a Jack ass you'll die a Jack ass--" They used to grumble about each other some - but they really worked to-gather pretty well. Gene gave the orders and John would usually follow them pretty well. Gene was quick jerky quick - John slow - or maybe deliberate. He got a lot done in a day, but at his own pace. John was a staunch Republican - Gene a Democrat. There is a story about that. When John was a young gay

glade, he got into local politics. He was a Democrat then. there was a crowd celebrating and election, a lot drinking and it got rowdy - John got drunk - broke the mirror in the bar at the Buttler Hotel in Port Allegheny. He had to pay for it. John had a tight grip on money and this hurt. He was ashamed of the whole affair. He came home - promised his mother he would never take another drop of booze or vote a Democratic ticket - He kept both pledges. He became Republican committee man in their township, and he was the assessor for many years. This job paid something and John was very proud of neat assessors ledger. He wrote very neatly and did keep a very legible record. This also gave him an opportunity to visit all about the area and he would do a little electioneering on the route. He liked both the money and the importance of the job. He had another profitable enterprise - He kept a dozen or so bee hives. Sold some honey - this also was his own personal side money.

Uncle Gene was active in the Grange. He was a director in the Grange Bank in SmethPort. He was an insurance appraiser for the Grange for stock - buildings - crops etc. He was also associated with some cattle buyers from New Bethlem, Pa - Mr. Johnson and Mr. King. Uncle Gene would canvass the local farms and see what stock they wanted to sell - then when he would line up a supply the buyers would come up and make deals. This completed Uncle Gene would arrange to ship the cattle down to the stock yards at New Bethlem. He did very well on this operation. John used to grumble about just when we need him at home he's off cattle buying. John was no hand at driving the teams - If he had to go some where he would hitch up old Maude to the single buggy - Uncle Gene remarked one time "Want to see a jackass drive a horse?" As John drove down the road.

Each of the brothers looked after their separate projects, but with the farm work in general - they pitched in to-gather. Gene operated all the farm equipment - John the hand work mostly. The management was Genes - He looked after the buying and selling - stock - grain - timber or what ever they had to deal on. I expect he agreed with John about it. What ever it took to run the place I am sure John paid his share. Gene just took it out of what ever profit the far made. Uncle Gene kept his account at the Grange bank in Smethport, Eliza also had her separate account there. Anna could write check on either of their accounts -

she kept the books - and managed all the household finances. John had his own account in the exchange bank in Olean. He kept his separate business to himself - the others often wondered how about it - but John kept his own council, and his own money - he kept it with a good tight grip. One time he gave me a dollar. My dad said "I'll give you five for that - When John gives away a dollar it should be framed." Dad was sort of easy with money - not wasteful - but generous - Mother was more careful than Dad. He earned the money she handled it. One time he explained about money to me. "James it has no lasting value - in this work I have had to examine a lot of corpses - they took no money with them."

Dad was telling me about Uncle John. "He never studied or learned anything on purpose but to imitate some one or pull off a prank - no energy was too much." I have heard him imitate the mail man - "Yon Carelson he bin late to-day He ban reading my Stock man and Farmer." John could put a pretty good Sweede twist to it. That Stockman and Farmer was the ultimate authority for everything. John read every single line even the adds, and he could quote it from years back. I don't know how accurate but convincing. Uncle Gene would give out with things from the Grange Journal, but it never seemed to carry the weight of the Stockman and Farmer.

When they were young the school master stayed from farm to farm so one time when he was at our place he arranged to have a magic lantern lecture at the school. The man who gave the lecture also stayed at our place. He gave a showing in the day time for the children and arranged to have the adults for the evening. John helped the man get his stuff down to the school, and the man showed him something about how to operate the lantern and slides. John felt pretty important being assistant to the lecturer. There was a dinner for the grown folks - they let the kids eat early so John was over at the school watching over the magic lantern. He had to show off to my Dad and some of the other kids - so John put on a private performance. When the man came over to put on the lecture, John had gotten some of the slides mixed up - the lecture was a flop. John slid out the back door scooted home and made himself scarce until the man had gone. Dad said "that was the only time he ever saw John 'cowed'." In those early years they did not have a church, the priest came by about once a month and he said mass in the homes. When they built a church a priest was assigned there. There were no altar boys trained, but the old man that assisted the priest

and helped about the church took it on himself to train some. The Bishop was coming to dedicate the church. John was about altar boy age. This old guy would pull out his shirt tail and have his vestments held while he walked about. He explained how the Bishop would have miter and staff and long vestments. John dug up an old fur cap for miter, a wooden rake for staff and tore up some burlap sacks for vestments then he had Dad and Liza his altar boys and they went about blessing everything - John gave his "Dominos Vosbiscos" to the dog and cats or anything that would stay still for his blessing. He exhausted his religious skills quite early for when I knew him going to mass regularly was not his custom. He was not irreligious - he just had a multitude of reasons, but he got to mass on the big holy days Christmas Easter and the Rogation Days - It was always worth while to pray for the crops. One Christmas John and I walked over the hill to mass by the short cut - the rest of the family went around in the sleigh by the road - up on the hill the snow was pretty deep. We had to break our own path, when we got to the church John had us stand in the back so it wouldn't melt or we would be cold when we went back out, but I remember it as being darned cold standing in the back. John was religious but in his own way and time. Uncle Gene had a variety of cuss words but John only used "Gol Durn." It was for good or bad - "Gol Durn if that aint nice" "Gol Durn Critter - cant do nothing."

When we were little kids Uncle John was always the entertainer. He had picked up a couple of words in Gaelic, and he would put on a scare act for us. "With the Old Gor - more Korker, the three little Viciket - avannas and the Tatern boob Vick." He would go around the floor on all fours and growl it out, it scared us but we loved it - made him keep it up. He was always clowning up for us. This is supposed to be the story about the story of the three bears - we didn't know it but it didn't make any difference - we enjoyed it so it was a good act. Uncle Gene could never show off he was too reserved. John used to put on an act when we went down to the barn. He would give his cattle fancy - important names - The bull was Archbishop Pendergast - "You are a sloppy executive sir," and you have a bad disposition." One time a cow bellered John said - "She aint never going to make it in Grand Opera, but she will be a good one in Gaults meat market." Repeating this stuff - it isn't funny - but when it rolled out of Uncle John it could keep you giggling - He was not making any effort to be funny, he couldn't help it. He was a great favorite of the

neighbor hood kids. Mrs. Cawley would always ask me "What is your Uncle John up to to-day?" They always expected some sort of stunt. Once he showed me how to make a bass wood whistle. Back in our timber lot the men were getting out some hemlock logs. I went up there with them - going up on the wagon bunks John said "If we had time I'd show you how to make a bass wood whistle." I was all excited to do it - Uncle Gene said "We aint got time for that sort of stuff we got logging to do." They felled some trees and trimmed them out - I had a hatchet and tried to trim off a little brush, but I think I mostly fooled around with "Shep" running in and around the woods. Every little while I would come to John and ask about when we could make the bass wood whistle? He put me off - I suppose I was a pest. Came noon time and we had a lunch put up for us. While eating I teased John about the whistle - Reilley was with us I asked him if he could make a bass wood whistle - He said he wasn't much good at it - but your Uncle John he is a dandy at it. The hemlock logs they were trimming had big pieces of bark that came off. John said, "If that was bass wood it would work just fine, but with hemlock I am just not sure." I kept nagging so Uncle Gene said. "Oh go make the bass wood whistle." So John took a big piece of the bark - laid it out just so - slippery side up. I was very eager to help - so he said, "If you want to OK see if you can stand on the inside of that piece of bark and keep it steady." It was slimey and slippery but I wanted to make this bass wood whistle wood whistle - I got to shouting Yeah - Yeah lets make the bass wood whistle all the time trying to stand up on the slippery bark. John gave the bark a quick jerk - I went down on my rear end - ker-plunk - with a yell and grunt even scared I guess. John laughed and said "I never did make a bass wood whistle any better than that time." Uncle Gene said "I didnt want him to do it but you kept asking for it - How do you like it?" I took some bark down to the barn, thought I would try it on some of the neighbor hood kids and ribbed me with "Only a town kid would be dumb enough to fall for that old one." Down home I never had any slippery bark so I never have been able to make a bass wood whistle. I will never forget how.

I hope I don't in any give the notion that Uncle John was a Buffoon. He was a very intelligent man - a considerate person, he had a nice way of telling things, quite good English. He was unusual and very interesting to talk to and listen to. He liked to know what was going on but he didn't like gossip. One time

there was a story about one of the neighbors - John questioned who ever was telling it "Do you know that to be so?" "Well that is what they say down town." John said "Don't bother to tell me about it, if that is the best authority you have. That made quite an impression on me - when I hear rumors it occurs to me John's expression - if that is the kind of authority?"

He was tight but could be touched. In late years he bought our neighboring farm and had a man operating as tenant. He had some sickness and bad luck. John went good for his credit and also loaned him some money. I expect with some security and at interest. He wouldn't violate sound business rules. He did not hassle the guy and he eventually got on his feet. It took some time. Wallace Finn another neighbor told me your Uncle John is a fair man and honest as they come but he is tight. I expect he could tell a lot of tales about all of them. He felt badly about the farm being abandoned. He didn't want me to go up and see - but I went up - it was sad but I was not that concerned about the land - and I wanted no part of it.

When I was in College one day in Olean I met Uncle John on the street I had some buddies with me. He insisted we all go in and have a ice cream treat at the "Sugar Bowl."

He lived to be up in his eighties - He was quite well until the last couple of years. He had a couple of operations, and never got real well after. He was up and about but just about the house. I visited him both at home and in the hospital a few times before I came out to Calif. I had only been here a few months and we got word that he had died. He was survived only by Aunt Bestes and Anna the girl she adopted. They wrote me that John just dropped away in his sleep.

AUNT "BESTES" STORY

She was christened Mary Elizabeth - but when my sister Eugenia was a little girl she couldn't say Elizabeth, but said I like her bestes - she became Aunt "Bestes" to our family. Most people called her Eliza.

She was a "Maiden Lady" - she explained to me once when I asked "Aunt Bestes are you an old maid?" The only girl and three brothers more sheltered than most any one. Education for girls was not considered necessary in those days. In some way or other our folks got a pedal organ and Eliza took music lessons. She went to Olean once a month go down on the morning train and back on the evening train. Some times she would stay over night with her Mrs. Page and have two lessons while in town. Professor Krampf gave lessons in one of the churches in Olean. He also taught music at St. Bonaventures College. He was the grandfather of Harry Krampf that married Anita McCauliffe our cousin. Aunt "Bestes" got so she played for the church services in Sartwell and played for the family and neighbors. It was the custom to stand around the organ or piano and sing. John could play the fiddle a little by ear and Dad told me John had a real good voice. Mrs. Cawley and other neighbors have told me of the nice musical evenings they used to enjoy at the McCarey Farm.

When Eliza was twenty five she got paralysis - infantile - polio or what ever - She was paralyzed. It came on in stages but she did become totally helpless. Dad was in medical school at the time. He came home and had her taken to Buffalo. At the hospital there they felt that she could be taken care of at home. They really knew very little about it at that time. There was a lady in the neighborhood who was a sort of nurse with her help and Anna Bly who the McCareys had taken in when her mother died when she was a baby - she was a good sized girl now - with grandmother they cared for Eliza - bathed and looked after her like an infant - I think she said that she was immobile for two years. She said "They kept me in cotton batten like a thing." She was a determined person so while lying there she decided she must walk - in spite

of the doctors advice she said "While I still have my senses I am going to walk. With the help of Anna and the boys, she got to sitting up and in a chair, and after a while on her feet. Her fingers and toes remained in a shut tight position - except for the thumb and first finger they were less deformed than the others. Walking was always very difficult for her. I was always amazed at what she could do with those poor cramped hands. Of course the organ playing was out - but I have seen her one finger out a melody. She loved music and even suffered my fiddle squawking. She could not do needle work or sewing like my mother did. Most of the other house work she could do - wash dishes, peel potatoes, shell peas and a lot of the cooking. She had a way of getting a hot pad on her elbow to steady heavy kettles. She would hold the broom against her side with her elbow and do a good job of sweeping. I was surprised every day the way she would get a way of doing things. I mentioned she was a determined person - yes indeed - If she had the therapy they have now, she would have been practically normal. She had a full life even with her handicap. She would not complain. She could read and she loved to, she retained almost everything she ever read. She was intensely interested in everything that happened with us kids. She would take each of us aside and quiz us about everything that happened since the last time she saw us. Mother used to laugh about my coming to her saying "Gee Aunt "Bestes" wants to hear your confession." One time when Jean was home from college and was talking with Aunt "Bestes" she came out to mother in the kitchen and said "Aunt Bestes could teach English literature - she understands Dickens and his characters like they were her neighbors." Mother and Dad saw that Aunt "Bestes" was supplied with good reading material - Christmas and birthdays they sent subscriptions. We saved our magazines and good books to take up to the farm. They got them a victrola and records very good ones which she loved. It was in the front parlor - you had to have on clean clothes to sit in there the front parlor was for special company - there was a large living room where the family usually sat. Each one had his own chair. All around the big gas stove. They had gas lights with mantels - "Uncle Gene used to brag - Just as bright as sunlight."

As Aunt "Bestes" was getting about and better - Grandmother was failing. Dad tried to make weekly trips from Portville. He was anxious about their old country 'back house' arrangement. Uncle Gene couldn't understand why fuss about it. "It has been all right for all these years" - "If you don't want to go

out in the cold there is a thunder mug under the bed - what is wrong with that - that is the way things are." Dad tried his best with persuasion but one week end he went up there alone - He took Uncle Gene and John aside and gave it to them in this way. "I have tried to persuade you to listen to reason about an inside bath room for my mother and Eliza. Now I have a contractor coming Monday morning. He will find out what is necessary to do to bring in water and make a good inside and warm bath room for my mother and the girls. I don't give a damn if you want to go up to the old back house and freeze - I am having this done for my mother. I have ordered it and I am going to pay the bill. I have just as much right to this property as either of you. I have a legal right to do this at my own expense. I have a personal obligation to see that it is done immediately. I am not going to discuss it with you - I will not listen to you - If I have to use the sheriff I will. I am demanding that you will not interfere with these men. You will not give them any orders or advice. If they request and you are able to give them some help that will be fine. Other wise keep out of their way. If they don't do a good job they wont get paid and they understand this is the condition." This was a terrific flare up for my Dad. Mother said he had been a smoldering fire for a few days but when he came back from the farm he was all calmed down. I have seen him irritated but never have seen him blow up. I guess he really did this time.

Mother told me - "Early next morning Uncle Gene was at the door - Will Michael see me? I don't want trouble. I don't want a family quarrel. I just can't stand a family quarrel." Mother said Uncle Gene was crying she was crying your Dad came in and he was cold - She said I have never before seen him so cool and hard. He calmly said "I have no more to say on the subject if you are prepared to cooperate I am pleased." Uncle Gene said "Michael I will do it any way you want. I'll share the cost." Dad said he would pay for the work to be done. If you can help out with out interference or advice that will be fine. They shook hands and hugged each other. Dad got down his best bottle of whiskey and they were brothers again. Uncle Gene never quite totally got over this. He spoke to me about it once. "James don't ever cross your father - He can be a bitter man - I am his older brother and he defied me to the teeth. It was just awful to see that man turn that bitter - the saddest time in my life and his too I am sure. You can not afford to cross that man."

If Uncle Gene was bothered Aunt "Bestes" was pleased. "We never dreamed of such luxury." Anna of course was delighted and Grandmother would tell me to get to be just like my daddy. She was very happy about the new bath room. They built on a good sized room - went up to the upper spring - made a reservoir brought down a four inch line then bushed it to one inch so there was good pressure at the tap. There was gas from the pipe line that went by and hooked on to our well. The deal on our gas well no royalty but the gas co. agreed to supply gas to the farm as long as the McCarey bros. owned it. It turned out to be a fine arrangement. Some one came from Ireland once and brought Dad some peet. He took it up to show Grandmother, she hardly looked at it - said "I have seen tons of the filthy stuff on the Boggs Thanks be to God we have our own clean gas." Aunt "Bestes" kept getting around better - Grandmother was forgetful - she would put her glasses on her forehead and couldn't find her specks - she smoked a clay pipe she would spill the tobacco and the ashes. Aunt "Bestes" was always going around after her "Mother you have got to be more careful."

They fixed Grandmother's chair by the kitchen window and near the stove so it would be nice and warm. The floors were painted wood and safer than if hot ashes were spilled on the carpet. Grandmother sort of held court in her little nook. Visitors pulled up a chair by her to talk - she sometimes went to sleep while they were talking. I am sorry I did not listen to her more about the old days. Jean and she visited a lot I couldn't sit still for very long, and any way Grandmother would be telling you something then drop her head a snooze a minute then look at you and say "What was it you wanted child?"

About the building the bath room - John kept his hands completely off. Really completely. He did his farm work and kept absolutely away from the carpenters and plumbers. Uncle Gene held back from offering advice but he was "Jonnie on the Spot" to give assistance when it was requested. They always kept the old back house because John would not use the inside toilet. It was many years later and after he had returned from a serious operation at the Bradford Hospital before he could be persuaded he used to say "By Gol I sure aint one to do my jobs in the house" It took a long time but even Uncle John succumbed to the gentle life.

Dad did not talk much about the family history. Most of the things I learned were from Aunt "Bestes" but Jean would know much more than I. She and Anna and "Bestes" would have great confabs as they did the dishes and the house chores. I got little fragments of conversation and some of the things I was most interested in I was too young to know about. I found a lot of things to do about the farm that had nothing to do with farm work, fishing, swimming, wood chuck hunting and just wandering in the woods. I was a busy kid while on the farm. I had pals among the neighbor kids. It was fun on the farm.

When I went up there as an adult I paid more attention to what Aunt "Bestes" told about their life in the early days and as she and Dad grew up. That he would teach school two terms so he could save enough to go to college for a year. She had some music students. She played for parties.

MICHAEL

Michael Joseph McCarey - born on a farm, located on Rock Run a road four miles from Turtle Point Corners, in the Sartwell Parish of St. Mary's, McKean County, Pa. The year 1863 - the fourth child of Patrick Thomas McCarey and Mary Caufield McCarey. They were from the town of Monagan - county Monaghan Ireland. Patrick and his brother John came to America through the aid of their cousin name of McPhillips.

Pat was a bootmaker in Ireland. He was able to come to America as an indentured servant to a leather merchant in Friendship, N.Y. It was a five year contract. In Ireland the leather worker skinned the animal, tanned the hide, made the boot, to fit the man's feet.

This job was mostly saddle and harness making. They had already tanned hides. McCarey worked out his time with the firm in Friendship and in the course of time arranged for his girl friend from Ireland to come to America and they were married in Friendship, N.Y.

I do not know if the brother John McCarey was on an indentured deal or not. The brothers were together for some time.

The Civil War came on, John McCarey was in the army. He went with the Penna militia, but was transferred to an Ohio regiment. The family lost contact. They never found out what happened to John McCarey.

McPhillips got a job clearing right away for a survey party who were laying out a route for a rail line that became the Pennsylvania Philadelphia to Buffalo route. He found out it was possible to file for land ownership in this area. He also found out that the land was measured on a map on a table, if a hill was on

the property a gain in acreage, could be made. I don't know when McPhillips and McCarey filed on this property, four miles from the rail line - up Rock Run Creek. Part of the old McPhillips barn was still standing, but there was only part of the old fireplace and chimney standing where the house used to be. McCareys acquired the McPhillips property a long time ago.

One of McPhillips daughters, married a man named McAuliffe from Allegheny, N.Y. They quite often spent some of their summers at the McCarey farm. Ray McAuliffe their oldest son spent several summers at the McCarey farm. Our families always visited back and forth quite a bit.

When I was at St. Bonas at Allegheny I used to see McAuliffes quite a bit. I was eight years old when Grandmother died. I remember her quite well. I see her as this small feeble old lady. I cant imagine how she could have run this farm - Oxen - cows, sheep and finally horses - some hundred acres of very hilly farm. I know there were oxen - for when plowing one spring I turned up a couple of pieces of ox shoe. Uncle Gene explained them to me. In the tack room in the horse barn, hung a couple of ox yokes and that kind of equipment. There also hung a couple of McClellan saddles. I tried to use one once but it was so hard and boney, I gave it up. A blanket and a strap was much better. Old Maude had a kind of bumpy gate, but beat walking in the mud. I got to join the neighbor guys.

My grandfather being a leather worker in his time that meant, skinning the hide curing it and working it into what ever it was going to me made into. Uncle Gene told me every Christmas they each got a pair of boots. That was a great thing to them. Grandfather died when Dad was a small boy so if he got boots they must have been hand me downs.

Patrick McCarey died in his thirties of Brights Disease, an ailment that doesn't exist anymore. He left five children and wife. Eugene 16, John 12, Eliza 5 - Mary Ann who died quite young - and Michael a very small boy.

He left this family and his wife with this good sized farm quite well stocked with oxen, cows, sheep, chickens, and a new team of horses. They made a go of it. It was Civil War Depression times. Uncle Gene has told me it was civil war depression times. No cash money available - barter was the system. Milk, butter, cheese, apples, hides, eggs, for coffee sugar, salt, nails traded knitted mittens, for cotton cloth. John got some traps and worked up a trade in hides muskrat, skunk, some mink. Uncle Gene was proud of John getting this trade going on his own. He got bees and a honey trade.

When Uncle Gene was only fifteen he went down the Allegheny river to Pittsburgh on log rafts. His father and a man named Lundergan took log rafts floated these rafts in the high water in the spring. Aunt Bestes explained that this was for real cash money a big opportunity at this time. Uncle Gene drew real man pay for this job. After the ice broke up and the river was high was the right time to get this timber to the mills. The Allegheny river runs north out of Pennsylvania into New York State, and near Red House on the Seneca Indian Reservation turns and runs South west thru the Allegheny foot hills joining the Mongahella to form the Ohio in the Pittsburgh area. Near Red House where the river turns South were shallows, and it was a tricky business to get the logs thru this place. Some of the Seneca Indians were hired to guide the log rafts in this area. Quite often they had to split up the rafts float the logs thru these Shallows, and re assemble down the river. An Indian by the name of King Jameson became friends. They made a number of trips together over the years. I remember meeting he and his wife when they came to pay a visit at the McCarey farm one summer when I was at the farm.

I was asking Uncle Gene about, the raft trips and Indians. He gave me some stories, about river days. He mentioned Jameson liked a drink of whiskey and it will make an Indian just as crazy as a white man. I think this was because Uncle John said "It is illegal to give an Indian whiskey - John McCarey became a rabid Pro-Hi. Tee-To-Lar. This time when Uncle Gene and his father went down the river - some where along the route, a raft caught up with them that had left after they did. They brought word, that Grandmother was not well. So when they got paid off in Pittsburgh, they took of on foot overland. There was some sort of short cut trail over the mountains. On the map it shows about 200 miles. They

put up one night in a lumber camp near Sharon, Pa., after that they walked as long as they could see and slept on the trail. Uncle Gene said he just remembers, walking half asleep with his arms over the other two men. A rough life. Huskey men. Uncle Gene was about a six footer - very solid built guy. Michael was a little over six feet, but thin. John McCarey was slightly smaller but very wierey, and active. Uncle Gene was very pleasant and all business when he spoke, not a joker - like John, who was the prankster. My Dad used to say "John was born knave." He was settled down as I knew him I guess he really was a cut up as a young guy. I enjoyed Uncle John particularly if he would think up some prank. Guess I have some knave. These bits of family lore I know they are not in good order of place or time, I am just trying to put them in as I recall them. Bits of talk with Aunt Bestes, Uncle Gene and John the neighbors like Cawleys, Finns, Cantewils and quite a bit that Fred O'Brien conversation. Up in the Irish settlement - were the Blys - The John Bly family the Jimmy Blys a lot of young Blys. The McNalleys the next farm had two boys, older than me. Cawleys the next farm Jerry was just my age, and Jonnie Bly son of Jim Bly was near our age. The two Cantwell boys from a couple farms down the road were about my age. Frankie a little older and Skip just younger. We had a lot of fun at the old swimming hole. I had a good life on the farm and am sure my Dad had the same. It was smart of my folks to have me get to the farm most every summer. As you go up Rock Run - it becomes - pretty hilly - even steep. Driving a team up that way we had to rest them quite a bit. Uncle Gene described the area as "Hardscrabble farming" - There were a few people surviving up there. Phylander Gibbs had a farm up that way - quite a character. John McCarey had a few stories about Gibbs, but I didn't get to hear very much about him - either Uncle Gene or Aunt Bestes, called me away at the most interesting part. There was a family of Murphys, and Shongoes they were a renegade Indian group. They keep some live stock, did some farming but mostly worked up and down the valley a day or two here. Uncle John sort of gave me an explanation of these people. John was real proud of his pure bred red poll cattle. He went clear to Indiana to get two heffers, and a bull. quality stock. John was explaining that if you want to have quality, you got to maintain a pure bred line. Now those Murphys, Shongos, and Gibbs there is no quality - who knows how much of what is Gibbs, Murphy, or Shongo or something. I figure them all Shongo - A Shongo can eat anybody's chickens. Our old sheep is pretty good at smelling out a Shongo. They don't bother here very much. John was county assessor for this area, so

he got to visit each place once a year, file a record of who belonged to what. Our folks didn't visit but some times haying or harvesting they might have a Shongo or Murphy work a day or so. I was up on the farm one thrashing time and they had a couple of the Murphy boys helping out. I got to know the youngest Renzo he was call "Shrimp" - later years he was bumming about Bradford. He became sort of a nuisance. I felt sorry for the guy - a scurvey bum. He had a way of hitting you up at a bad time and place - embarrassing - "James cant you do something good for your old pal "Rinzo?" He never worked for me but I was sucker for a few dollars, now and then. I spin on about Irish settlement folks, but it is a spring board for almost everything in my Dad's life.

I recall Dad saying about Uncle Gene - He was Owen Eugene - the family often used the Owen, but he was known about as Gene McCarey. In these old Irish families if the father was gone the eldest son became man of the house. To Dad my Uncle Gene was the man. Of his father Dad only knew what he was told.

I remember of having a nice evening talk with Father Joseph Cawley, Jerry's uncle - lived on the farm above McCareys. He was older than Dad near Uncle Gene's age. He knew my grand father very well. He said Jimmy of course you didn't know your grandfather. Now you McCareys all favor your grandmother - your Dad, Owen, Liza - you are Caufields - Now John McCarey - looks more like his father, but your grandfather was a big man. I mean big so as to almost be awesome, at least to us kids. When we would get out of line my mother would say - "How are you going to explain that to the McCarey?" - In those days few could read and write, McCarey could so if there was a paper to sign, or some event was published. We took it to McCarey - He was accepted as judge and jury. Sundays after mass the neighbors stopped at McCareys - He took the New York Thrice a week world - Got it delivered to Sartwell church. There was no rural delivery in those days. The news was read, some talk, a bit of trading, a little gossip - This was about our only weekly contact. Father Joe patted me on the knee and said "Jimmy he was a fine man, you got a lot to live up to he was a great man. No news man will ever get more intense attention than your grandfather got. I appreciated this evening - sure to get the story from Father Joe. He was a nice

guy. There were eight Cawley kids. Four boys became priests and eventually all in the same parish in Erie, Pa. One girl became a nun - the other girl married a man named Crowley. They had children and one of their sons became a priest and eventually became an assistant to his Uncles. He was Charlie Crowley who was in St. Bonas when I was, but older and in the seminary. We were very good friends. One of the Cawley brothers went to California and did very well in the oil business - The youngest brother Ambrose stayed on the Cawley farm. He was Ambrose - My buddy Jerry's Dad. He is the one I really knew well. Their mother, Grandma Cawley was living when I was a young lad, and used to hang about there. A very sweet old lady. She quite often had a little treat for Jerry and me. The best way to a kids heart. When Fred O'Brien came East one time he and I drove down to Erie and spent the night with the Cawley, farther on their farm home just out of Erie. Lovely place. The eldest Fr. Francis was ill, only saw him a little bit. Father Joe and I palled but Father Steve was occupied with some farm chores, we talked at dinner. Father Charlie Cawley and father Chas Crowley were both aboard for a short time. I expect they were bout parish duties. We had a real pleasant evening. Other than Uncle Gene and Aunt Bestes he is the only one that could tell anything about my Grandfather McCarey.

I don't know anything about Mary Ann - only she died when quite young. I sort of recall Aunt Bestes saying "Mother was never the same after Mary Ann's death. When Michael was a young lad, he became sick with typhoid fever. He was sick for quite a while. He never became rugged and strong. Uncle Gene told me "Michael was not cut out to be a woodsman." That was the days of big timber. Goodrich Lumber Co was operating in their area at this time. John became one of their foreman - Uncle Gene did some team work for them, but he had a full time job, taking care of the farm. Because he spent quite a bit of time under doctors care Michael and the doctor from Port Allegheny became real good friends. He had him read some books on medical topics. There also was a visiting school master who took an interest in Michael. He got him interested in Charles Dickens works. He became a real Dickens fan. I think he even left some on both Jean and me.

Eliza (Aunt Bestes' right name) was musical - she learned to play the organ. Some way they got an organ and every two weeks Eliza went to Olean and had lessons from Professor Kranph - who played the organ at St. Mary's church in Olean and taught music at St. Bonas college. Eliza became the church organist at St. Mary's at Sartwell. She even gave some lessons. John got hold of a violin - he could fiddle a little, not by note but by mimic. Dad used to say John can mimic anybody - If you can learn by mimicking John can do it. Any way they say John fiddled for some of the neighborhood dances. It is hard for me to imagine but John must have been quite a character. He was a popular guy about the valley. My mother said the first time she saw John McCarey he had on the biggest and loudest, plaid suit she ever saw.

I can't get out of the Irish Settlement, without a word about Bill Lundergan. When I was a little kid visiting the farm, Bill Lundergan would come by to visit. Uncle Gene used to say "That Lundergan - Yeah! He can visit that is all he can do. He never was fit for work, just "blab." He was an old fellow near grandmothers age. We were out on the back porch this nice after. Bill was telling me of some of the tales of this area. "Look up there where those big pines are. It was all woods then Big trees. It was a place like that the Indians came for me. At first they seemed friendly then they said they came to get me. I told them I couldn't go I had this wood to split. They wouldn't take no for an answer. I know Indians like to deal I said give me a hand splitting this wood and I'll go peaceful. I split one end of this timber - put a wedge in it. I got one of the Indians to take a hold there. Then I split the other end a bit, put a wedge in there, got the other Indian to catch a hold there. I had them give a mighty pull and I knocked out the wedges. Caught both Indians good I was afraid they would whoop and holler, and bring on more Indians. So I chopped both there heads off. Nobody ever found about it, because of the flood. While I was figuring what to do with their bodies, come up such a rain storm it washed them log and all down that side hill and into the creek - Nobody has ever knowed what to those Indians until now.

Aunt Bestes came out she just heard some of this tale. She jumped all over old Bill for filling that child with those silly lies. Over the years I have heard some parts of old Bills stories. Mostly from Jerry Cawley, when we roomed together in Bradford. Something would come up and Jerry would say that is

almost as bad as Bill Lundergan story. He might give out what he could remember of one of old Bills tales. I don't think Bill was the only liar in the settlement, but he was pretty well known for that. One time Bill was not feeling well and he came down to see Dad. Dad knew all about old Bill - He gave him a prescription - Bill quoted all the time. Doc says "I got to slow down and take it easy - Bill liked what the doctor ordered.

To sort of counteract old Bill's Indian stories Aunt Bestes told Jean and me some stories about the Indians, she got from Grandmother. When Uncle Gene was a small boy - old Shongo and his wife with a couple of their kids stopped in. The baby was in a crib. Mrs. Shongo went over picked up the baby. Grandmother was scared to death, but she went out and made them a cup of tea, served them some food. Mrs. Shongo held the baby all this time. they sat quite a while - talked a little not much. Then Mrs. Shongo came over and gave the baby to grandmother and they went down the road.

Grandmother had another experience with Indians. There is a short cut over the hills to Ceres, N.Y. It is very steep and no road, just a trail foot path. It is six miles by the road - this is half of that but steep. You can lead a horse thru here but not ride very much of it. This time grandfather was sick grandmother went to Ceres for medicine - part of it was a gallon of whiskey and some groceries. She was loaded down coming back over the trail and just in a steep and narrow place, she met a group of young Indian men. She was scared, and had heard stories of Indian attacks she felt panic but knew she shouldn't show it. She walked along and met this group in a very steep and narrow place - they stepped aside and let her pass without any trouble. I remember grandmother as this frail little lady by the fire, but she must have been somewhat rugged in her day. I sort of see her sitting by the kitchen window, near the big stove after breakfast. Uncle Gene would fill her clay pipe and his corn cob sit by her and read some of the paper to her. She usually wore a dark dress and white apron, some times a little lace cap. She almost always had some sewing handy sox or shirts, sometimes knitting, she was always busy. She always had her prayer book and beads handy. Quite often she would call us kids to come to her room, and she would give us some peppermints or had candy treat. She had a few Irish expressions. Jean would remember better than

I. Musha Child was one. I think it is like God Bless. John McCarey had picked up a few Gaelic expressions, one was he used to sort of scare us kids, the story of the three bears. The Old Goremore corker the three vickitzannas and the taternboob witch. Something like that. They had a bear skin rug - with head and jaw and big teeth. John would get down on the floor with this over his head, and growl out this stuff at us. Of course we were excited. "Do it again Uncle John" - The rest of the family couldn't see it, but we kids loved it. "Do it again Uncle John" - when Dad was up on the farm with us he and grandmother would go into the parlor and talk. John would try to keep us kids occupied with tricks or games - checkers mumbly peg, sometimes he would get out the fiddle, with "Old Aunt Rody" - Buffalo girls - One more river to cross - on rare occasions would he get out the fiddle. That was an extra treat. When Dad, Uncle Gene, and John would go out to the barn, and talk about tons of hay - live stock - that was boring. I could shep good company.

From about the age of ten until I was in college and had to go to summer school to catch up. I spent a lot of my summer vacations on the farm. I knew the other kids up and down the valley as well as in Portville. Jerry Cawley on the next farm, grew up as buddies. I knew that Dad was wise in having me spend summers on the farm. Good influence. He understood me pretty well.

When Michael was a boy, he had farm chores like any farm boy, but he got into some extra jobs, not paid jobs, but going to school early and starting the fires - bring in some water - a bit of janitor work - sweeping etc. He became sort of teachers handy man. One time a man came to the school and put on a magic lantern show for the school. It was arranged the man stayed at McCareys. The man taught Michael, how to run the lantern put in the slides - while he lectured - putting the slide in order back in their place in the boxes - The show was well liked, and it was arranged to repeat it in the evening for the parents. A pot luck dinner was arranged some place near by. John and Michael some how got back to the school early. Michael had to show John how the apparatus worked. He thought he did it just right. The man came back and all was set up for the show for the parents. Some of the slides were mixed up and the man was furious.

Uncle John said one day "Ask your dad about his magic show." About all he would say "That is the most embarrassing thing in my life."

When Dad finished Rock Run country school it was - Port Allegheny or Smethport for - academy - or high school. the Sartwell family who had helped start St. Mary's catholic church, had moved to Smethport, ran a lodge and livery stable. It was arranged Michael could be night man at the livery stable, board and room while he went to the academy days. This was a three year affair. After this he came home and got a job teaching in the Annin Creek country school, the adjoining valley to Rock Run. Six miles by road about three miles over the hill - steep and rough. He completed the year with only the academy diploma, found he needed some teacher training. He arranged to go to Mansfield Normal School on the advise of a teacher from Smethport. He had a year at Mansfield, found out he did not want to teach at Annin Creek, got a job at the Two Mile School, in the adjoining valley. He had medicine on his mind all the time. He kept in touch with a doctor in Port Allegheny who tried to get him into medical school. He needed more education what ever he did. They found out that Valpariso, Indiana had a very well accepted diploma - it was arranged he went to Valpariso Normal, got credit toward his tuition, for janitor service, and cash money for looking after a team of horses, that one of the school officials owned. Dad said about that. "When I got that real cash I thought I am on easy street." He would go to school one year - teach two years. This was after he got into Columbus Medical College in Ohio.

He had by this time arranged to go to Dallas City, Pa. and teach in a two room school - with another Irish man - Tom Driscoll. They became close life long friends. Our families almost seem like relatives.

I want to put this one in - When Dad was livery stable night man in Smethport and student at the academy he had an experience that he said I'll never get over. I was riding with him and coming back from a sick call as he got in the buggy. He said James this is a sad case - I was a kid about high school age. That patient has had a good try at life, that is all we can hope for. It is sad but that is the way things are. If you have a good normal try that is all we can expect. I have seen quite a bit of the other kind, the one

that bothers me the most happened a long time ago. It was Andy Tracey. He was in the Smethport jail for killing his sweetheart, so she wouldn't marry another fellow. It was of her families influence. Andy Tracey never asked for any mercy - showed no remorse - in fact insisted he only did what he had to do. No he was not crazy. He couldn't read or write but he was an intelligent person. There was a drive way between the "Sartwell House" and the jail - The front of the livery stable faced the back of the jail. Andy Tracey would be at his barred window, as Michael went in and out. They got to talking to each other. The news of the town and so on. He even got to reading to Tracey some of the things from his books. Tracey was real interested - Dad found he couldn't read or write. They would hold these reading session as long as there was light to read. The deputy found out and in the cold evenings he would have the lad come in and read some of his school books, the deputy told Dad that the reading had a good effect on that man. Tracey's trial was held up quite a while so they visited all winter got well acquainted. Uneducated but a bright man. A real decent fellow. He wanted to be kind, sorry his girl friend was gone, but no remorse. He insisted he did what he had to do. A day or two before his trial - Andy Tracey was found dead - hung by his own shoe strings, in his jail cell. Dad said "I have put in a lot of time thinking about this affair. There seems to be some sort of mental balance, we don't know how to Measure or adjust. I felt that man was as sane as anyone I know - but there was an unbalance - No remorse - I am puzzled about that.

Things about Dad's early life, schooling etc. I only have a little glimpse of here and there. Something would cause him to tell me of some thing that happened to him. I came home from school gripping, about the teacher said. We had to learn the bones of the body, who needs that stuff. I have a talent for saying the wrong thing, both time and place. Dad jumped on this. James that is not stuff. The structure of your body, should interest you. It is far more interesting than base ball, or movies.

Let me tell you the trouble I had at Columbus medical college. The first year when Christmas vacation came. I was studying anatomy - that is the structure of the human body. I was having a real struggle with it. We worked in groups of four, and it was difficult to really get a hands on the dissecting laboratory. I couldn't afford to go home for the holiday. I had to keep my job at the insane asylum. I got

room and board and twenty five dollars a month cash. I did the janitor work for two dormitories. I found out it was possible to get a cadaver to dissect and use of the laboratory, for forty dollars. That was a fortune to me and way out of my reach. I told John Stratton about it. We raised the money and got the body, and had two weeks of hands on dissection and anatomy study. One of us would read the manual and the other dissect, and change about. Forty dollars was an awful lot of money then, but it was the best money I ever spent. When Stratton and I ever get together we talk about, the Christmas present we gave ourselves. Anatomy is difficult, but most interesting even fascinating. Your professor is right get to studying your bones and their function.

I am not sure when Liza (Aunt Bestes) was stricken by paralysis. She is six years older than Dad. I think it was during his last year at medical college - or while he was interning at the epilepsy ward at an insane asylum. He wanted to come home, but the family was keeping him informed, and Liza in particular, said he should stay where he was and finish. He would be more problem than help at home. They kept him informed on her condition and the treatments she was getting. He said he read everything he could get about his sister's condition. The doctor he was working for at the asylum, gave him all the current literature he could get from medical societies. Bed rest and care seemed to be the main thing.

Aunt Bestes used to tell us - she was kept in cotton batten. At one time she couldn't move either arms or legs, and had to be fed. She rebelled at this treatment, and insisted they help her to get up everyday, she was determined to walk, but for most of one summer she was mostly in bed. At that time they didn't know about polio.

Eliza pretty much cured herself - will power - she used to laugh and say I drove Ann like you drive a horse - Help me up - help me down and she never balked. She had rubs and scrubs and they didn't have good bathing facilities. Heat water on the kitchen stove - brought in a round corrugated metal tub on the kitchen floor - I had a few baths that way too when I was a kid. Eliza did improve - but her poor hands terribly cramped also her toes. She had pretty good use of both thumbs and first finger - the others still

badly cramped. She had trouble walking especially on rough ground, but she would make it up to the garden, plant and weed - usually on her knees. She was a very determine person - and very cheerful and pleasant. She could blow off once in a while, and wind up with a big laugh. She could do most household chores except knit or sew and I guess she had been quite a good seamstress - she felt bad about that. Anna would do some sewing, and Bestes would look it over sort of scowel - she might say - Anna tries but she is careless. Bestes could write it was difficult for her, and she did it so it looked very nice. We treasured a note from Aunt Bestes. Anna took care of most of the correspondence family wise. It was amazing to see Bestes carry a pail of water in the crook of her arm, as she took care of her garden. She was an interesting and pleasant person to know. I remember when I was starting on the violin, Bestes would help me get the right note - by using her one good finger, on the organ. I got quite a few tunes worked out that way.

Aunt Bestes loved music and one Christmas mother and Dad got them a victrola - with a nice collection of records. It was Liza's most prized possession. It was in the parlor, you couldn't go in there in your work

clothes. You had to clean up then she would put on a very nice concert. We had a lot of nice evenings this way.

Bestes used to tell us about a neighbor, who was a bit off called Aunt Ann Murphy - When Bestes was badly crippled up. This old lady would come in and say "Liza be you crazy?" Bestes would tell us coming from that old gal - I wasn't sure. She was an authority on crazy. Bestes would laugh and say - I don't know but I am not going to admit it. At most meals on our farm the women fed the men, so they could get on to the job. Then they sat down to their meal. When I was a young kid I got in on both meals. I would get to eat with the men, and then have a bit a the ladies table. Some times Jerry Cawley and his mother would stop by - for bit of late breakfast or lunch sometimes other neighbors dropped by. McCareys was a very hospitable place. Aunt Bestes was always the lady of the house. We all loved "Bestes."

I can't conceive how Dad ever was able to finance his education. During all this time he once told me that he received twenty five dollars from home. He worked as livery stable boy, waited on table, was a janitor. He was never handy with tools, he said "It turned my hand to anything I could get." He finally was the assistant to the head doctor in the epileptic ward in the hospital. He got a sort of decent salary for that.

Mother had me washing windows one day Dad came by. "You're doing all right son - Now you are getting that from an expert - who washed the windows at Columbus Insane Asylum - for the first and perhaps the only time they were ever washed."

During the last four years at Columbus Mother and Dad were "keeping company." They were not engaged but corresponded. Some of this time Mother was at Fredonia Normal. Then she had a chance to take up the millinery trade (making hats). I never heard Dad tell of much activities at school. I know he sang in a chorus with Bill Devere. Bill Devere a doctor out near Cleveland visited us several times. Once he brought his quartette. They had been to a medical meeting in Rochester, it was a nice summers evening, a lot of the neighbors came by filled up the porch. These fellows performed. Old time classical harmony it was quite a hit. They had a whistler and he did the mocking bird song with a lot of bird calls. Bill Devere played the piano and even had me squak my fiddle a bit. Mother and Dad went to a meeting in Cleveland and they visited the Deveres. Bill was quite a joiner, he went to a lot of medical meetings and was always sending Dad some literature about them. There was a big reunion of Dad class in Columbus, just a few years before Dad died. He was disappointed that Bill couldn't make it. Dad got word of Bill's death just a few weeks later.

When Michael came home a full fledged medical doctor from Columbus he had every intention of going back to Ohio and opening a practice. He and another pal heard of two towns near Cleveland with openings for doctors. Grandmother was not well and had been going to Ceres to a doctor he informed her that he knew of an opening in Portville for a doctor. She didn't want him to go to Ohio and asked him to

go down to Portville and look over the situation. He went to Portville met with Doctor Rowley who was very pleasant said he thought there was room for and need of a doctor. Welcomed by Doctor Rowley Michael Joseph McCarey located in Portville.

Katie McGavis Fox and her husband were running a boarding house. The McGavis family lived up a different road but attended St. Mary's of Sartwell church. Michael now has quarters with meals at the Portville House. He got office quarters down the street over Mrs. Daggets and her sister Mrs. Demmings millinery store. Up quite a long steep stairs, and it remained his office for a good many years.

Dad told me about his first house call in Portville. He was just getting settled in his new office. Got a call to go over on Maple Avenue. He said I have taken care of quite a lot of sick in hospitals - sick wards even been on a few accident calls, but not house calls. He said I walked over and found which house it was - Then I walked around the block to calm my nerves. When he went in and broke the ice he discovered it was not much of a problem. He was able to help the sick person and was their doctor for many years.

NATIVE AMERICANS

The American Natives I knew about were Native alright, but what they were native to or about is a question.

My grandfather, Patrick McCarey came to America from Ireland, where he had become a boot maker. A relative of his, name of McPhillips was in America. He was in contact with a man in the harness and saddle business. An arrangement was made, and McCarey came as an indentured servant assigned to work for five years for this leather merchant. At Friendship, N.Y., a small town south of Buffalo, N.Y., McPhillips got a job clearing right of way for a surveying group that were laying out the path for a railroad, from Buffalo, N.Y. to Philadelphia, PA. McPhillips found out that it was possible to acquire land along this way by filing - to live on and improve in five years it became your own property. He arranged to file on some land for himself and his cousin, McCarey. He also found out that the land filed on, was sketched out on a map on a table. If it was a hilly place - the up and down would give you some increase in land. They got a hilly place about four miles up Rock Run. That area was mostly big timber at this time. This was in the 1850 or so. There were a few bands of Indians hunted the area from time to time. One of them was Shongo. Old Shongo was a sort of renegade. Not really accepted by the regular Indian tribes and pretty mush, shunned by everybody else, as an unreliable person.

Timber operations were getting started in the area. Sawmills haven't been established here yet. With the high water run offs in the spring, logs were floated down the streams into the Allegheny River which flowed north into New York state and near Red House which is the main headquarters for the Seneca Indian reservation -- the river turns and runs south to Pittsburgh where it joins the Monganella and becomes the Ohio. On through Cincinnati to Cairo -- where it joins the Mississippi. In these early days men made rafts of the logs and took them down the river at high water time in the spring where the Allegheny turns south near Red House. It is quite shallow. Large rafts couldn't get through -- so quite often they had to break

up the rafts and float a few logs at a time through these shallows -- big job. The Indians, of course, knew all about that -- so they had quite a crew to help get the logs through the shallows and assemble them on the other side. My Uncle Gene told me about it. He made quite a few trips -- he said it was war time and no cash money available -- barter was the farm system -- eggs, butter, milk - for flour, sugar, cloth. The sale of logs was cash. It was worth a lot of hardship. Uncle Gene made friends with an Indian, King Jameson, they worked together on several trips. One summer when I was a kid on the farm Jameson and his wife made a visit. I only got to say howdy -- seemed like pleasant people.

Uncle Gene told of one trip. They had some trouble with their rafts and were held up for a while. Another raft that left after they did caught up with them near Pittsburgh. They brought news that Grandmother was sick. So when they delivered the raft in Pittsburgh Uncle Gene just a young lad and his father and a Mr. Lundergan, a neighbor, took off over the hills. They slept one night in a lumber camp and all the rest of the time they were on the trail, walked as long as you could see, slept on the rail. He said he remembered walking with his arms over the men's shoulders half asleep. I think this was about the time Dad was born. Uncle Gene was fifteen when Dad was born. His father died when he was sixteen. Dad never knew his father. Hard times -- rugged men.

I don't know if the Shongos were ever considered a tribe or not. In my grandfather's day -- Old Shongo was the head man. My Aunt "Bestes" told me of an incident with Shongo. Grandmother was at home alone, grandpa was working away somewhere. Shongo, his squaw and a couple of kids came by. Grandmother fixed them something to eat. The squaw picked up the baby and held it all the time even when eating. The old Indian looked all about the place, looked at the cattle hogs and all about -- nosey old guy. They stayed a couple of hours. The old squaw held the baby all the time. Grandmother was scared to death. She had heard about Indians taking babies when they decided to go. Shongo's woman came over, put the baby in grandmother's arms, said goodbye and went on their way.

There was another Indian story. Grandpa was sick. It was about seven miles by road to Ceres, N.Y. The closest doctor. There is a footpath over the hills, it is about four miles. Rugged steep narrow up and down a rocky ledge. Grandmother needed medicine. She hiked over the hills to Ceres. Got medicine and

some groceries and a jug of whiskey. She was pretty much loaded down -- with a burlap sack on her shoulder. She is coming back over the trail and in the steepest spot she meets a bunch of young Indian braves. She knows she can't panic. So she walks right along.

When she comes up to the Indians, they step off the trail and let her pass. I recall Grandma as this frail little old lady. I can't imagine this.

The Shongos came and went. In my time it was a very mixed bunch. There were some named Shongo. Then there were the Dates, the Rarreys, Murphys, Gibbs. There was a coming and going bunch of people up this area. Uncle Gene used to say that is hard scrabble farming. My Uncle John was not very fond of the bunch. He said them people can eat anybody's chickens. Once in a while harvesting we needed some help. Some of the Shongo people would help out. One summer when I was on the farm a couple of the Murphy boys worked a few days. Jimmie Murphy, the oldest one, and Rinzo Murphy. He was older than me but they called him "Shrimp" -- he was small, he was probably 16 or so. I was twelve -- I was bigger than him and I could out work him but he didn't try -- I have had a lot of occasions to remember Rinzo - the "Shrimp."

Twenty years after this farm incident I work in Bradford, PA. I am operating an oil property. On a lot of trips into the oil supply shops I am hailed by - Hey Jimmie - it's your ole pal "Rinzo" -- I need some help. Do you have a few bucks for old "Rinzo?" I got quite a bit of ribbing about my pal Rinzo, the "Shrimp." I don't know how much of any of these people are Indian - Shongo or anything else, but they all lived up in this group, hardly anybody knew for sure who was Shongo - Murphy - Rarey - Gibbs and nobody cared very much. My Uncle John McCarey was assessor for the valley - he had to go once a year and assess the property. He said we are not sure up there who is who and what is what. It has been carried on the books as assumed to be - Gibbs property - Murphy property - Shongo, etc. I just continue it the same. I have no idea who belongs to what or if -- I imagine most everybody finds some odd thing happening - this is one that brushed against me.

C. L.

At the Penn R.R. Station, he was called "Boss Keenan" -- My Dad usually said, "Good morning C.L." I was instructed by both of my parents to call him Mr. Keenan, so even when I was grown up and about with him quite a lot, I sometimes thought of saying, "Hi Boss." It was so ingrained in me that it always came out Mr. Keenan or just "Hi." I think always a respectful greeting for he was the kind of man I both respected and liked.

The Keenans were our next door neighbors. He was the Penn R.R. Station agent -- Big, friendly man with a cheerful strong voice and a chuckley laugh. No hair - for as a young man he had fever that left him completely bald. He did not even have to shave. He most always wore a hat. When he worked out in his garden on a hot day he would tie a handkerchief around his forehead to catch the sweat. He had no eyebrows or eyelashes and the sweat would give him sore eyes. Dad was their doctor. They went to our church. Mother and Mrs. Keenan were friendly but not chummy, just friendly neighbors. She was a small nervous person and Mother used to say "Painfully neat." We were scared to step on Mrs. Keenan's floors, might leave marks -- she was always real pleasant to Jean and me, but she would often chase other of the neighborhood kids from playing around their place. She made awful good doughnuts and the odor waq so tantalizing. I remember sitting on her back steps waiting for them to cool and she would bring us a doughnut. It seems like a lot of my memory is attached to my stomach. Mrs. Keenan was considered somewhat difficult to know and had few close friends. She was critical of Mr. Keenan -- very critical, in fact. Mother often said, "Sometimes I have to let Mrs. Keenan blow off steam or she will burst." Mother tried not to be too close to Mrs. Keenan -- we kept good neighbors with them that way.

There were two Keenan sons -- Gerald "Jay" and Charles "Charlie." Jay was about four years older than Charlie and Charlie was five years older than me. He was Jean's age and in her class in school. "Jay"

was an honor student -- a serious plugger -- his mother's pride and joy - not a boy's boy. Mr. Keenan was proud of Jay also, but not so blindly so. Jay could be a little sneaky. He would do some little dirty tricks on little kids while all sweetness and light to our parents. Jay hardly had any friends around the school. Jay tried to play up to my sister Jean but she couldn't stand him -- she really could tell him off and he was afraid of her.

Charley was smart - but so full of the devil, he was always in trouble. Everyone liked Charlie, but no one trusted him. He was witty as the duce was full of mean tricks -- sneaky -- always had a quick alibi of some kind. A real boys boy but a real trouble maker -- the formula - Trouble :: Charlie. Charlie Keenan was my leader from the time I was a little tot, when he would have me get my mother to give me five pennies so he could go over to the drug store and get an ice cream cone -- that he might let me lick a couple of times - from just one side. He would get me to sneak out cookies to the barn for he and Carl Holcomb. Beg J.E. Dusenbury for pennies - get Mrs. Dagget to give me some peppermints. I was always the faithful mutt Charlie did me dirt and I came back for more. I was his none too artful dodger until he went into the Army in World War I.

This is supposed to be about Charles Keenan, Senior, who put up with an awful lot from Charles, Jr. and not too agreeably -- they had lots of out loud disagreements. While Senior boasted of Jay, he was most distressed at him as he grew up. Jay got a job in Washington, D.C. and he joined the Masons. He had been quite neglectful of his attendance at church -- always said he was still Catholic -- just didn't go to church. Mr. Keenan told us about it and that he was worried. Then Jay became sick and he came home very ill. He developed tuberculosis. Got some better, up and around, but never became real well. He was an invalid for a year or so and died of T.B. His mother worked her heart out to take care of him and Mr. Keenan never really reconciled with Jay. It made Mrs. Keenan very bitter. Theirs became a very unhappy house. Mrs. Keenan nagged Keenan. Keenan sulked. Mrs. Keenan complained to all who would listen particularly in my mother's ear. How mean Keenan was. How tight - what a hog to feed. She had a real litany of woes. Outwardly Keenan never showed that he was bothered. Mrs. Keenan told my mother

once that Keenan cashed his check -- took out enough to pay all their common bills and split the rest and she had her bank account and he had his. She did not know what he had and he was not going to know how much she had. My mother thought that is not making a home -- that is making an accounting office. It always bothered mother -- as she tried to be good friends to both of them.

Now Mr. Keenan was a joiner. He belonged to the Red-Man Lodge and he got my Dad in. Dad said so the Red Men got free medical service. Mr. Keenan usually got secretary or treasury jobs. If they paid a little something. Seemed like he always was having a lodge night. He was in the K of C in Olean. He was the trustee of our parish. No profit in that -- that cost. The railroad trainmen had a lodge. He was always either going to lodge keeping their books or counting their money or making a collection for remembrance for someone's funeral. He also had a good ear for the town news. He was not a gossip but he liked to know. He was around a lot and at the station in those days people waiting for trains talked -- at the Lodge he picked up the news -- Dad used to say if I want to know all I have do is prick CLK a little. He will have it all.

When we were small Mr. Keenan seemed such a giant of a man. He would pick me up and ride me on his shoulders. Swing us around and around until Mother would come out and tell him not to let us wear him out. One time when I was probably nine or ten, Mrs. Keenan was away for dinner and our folks invited C.L. to dinner -- Mother said when Keenan came in James show Mr. Keenan to the bath room - he might like to clean up - so I led the way up the stairs, directed him to the bath room, went in to Mother and Dad's room got Dad's hair brushes, brought them to Keenan in the bath room - he smilingly thanked me and said, "Now James they are very nice just what will I do with them." Mr. Keenan often kidded me about - James likes the way I comb my hair. I am sure I had no come back -- Keenan took it goodnaturedly. He had a fine sense of humor. If you are bald you better develop it. Keenans were quite puritanical. They never allowed their boys to play on Sunday. They could take a walk with their father but no play catch or even cards. As Jean and I grew up they let up some. Charlie came over to our house to play cards and games -- sneak out the other side of the house and go down to Glen Coopers to play catch.

I think I know why Mr. Keenan was so straight laced, but did not learn until many years after I was grown up.

Mr. Keenan was part black -- passing for white. In those days a black couldn't be anything on the railroad but a porter. He was given the name of Keenan. He and his sister were born of a black woman who was a slave of a Mr. Church in Virginia. His family also owned Belvideer Farms. After the Civil War, he had reverses in Virginia, of course, he lost the slaves, and he lost most of his property in Virginia. A man named Keenan worked on the Belvideer Farms, he was a white man. Church made arrangements for Keenan to marry his former slave girl and bring up her children, so Church's children were Keenans. When Mr. Church became old and ill Mrs. Keenan made a home for him in Belvideer, and looked after him until he died. He gave them a farm he had inherited near the Belvideer Farms. The family have the same place now I think. Aunt Mary as the Keenan boys called her lived on this farm. She had kinky hair and was quite dark -- an awfully nice person. She visited in Portville several times -- when she went out she wore a veil - ladies used to. She and her relatives called Mr. Keenan "Lennie" - he was christened Charles Leonard. Mr. Keenan had a cousin Peter Keenan in Cuba, N.Y. I was over at Cuba Lake and went fishing with him once and he gave me a little of the family story, also there was a fellow that was from Portage, N.Y. worked at our Tannery, lived at the Delaware House. He used to tell -- He knew "Lennie Keenan" when he was just a spindly kid trying to learn that telegraph. This old guy's name was Morris something or other. We kids used to sit on the Hotel steps and this old guy used to spin out stories for us. It was through him that I learned that General Keenan of the Civil War was of the Keenan family. He gave us a little of a song about "Keenan's Charge" -- I had to run up and tell Young Charlie Keenan about it. He said, "He was my great uncle and we have his uniform and sword up in our attic." We went up and got them out, were playing with the cap and sword and his mother, made up put them away. Charlie got in dutch. He was not supposed to get into that stuff. I never got any information -- guess I never tried to until many years later. I was over at their house telling about Uncle Jim Hannigan going to Gettysburg Reunion of the old vets -- Keenan mentioned his uncle -- got out a couple of tin type pictures said they did not know too much about him. He was killed in the war. One time a couple of us kids were up around the station

and the Peterson kids went by -- they were black. We teased them with "Nigger - nigger never die" -- Keenan saw us and called me into the station office. "James, you know that was not a nice thing to do." "I was only kidding with them." "Would you holler that at me?" "Of course not." "Now James I am black - if they are nigger I am." "Now you go over and apologize." And he saw to it that I did. Keenan liked to tell of the old days but did not care to be questioned about them. I realized because might bring up the color question. However, when I was working in Bolivar, it came election time, my Dad had been a Democratic committee man -- this was after Dad was gone. Bob Murrin from Olean came up to Portville, said they would like to get out the colored folks to vote that lived up in the Tannery houses. Mr. Keenan was the Democratic Committee man but couldn't do it, would I -- I did not know very many of them so I went over and talked to Keenan -- He said James I cannot help -- I have colored blood and they resent the fact that I pass as they say for white. If you can get Leon Gatton to go up there with you he has a good influence on those people. Keenan and I went down to see Gatton. He was very nice to us, but no thanks. He said I work for the Dusenbury's and if they knew I was for the Democrats - I would not be working. Now I am not telling how I vote. I do that on my own when I am in the booth. See Peterson up at the Tannery. I went up and saw Arlie Peterson. He was in school with me. It didn't do any good. He told me hardly any of the people even register - or would vote. Bob Murrin had given me twenty dollars to hire a car to get these people to the polls. I returned the money to Murrin. He was sort of sore. He said, "I gave you that to get out the vote." I told him to go to hell. "You gave me that to bribe Niggers and I am not your nigger. Want to make something out of it." He was a big guy but he didn't want to make anything of it. We parted less than friends and I never crossed the street because of him but one night I was in a speak-easy with Billie Murphy - Murrin came in - saw us and walked out - Billie knew about it and said, "There is something in here that man don't like."

Keenans did not have a car and when there were funerals in the family or on a lot of occasions we arranged for transportation for them. I drove them so I got to know most of their relatives. One time when I was growing up Mr. Keenan took his Charles and me to Buffalo. He had a pass on the Penn RR. We ate in a restaurant where the char had arms to put your food on. I thought that great. Mother had a lap

board - and she fixed my lunch on that, because I had such a case of the one arm restaurant. That was a pretty big event.

As he became older, Mr. Keenan became very nervous about his job as Agent at the PRR Station. He even had a couple of sick spells -- shingles and some other nervous trouble. They brought in a relief man and that only worried Keenan more. Then Mrs. Keenan had a sick spell, and she was always sort of frail. The last few years that Keenan was Agent they had a bad time of it. He was afraid they would beat him out of his pension. My old chum from the farm, Jerry Cawley was Keenan's assistant, but he the "Boss" was so nervous Jerry couldn't take it and he got a transfer to Bradford. He told me "I know he is your friend but he will drive me nuts." "He thinks there's spies in the ink wells." Keenan did stay on until his retirement. It straightened him out fine but she did not get much better. They came to California to visit some friends and relatives took an apartment in Glendale but Mrs. Keenan hardly got out of it and they had to bring her home in a pullman compartment so she could lay down. He had a nurse come back with them to take care of her. She only lived a few months, it was cancer. During the time when Mrs. Keenan was ailing their son Charles died in Texas. He was buried from Portville and his mother couldn't go to the funeral. She took that very badly -- fumed and fussed about it. Charles' wife and boy, Bill, stayed awhile, but she and Mrs. Keenan Senior couldn't get on at all. Mrs. Keenan talked about how much she loved Bill - but she had a fit if he did anything. Charlie's wife spent most of her time at our house - that didn't help their relations. Mr. Keenan did his level best to entertain Katherine and Bill and he was always very proud of his grandson. Katherine married again quite soon. Mr. Keenan visited them in Shreveport, LA. Some years later he was very nicely impressed with her new husband and with Bill and the way he and the new Dad got on. Keenan spent most of his winters in California and he came down to visit us quite a few times. Knowing them over the years and the friction - I sued to nearly split - when he would say "I surely miss Mamma - wish she could enjoy some of this country." He was a nice man and a wonderfully good friend and neighbor.

TRIP TO THE FARM

Once upon a time - a long way back - I was somewhere around eleven or twelve. Moving into the know it all bracket. To sort of get in line. Our church was served quite often by an extra priest from the monastery at St. Bonas. Portville had three churches -- the Sacred Heart there, St. Michael's at Westons Mills and St. Francis at Ceres. At Portville and Westons they alternated 9 o'clock one Sunday 10:30 the next. At Ceres it was either

8:00 A.M. or 12 noon. Westons had altar boys but at Ceres the priest often took a Portville kid up with him. This Sunday Fr. James Keenan from the college had Angelo Seranni and me as altar boys. In Ceres there were quite a few Italians and Fr. Keenan could hear confessions in Italian and he made a few remarks in the language. This was the 12 o'clock mass up there, after mass some of the people had the priest over for breakfast and we kids. We kids got away and were playing outside as the priest visited. We became bored in a little while. The street car only came once an hour. So instead of going back with the priest, I got the notion I would hike to the McCarey farm. I think I told the priest our farm was out here a little ways and we often came up there Sundays -- He did not make anything of it, but I told Angie to tell my folks where I went. I am not sure I knew how far it was. I had been there with my Dad with horse and buggy a couple of times. Ceres is five miles from Portville and the farm is six miles from Ceres. Good half day by horse and buggy.

I am on my way -- in my church going clothes hiking up this dusty road. It was a very nice summer afternoon. There was two miles of Kings Run Road -- it runs along the Oswego Creek on the Pennsylvania side. I knew some of the farms along the way, been with my Dad when he made sick calls up there. Past the McDonald's they were having a party out in the yard. Came up to Splains - Jim was out in their yard. He told me I was headed right when I told him what I was doing. Turn at the Flannigan Farm. I knew the Flannigans. They had been at Cered for Mass. The family at Flannigans were sitting on the front porch. I went out to the well and had a big drink of cold water. Sat a few minutes on the stoop. I think

Mrs. Flannigan brought me an apple or something. Joe explained about the road split at the top of the hill the first one the road to the right goes to Rock Run and Newell Creek -- the left is the Annin Creek Road. They had not been over that way for some time and didn't know if the road markers were O.K. or not. ("Quite often some wise guy, town fellers, fool with the road signs.")

I was still pretty cockey leaving Flannigans. Refreshed and reassured I was going right. By the time I climbed up the hill to where the roads split, I was sort of a weary kid and not real sure of myself. It was awful quiet and there were big trees and this road is not used a lot. The road signs were there and seemed O.K. -- but I had a couple of thoughts -- suppose I was wrong and was on the Annin Creek Road. I had heard that Annin Creek was over the hill from our farm but where on Annin Creek? We had a gas well on our farm and I sort of recalled that the gas line went over the hill to Annin Creek pump station. I got thinking I can follow the gas line. Right about this time I came to the Rock Run-Newell Creek Road split. I felt better but was walking slower. Rock Run is well named. There are lots of big rocks -- some sitting on size and I tried out quite a few. I ceased to be the kid that went to Mass with shined shoes, clean black stockings, and the new suit I got for confirmation --knee pants and Norfolk Jacket Navy blue once--(One of the Maddens had long pants for confirmation -- Ma wouldn't let me have them). This is now a dusty - weary - sweaty - bedraggled traveler and beginning to be a little worried about what Mother and Dad will think of this and sort of wondering how Aunt Bestes and Uncle Gene are going to be when I get to the farm. As I get down the hill -- the afternoon is moving on also, I come along to Old Man Gib's place. He is out near the barn along the road. He sort of grunts. "Know where you are going boy?" I said, "The McCarey Farm" - "Right ahead mile and a half - Who be you?" I said I was James McCarey from Portville. "Doc's kid" - Then he grumbled - "Town kids don't amount to nothing." I trudge on get down to the Bly place. Jonnie and one of the girls are out in the front - was going to say yard but meadow is more like it. They came to the fence and talked to me. I tried to impress them of my importance and worldly-ness saying I walked over from Ceres. Jonnie is a couple years younger than I am and I think it was working on him. Them Jim Bly came out - he is about 3 or 4 years older than I am. He belittled me in no uncertain terms. "Town kids can't do nothing - want to wrestle - I'll Indian wrestle you - I'll hand wrestle you - I'll race you

to Cawleys." Somehow I got away from Jimmie Bly. I never did like him. I got down to the Cawley farm. They were just getting ready for milking. Gerald was going after the cows so he walked as far as their pasture lane with me. We sat on the gate a few minutes. Gerald and I always played together very well. He was interested in what I did and revived my spirits as I take off for our farm down the road. Feeling better inside but pretty crumby outside.

Well, Anna and Aunt Bestes greeted me -- hugs and kisses. Anna took me outside and broomed off some of the dust. Uncle Gene came out - he had been having a nap - had to know. "What are you doing here?" I had to tell all my story -- Mass at Cered, hike over the hill, etc. "Mother and Dad?" Well, I told them I asked Angelo to tell them where I was. Aunt Bestes got me some milk and Anna some bread and butter with brown sugar on it. There has never ever been any so good. They called up home talked to my mother she scolded me a little. Dad called up later said he was coming up tomorrow - bring me some clothes. I could stay if it was OK with Uncle Gene and Aunt Bestes. The men on the farm all sleep in their underwear - I had to wear Aunt Bestes' nightgown.

PORTVILLE CHARACTERS THE GIBBONS BOYS

Old Mrs. Gibbons had two sons who gave her no comfort, much worry and some shame. There was an older son who lived in Olean, and he did help her. The other two were Portville characters - the town's worst. As I remember Mrs. Gibbons she was a small but vigorous woman who was very active at the church suppers and picnics. Mrs. Gibbons ran the kitchen. She seemed like a nice person but that Ed and "Brownie" they were something else.

Ed was a loud mouth, show off, overbearing, know it all -- do nothing at least nothing regular. He was a some-time helper at Trenkles Black Smith Shop. I recall Nick Trenkle saying, "If he could just stay sober -- he is not the worst worker I ever knew -- but that big mouth yap-yap-yap all day drives me crazy. It is hard to catch him drinking, but he always has a bottle hid out someplace. If he could produce work like he can hide that bottle he would be a howling success."

Ed would tell you at great lengths if you would listen -- how he was not regularly a drinking man. Only on particularly important occasions did he arrange to celebrate a little. Being active in village affairs and loyal to the American Legion it was his duty to see the event was properly celebrated. Now Ed Gibbons was not a man to be caught without an event or an occasion to be acknowledged. (Either it is today or last week or next week or in memory of an old buddy.) He could always find the reason one time he had to have a few snorts because he remembered how scared he was when the street car jumped the tracks at River Hurst Park. Something for his nerves. Ed was no good when he was drunk and not a whole lot better sober. You couldn't believe a word he said at any time. He was a cheat - a thief - mean and miserable, in fact all the things a town bum is -- besides he was "Brownie's" brother who was no better drunk or sober and seldom sober. "Browner" was not a big blow hard like Ed. He was a sloppy slovenly slob -- but not dumb. Once in a while he would have a sobering up period, but not for long or often.

When he was sober he was reasonably good to his mother and his wife. She was Agnes Gibblin, a lot younger than "Brownie" -- she was in school when I was. Her family tried in every way to get her not to marry "Brownie." Guess she thought she could reform him. She stuck with him but what a life.

When their first kid was born "Brownie" was in Little Valley Jail for robbing a garage while drunk. Pa came home after delivering the baby. He was disgusted. He said, "When that "Brownie" was a young lad I set his broken leg and I should have castrated him."

John Gibbons, the older son, was a different sort. He was married and lived in Olean. He was a motor man on the street car -- he had a peg leg. "Brownie's" given name was James as in disciple, but he was "Brownie."

"Brownie" had worked for the telephone company from time to time. He had some jobs but most of the time he was on the bum, and I mean Bum -- sloppy drunk -- pan handling -- bum. He would come up to you -- "Jimmy, you are my best friend -- I like you. Your Old Man was good to me -- He is a good Old Man. If you ever want a favor from "Brownie" you are going to get it. Now I am a little hard up, could you let me have a couple of dollars -- OK a dollar -- well four bits. Hey you wouldn't refuse Old "Brownie" two bits" -- if I could get rid of the stinking bum for a quarter I gave. When he was bumming he always seemed to sense where I would be and would hit me up at the most embarrassing times. I got kidded a lot about my best friend. He was a pest. A no good no good. I think the Gibbons were Portville's most worthless characters.

MY FRIEND, FRED

The story of Fred should be easy to tell, but I don't really know where to start. Or if I should do it, but if I don't who can or will and I think it should be told someway.

Up on our farm in Penn was a gas well and every month or so the man from McKean Gas Co came by and blew the well down. They shut off the valve to the gas line -- vent the well to the air, which blows out condensate and moisture which in real cold weather might freeze in the line and at other times plug some fittings. It is just a routine service procedure. Fred was the gas company man. He was married to a girl from the neighboring farm. They lived near the pump station at Sartwell. When making the trip up our way, he usually stopped for a visit and quite often for lunch (dinner at noon on the farm). Sometimes Tessa, his wife, would come and visit with my aunt and Anna Bly, the majorette domo of the McCarey Farm. I was a kid of twelve or thirteen -- Fred, a young man who had a nice way with young folks -- he let me go down to the well with him -- show me the blow down operation. I sort of remember him telling how much my Dad had done for their family. It was a large family and they had quite a lot of sickness and one of his sisters was a nurse and she had nursed quite a bit for Dad's patients. Fred had been laid up some and he always used to say, "if it wasn't for Dr. McCarey, I wouldn't be here." "Jimmy, if you get to be like your Dad you will be all right." It was kid to man -- but I got to know Fred more man to man -- not hero stuff or buddy buddy -- just plain friendly. We met a few times in the next couple of years, at the church picnic at some Turtle Point ball games. Fred brought his mother and sister down to see my Dad, one or both were ailing -- it was a long wait in my Dad's office. He noticed them there and called to me, I was playing out back. "The O'Briens are here, ask mother to make a cup of tea." He slipped them out the back door of the office and over home -- Mom had a lunch set up. Pa had to hurry back to the office. The women visited, Fred and I walked out to the barn. He looked over Doc's horses. Fred always fancied himself a pretty keen judge of horse flesh. He had just now bought his first car. I think this is my first introduction to the advantages of the horseless carriage over the driving team. He has told me many times,

"you know I always liked a team of horses, you can take pride in a good driving team." We got a car eventually but my Dad never liked to drive it and never did very well or much. He liked a good driving horse and had good ones. Mom used to say about our old gray Kit, "She sure is no beauty but I would hate to have your father have to choose between us."

I hardly ever heard or thought of Fred O'Brien for over 20 years. In some way I knew that he had gone out West and that Tessa, his wife, was in a mental institution. My cousin's brother-in-law in Olean was married to Fred's niece. She told me of going to California seeing her Uncle Fred. "You knew him, James." Then Bill Murphy, the barber in Olean, had been to California -- had been set up by Fred O'Brien in a shop in Taft. So I knew Fred was out in California. In some way I had heard he was married again. There was some confusion -- How? At family gatherings and some wakes it was somehow mentioned, never explained but Fred was out in California and doing well. The old folks from the Irish settlement thought anyone that left there was doomed anyway.

In January, 1935, my mother and I came to California to see my brother-in-law, Pat, in San Pedro. We got an apartment by the week, just a couple blocks from Pat. Pat told me of meeting with a fellow in Long Beach that went to St. Bonas -- Joe Farrell -- I called him up. We were old football team mates. Mother and I visited them. They visited us. In the course of conversation Joe remembered knowing that my father's family were from Sartwell. When Joe was at Bonas he drove taxi for Cameron Brinkman who ran cabs from the Olean House. Brinkman was an adopted boy of the Fitzsimmons from Sartwell. Brink used to get on a bender every once in a while -- one time he had Joe drive him up to Sartwell. They sat and walked through the cemetery, waist deep wet grass while Brink nursed his crying jag. Joe said he didn't know what to do with the character. He was both abusive and pitiful. Brink would have them go from grave stone to grave stone -- the Fitzsimmons -- the O'Briens -- the Murphys -- the McCareys -- the Gibbons, etc. "We will stop and say a Hail Mary for them." They were both wet and cold and Joe got Brink in the car, who passed out and Joe got him home, and to bed. Joe became familiar with Sartwell -- the graveyard anyway. This is a long way around but Farrell mentioned there is a man from up Sartwell

way, goes to our church, name of O'Brien would I know him -- I told him I knew Fred O'Bried but thought he was in Taft, California. Joe called me up in a few days and said it was Fred O'Brien who used to be in Taft and would like to see me. Mother and I came over to Long Beach, met with the Farrells and they took us out to meet O'Briens. The new Mrs. O'Brien and her son and daughter, Mary and Phillip Brady. Had a very pleasant time.

Mother and I had arranged to go to San Diego to see an old chum of mother's, Elizabeth Houston. She lived in a women's boardind house there. We got a hotel just around the corner from her place. O'Briens had made us promise when we came back from San Diego we wold stop and stay with them. Only expected to be a day or so in San Diego. At San Diego there was a California World's Fair. We went to the Fair. Mom and Liz saw a little of it. I got to a rest room -- had the running flu. We got back to the hotel -- I got in bed. Mother got a doctor. He said he is just as well here as any place. Keep in bed -- that I did three or four days. I was very very low -- even now I don't have much use for San Diego. I got better and we came up to Long Beach, called up O'Briens -- Fred insisted we come up there to stay, so we landed in on him. Mrs. O'Brien was in Taft, her sister was sick up there but Fred asked us to make ourselves at home. The children were with their mother. Mother fixed breakfast. Fred gave us a tour of the oil fields. We called on May and Dan Green from Portville who Fred knew. Had a very nice day or two in Long Beach. Had Pat and the Empies come over and all had dinner in the Lafayette and Mother and I prepared to take off for Bradford.

We drove away from California but now totally away. Going out toward San Bernardino. Mother said, "if I was young -- I'd be in California." We were going thorough the orange trees, the snow on Baldy clear warm day -- it was just beautiful. I remember I said, "Ma, I'll just stay." She said, "We can't do that - we have property back there - you have obligations to go back and leave Healey Oil in good standing. If you want to go back and leave in proper manner. I am with you or you can go out to California on your own. I'll get rooms at the Stratton in Olean." This is the way we headed for Bradford. We got in Flagstaff that night - near midnight in a belting snow storm - as I recall we had lousy weather all the way

back to Penny. And at Mt. Jewett we were back of a snow plow and moved a few feet at a time in a tunnel of snow six or eight foot on the side of the road. In Bradford there was one car path down Main St. each way -- the street car track was a huge pile of snow -- they couldn't come in or go out of town -- cars could just creep through. Welcome Home.

The next day I went up to the Healey Office. I didn't just go out to the lease. I was thinking do I or don't I have a job. The office girl said, "Does Mr. Burton ever want to see you? - but did you have a good time. Isn't California wonderful?" Bill Healey came in on the wonderful - "Sure as Hell wonderful!" Three weeks late - went on about a ten minute one man discussion of how stupid I could be -- what the hell I thought they were running. He just belched out. When he ran down it was after quite a while -- I was sort of red necked by them. He said, "Now what have you got to say for yourself." I said, "Bill, I am going to California -- I am turning in my notice. I am going to get out of here this summer and go out there." He started off on another rave. I got up. "Sit down -- sit down." He called in Jim Burton. "Help me tell this guy what is going on - A drilling campaign ahead - a big production program - you will never in your life have an opportunity like this - we are hurting for production foreman." I was on the griddle for at least an hour. The result I had a job, a good job. Healey cooled and said, "when you get your feet back down on the ground - and we get a little bit organized on this new program - come in and I'll tell you about the screwy bunch in California. I was out there one winter almost two months one more week and I would have been in the crazy house. Now you get out there and help Jim Burton and Louie Hodge. We need you and forget the California stuff." I don't think he gave me room to say anything and guess I didn't -- anyway we had one awful busy summer. I did not do much else but work. I was on monthly payroll mostly a twelve hour day but when we had a well coming in it was stay until it was finished -- catch a cat nap if you could. I did not see the boss except when he went by the job a few times. How you doing or something like that. Sometime in early July I arranged to see him. Had a real nice talk with him. Told him how Mother and I had made plans to go to California. Put up our house with a real estate firm to rent and to sell if they could get the right price. He told me, "if I could talk you out of it I would -- but if you

are determined to go I'll help you any way I can -- and when ever you need a recommend I'll give you a good one." I quit the first of August -- we left for California September 1, 1936.

During this time we were getting ready to come to California, Fred O'Brien wrote me. Would come to Olean from Buffalo where he was seeing some relatives. He stayed a few days with us. We did the Irish settlement, the Port Allegheny area -- the black forest area where he and his father had lumbered -- and Bradford oil fields. We had a real good time and I really got to know him and all his old stamping ground. There were quite a few of the old timers he knew and some of them were genuine odd ball individuals. One old lady came out on the porch cried, "Freddie," wiping some of the tobacco juice off on her arm and gave him a big kiss. Going down the road Fred said, "Hardly ever get these juicy kind anymore." Went by the O'Brien farm that was abandoned -- our farm was in the same shape -- spent most of an afternoon with the Wallace Finn family. He was farming his place and the old Kinney place next door that John McCarrey bought. The priest that Ann Bly had willed it to had sold it to someone that tried to operate on a tenant basis, but there were no tenants at that time and understand they had no success getting any. Wallace Finn cut some hay on both places, but he was sad to see these farms allowed to go fallow. He advised, "Don't go up there, Jimmy - better you remember it like we knew it." I don't have that sort of nostalgic feeling about the farm. I had a nice life there but never missed being away. Portville was home. I feel different about that. We had a nice visit with the Finns -- but Fred and I did go up by the McCarey Farm. We just scanned the condition (desolate). Went up the end of the valley and turned down the Annin Creek Road. It parallels the Rock Run valley, as we would go by one farm or other Fred would tell me of the happenings that he remembered and of the people along the way. Fred's first job away from home was for John McCarey who was woods boss in a lumber camp up Annin Creek. The Riley twins worked there -- Jim and Jeddy -- they looked so much alike they couldn't tell them apart. They were both 'ornery' when they would go in to town, which meant saloon -- if one got ahead of the other he would pick on the biggest guy in the place, shove his head down into his glass of beer and slip out the back way, so the guy would come up and see the other Riley and lay into him. Fred loved to tell about the Rileys because he was a twin. I guess he and Mott pulled stunts on each other and the family, but mild compared to the Rileys. Fred lost

his eye when his brother stuck him with a pitch fork -- it was accidental. Jim Riley worked on our farm when I was a kid up there. I thought Riley was great. He could eat peas on his knife and saucered his tea. At that time he was older and calmer than in the lumber days. Not always too calm. He came back from Eldred a little wobbly and very merry. He was telling jokes my aunt wouldn't let him finish. He would appeal to her, "Liza let me explain" - but she would drag us kids away from Riley - just when he was the most fun.

Mother stayed in Olean while Fred and I drove over to Erie, PA to see the Father Cawleys, and Father Charles Crowley, their nephew. The Cawley farm was just up the Rock Run Road from the McCarey Farm. Three of the Cawleys became priests -- Fr. Joseph, the oldest was a Monsignor. Fr. Stephen was about my Dad's age and Fr. Charles was the youngest. I considered them all old men at the time. They were all in the same parish in Erie. They had established quite a dynasty in the Erie Diocese. They had pooled their resources both in church work and in finance and were doing very well in both. Their brother John was an oil man in California. They had invested with him and all done very well. Fred had made a few deals with John over the years. He knew quite a bit about their holdings out here. Fr. Steve was the businessman, Fr. Joe was getting on in years and not in real good health. They had this big summer home out on the lake, it was also a farm. Fr. Charles was the farmer and gardener. Their nephew, Fr. Charles Crowley, who was in St. Bonas in the seminary at the same time I was there in college was also in the Fr. Cawley's parish. They had things their own way pretty much. I recall talking with Fr. Gerald Dugan, who was secretary to the Bishop. I said I knew the Cawleys, "Oh, well, the Bishop is their office boy."

Fred had called up Charley Cawley from Bradford and he was anxious for us to come and see them. We met Fr. Charley at the parish house and he took us out to the summer home. The fathers were all there and some other priests. Got out there in the middle of the afternoon. I had met them all at one time or another but I was only a kid. We had a very interesting meeting. All sort of talked at once -- Rock Run, Sartwell, Turtle Point, California. Fred knew pretty near everybody they mentioned and I had heard of

quite a few. They had us all set to stay all night. In this big house there was a large screened in porch upstairs sort of like a dormitory. They were prepared for a lot of guests and I understand they entertained quite a bit. Had a nice dinner and after dinner Fr. Steve took Fred aside. They went over their California oil interests. Fr. Joe and Fr. Chas. Crowley and I had a good confab about things in the settlement. Fr. Joe recalled things about my Dad, my grandfather and grandmother. My grandfather died when Dad was a little boy -- so he only knew about him from being told so he hardly ever said anything of his father. Fr. Joe was quite a bit older so he knew and remembered my grandfather. Charlie's mother was right around my Dad's age so they all went to school together. The school master used to stay from house to house or where they had room for him. They only had school a few months in the winter because they needed the kids to work in the fields. Everyone produced in those days. My grandfather could read and write and he took the thrice a week world. Fr. Joe said, "That made him an authority in this valley." There was no mail delivery in those days. It came as far as Larabees Crossing by stage and then when someone from Rock run came in the accumulated mail was brought up by them. On Sunday after Mass there was a breakfast and then my grandfather would bring out the paper and read -- every last word. He got attention -- he demanded attention -- Fr. Joe - "None of you McCareys are as big as your granddad. We called him the McCarey. He was the authority for everything. A lot of time he didn't know anything about it. We kids would do something. Our mother would say, "how are you going to explain that to the McCarey." "We liked him but sometimes he was a threat to us." Fr. Joe told of how he came down after chores nearly every night and grandpa would read usually to him and Michael and Liza and he would have us read and "it was embarrassing to have Liza know words that Mike and I didn't." "I was older and it bothered me more than it did your Dad. Your granddad would kid me and laugh about it. I would go home kind of sore sometimes but always came back for more. The printed word was a great thing. I sometimes wonder if I have as much respect for the Sacred Scriptures as I had for the Thrice a week world. "

On Labor Day, 1936 - Mother and I left Bradford for California. Buster Forness wanted to go with us and we went over to Olean to pick him up, but during the night his dad had talked him out of it. The stinker never called up or anything. We could have put a few more things in the car. We had left room

for one to ride in the back, and some space for his things. We left Bradford early but didn't get going to California until nearly noon. Had to have a last goodbye to the Hannigans, Moores, Cunninghams.

We had been over the Southern Route so this trip was the middle of the country, Columbus, Ohio - St. Joe, MO - Cheyenne, WYO - Salt Lake - Winniemucca, NV. over Donner Pass by Lake Tahoe into Sacramento at 106 degrees so we hurried to San Francisco. Then down the Coast Route to Long Beach.

One night in a hotel and we got an apartment furnished on Second Street. The Oceola Apartments near Hermosa St. We were there a couple of months in an upstairs apartment, Cliff dwelling. Got in touch with the house we now have rented it. The furniture came and we are settled down in California. I am a native son by adoption.

We met a lot with Pat and the Empies, the Greens, Farrells, I don't know just how but there were quite a few folks we got to know, and some folks from back East came out. I went around with Fred quite a bit, saw his oil holdings, met some of the other operators. I circulated about to a number of oil companies on my own putting in my bid for work. Fred had a well pulling job come up, he asked the lead man to work me in so I got in a few days with them. Got my feet wet, at least greasy. One of this gang lined me up with a well pulling service. I got on their call list and picked up a few well pulling jobs and some clean up work, then had quite a lot of well pulling at Huntington Beach. this all came in bunches -- two or three wells down at the same time -- double shifts no overtime pay in those days -- then no work for a few days -- then call outs on top of call outs -- that is the way that work went. You could almost make steady pay but had to put in some long days and short nights. Fred had been in negotiations on a re drill job he had in Wilmington. Severens needed some money to redrill, and whistock this well into a new deeper zone. Fred talked to me about it and then one day he said, "Do you want to get in on it?" With some trembling I guess I did. It was a four way deal -- Fred and I had half -- Clayton Severens split his half with his son Joe. O&S Oil Co. -- Severens took me on as a rig hand. I was about to learn to be a roughneck. Fred and I had put up \$5000 each for our interest against Severens interest in the well and his tools and management.

Our money to be used for the redrilling. We bought ourselves some trouble, but in a sort of a weird way. It didn't come out too bad. We struggled with the well for a few years some good money after had to keep it going then we sold it and the people that bought it -- came up into a five foot lens perforated and got a pretty good well. None of us would have done it. We were working in 60 ft. of sand -- but it kept plugging up on us. Every time we would make a few dollars it would have to go into a service job, and quite often we had to dig down a little more.

In my operations with Fred I put up cash but he was the capital partner with several other fellows. He and Frank Kelley had some wells. Frank was a production man who knew of some wells in the Torrance field for sale because they were not operated in a good manner. Told Fred what he thought could be done with them. Fred bought them and let Kelley work out a half interest -- The Emerald Oil Co. He did the same with heinie DeGreef in Huntington Beach, and up at Maricopa he had another similar set up going and near Taft. He was interested in a lot of things. He told me he always wanted to see the man on the job financially involved because then he would try to produce at less expense. Fred surely knew the value of the dollar. He was a real sharp operator and he was out to do it cheap.

Fred and I got into a deal on the Pomeroy Hydraulic Jack. This Pomeroy was an out and out crook. He got an old friend of Fred's from Taft, Mr. Ramsey, to show him this guy's proposition of a hydraulic jack -- could be used -- anywhere -- looked good -- worked good. He had a production shop on Santa Fe St. Here he made quite a showing -- like he was almost ready to be assembling these jacks. There was a doctor in Wilmington who was involved in the company and a sort of engineer and salesman named McNutt. I know who the boob McNutt was -- Pomeroy played the big operator part up -- they were just \$100,000 away from being in full operation but he dropped down to \$50,000 -- but if they could get \$5000 cash right now that would get them going. He had people wanting to come in and a lot of orders to fill if they could get some more material and start assembly. Fred and I were talked into putting up \$2500 each for Pomeroy shares. At the time I was working at Barnsdall Oil. For quite a while we heard nothing at all from the Jack Co. Fred checked with them off and on. I was up Santa Maria way most of the time. Fred told me they kept giving him the ready to produce story. Barnsdall shut down up North. I was laid off and came back

down here where I could pick up some well pulling work. Took a few days off and Fred and I went up North hunting. During this trip he told me of the funny feeling he had about our ^{W.C.S.} month in the Pomeroy Jack. Pomeroy and his hench men kept after Fred to put in more money. He said if I can arrange to get you in over there, perhaps you can get some dope on just what we are in for. He gave them the impression that he was willing to ante up \$10,000 more. He would like it if they could put me to work over there. Yes, indeed. I could come right to work -- fixed me up with a job looking after supplies and tool crib -- They were happy to have me -- all were pleasant -- seemed quite Kosher for a few weeks -- I tried out the demonstrating jacks -- most seemed to work well. I went to library and got some information on hydraulic jacks -- some of it I was able to understand. There was a grumpy old guy who worked on the lathe -- a sort of a machinist. He hurt his hand one day and the girl in the office asked me to take him to the doctor. His hand was dressed and we went back to the job, but he couldn't work so another guy and I took him home and took his car home. His hand became infected and he was sick for several days. I went over to see him, brought him a magazine that had info on hydraulics -- with drawings of different hydraulic jacks, etc. I had read it some and thought he might be interested in it. In a day or so he came into the shop -- was feeling better and expected to be at work the first of the week. He had let his driver's renewal lapse and had to take the driving test. I expected to be off the next day and agreed to take him down and be his licensed driver. In the course of this arrangement he and I talked about things in the shop. He told me, "young fellow this is wrong. This is only a promoting deal. The jacks they are demonstrating are not the ones in the blueprints -- the valves in the jacks they talk of assembling will not hold and retain a pressure -- the ones in the demonstrator are just disguised 'Black Hawk' valves and they have plenty of patents to protect them." Pomeroy had him buff them down to disguise them. "They can demonstrate and promote and the law won't touch them but if they sell one they are in hot water. They only want to use this set up to sell stock."

With this bit of information I got in touch with Fred. "Now Jimmie we don't have any facts -- this may be right let's go easy. They have been after me for more money - just keep your eyes open." Pomeroy had me moved out of the tool room. I think he was suspicious of me. I was put buffing up old

material cleaning in an oakite tank kind of filthy work. It was out in the back where I couldn't see much of what was going on inside. I called up the bunco squad office - went up and talked to a man there - I didn't have a case. The man said, "so you bought some stock you are afraid it isn't too good - if you have evidence that you have been defrauded something could be done. This happens all the time."

I had my Irish up and went to Pomeroy and demanded my money back. He said he couldn't and wouldn't do it. He sent McNutt to calm me down. I was back at the Oakite pit cleaning up some stuff. Pomeroy came out figured I had cooled off. He palavered away. I shouldn't give up my stock in this great opportunity, etc. He was a little guy -- I could have put him in the oakite pit -- was really tempted to -- I would have been burned also. I scared him but it also scared me. I let him go. He beat it to his car. I got in mine and went up to see Fred. Told him I had made an ass of myself. He agreed a little too readily. I stayed away from the place. It was a bad time -- was quite upset -- besides I was having a strange social life during some of the period. That was very disturbing. Vivian was visiting the Hodges in Los Angeles. Had some trips up town then she came to Long Beach for a few days. One evening she and I went out to the gambling boat in a water taxi. I was so love sick - I didn't get sea sick never did find a cure. Some things you just have to learn to live with. The Pomeroy fiasco - and it was a fiasco - dragged along, they let up pressuring Fred for more money, he told them he would like me to get my money back that he felt somewhat responsible for getting me into it. He wanted out also. The man I talked to at the fraud office came to see Fred - so they were keeping tabs on this outfit. Fred talked to McNutt and the Wilmington doctor net result they agreed to buy our stock for fifty cents on the dollar. I was delighted to get anything out of it. He and I knew it was better for him to settle with them. This took all summer and most of the fall -- I was working for Continental Oil in the drilling dept. at Seal Beach -- also was planning on getting married next summer -- then somehow it got moved up to February.

My mother had not been very well most of the fall, she had gall bladder problem. This seemed to be heart -- they gave her digitallis, it always upset her stomach. Just a little while before Christmas while our shift was being relived I got my hand pinched between a plank and a timber when a line broke. One

of the guys took me to the doctor. He dressed it said thought some fingers broken and wristbone. Lined me up for X-ray in the morning. Went back to rig, got my car -- was able to drive - Mother was asleep - I did not wake her up - took one of the pills he gave me but didn't sleep very well. Mom was very upset to find I was banged up and didn't wake her. I had a broken wrist and three fingers on my right hand - first they fixed me up with splints - then a cast - had to have one finger rebroken and in traction and a sort of bird cage with rubber bands to keep tension on the broken fingers. I was pretty much handicapped and uncomfortable even doggone painful. I was on sick relief. During this time I rode around with Fred a lot - told him of my getting married plans, he kidded me some but I was getting it from everyone, Pat - Mom - she said, "You waited until your dotage - then go hook line and sinker." I was 39 and I couldn't understand it either. I became the one arm wonder at least around the place. Had looked the town over for a larger house but the only ones seemed to be far out so had decided to build on this one, a bedroom and bath, also den -- where would we have stored all the stuff if we hadn't built the den. I didn't do any of the work but was errand boy for the contractor. The job was finished just before I took off for the East. The doctor took the cast off in the morning and that evening I was on the train. Had a deal with Chevrolet dealer to pick up a car in Flint, Michigan. Had a rebuilt hand, a new car, a new wife and family.

Over the years Fred and I drove around a lot. I did the driving. His one eye got him around but I was happier at the wheel myself. I think he was also. Fred had a lot of real estate in and around Taft. He went up there real often collecting rent or effecting repairs. He maintained a Coalinga Shack for overnight stays. This is a pretty nice one -- two bedrooms, living room, kitchen, bath. Fred had several of these and a lady managed them for him. He picked most of these up or he used to say got stuck with them when the Taft field went to pot. Fred was a ten per center -- he would give you \$900 on a \$1000 loan -- some of the oil workers got money from Fred and put up their shack as collateral. When things turned bad they moved out, Fred had some paper on a lot of shacks and other real estate -- the field has had five or six lives -- so he has held on and done very well by it. We have stayed in his Taft headquarters several times -- sometimes Emma would go along and that was a cleaning bee -- bed clothes on the line -- beat the rugs, scrub floors. Young Fred and I got into one of these parties -- Old Fred had a business meeting

downtown in Taft. he was glad to see us boys have so much fun. When just he and I wet up we usually made arrangements to eat at the boarding house. There were a couple of greasy spoon restaurants where you could get a bite out - the boarding house had good food - Fred knew most everyone there always did a bit of visiting - got the local scuttle butt. They got to know me after a while but don't think they ever got my name. I was O'Brien's man - we both got a kick out of that. He would say, "Did O'Brien's man have enough to eat." I tell him, "If O'Brien is satisfied I am." We had very silly and simple little jokes but it was nice. Fred had a pleasant sense of humor. We understood each other quite well. Didn't have to explain anything much or excuse very much. His damned old pipe used to make me sick sometimes. We were up at his cottage at Arrowhead and he was telling how they fought a forest fire up there once with back fire. I said, "That was no back fire that pipe of yours smothered it." Mrs. O'Brien always used that when the fog was pretty thick. "He has that back fire going again." Fred fell into this Arrowhead cottage deal. Harold Freeman knew this fellow was going to be closed out and Fred got it for just about what was owed on it and it was nicely furnished -- this guy was really uncanny the way things came his way. Of course, he had the cash to take advantage of it.

In Taft in the old "Shamrock Pool Hall" two blocks which Fred owned there was a young guy had a one arm restaurant. Fred ate there some -- he rented the place to this fellow. This guy had a brother in the Army at Camp Roberts near San Miguel. He told Fred how he would like to open a eating place there. A lot of workmen around the soldiers as they were just building the camp. Fred went over with him -- saw prospects, got in touch with an ^{old} little real estate man there, Mr. Tootin. We had fun "Darn Tootint" - result Fred bought some lots in the main part of the village. Got some fellows from Taft to see about putting up a building so he could have stores, restaurant, barber shop, beauty shop. There was a building boom in San Miguel and this was it. Fred promoted Severens and me. I forget just what we put into it. Some money was out of the O&S Oilwell but we had to dig pocket wise for some -- the deal was something near \$30,000. We had to put up \$10,000 - the place got built and rented. We had a few trips up to San Miguel - plumbing went bad - tenants had a squabble - mostly Fred and the fellow that ran the restaurant took care of it but one time Severens and I made the trip. It was not our cup of tea -- we didn't do much

good settling anything. He and I decided we wanted out. In just a few weeks Fred arranged a deal -- got a pretty good price for the place. We cleared some money, took most of the sting out of the O&S Oil Co. deal. Some years after the war, Viv and I were up the coast and stopped at San Miguel. A most desolate ghost town. the store was still open but most of the other parts of the building was in a state of demolition. War is hell and San Miguel is its witness. Another thing Fred is the lucky one. He bought a new car, a Desoto, it had overdrive -- it was a new feature. The salesman had delivered it to the house whe Fred was away for a few days. This morning Fred took the car and went up to Arrowhead. He didn't know about the overdrive. He said, "going up the mountain that thing wouldn't pull your hat off." Whoever was driving it left it in overdrive -- Fred did not know that or what overdrive was. He finished his work at the cottage, came down the hill, no compression - used brakes used them up could only get a little help from the hand brake, was getting pretty well down the hill, stayed right close to the high side - scrapped the hill side to slow down made it to the bottom - I have the awfulest feeling whenever I come down that hill. How the devil could he do it. He called me up from San Bernardino and I came out. Brand new car - one whole side mashed in and scrapped the other front fender was mashed -- I can not understand why or how he could have done it and survived. He didn't know about the overdrive lever. The Lord was on his side. The Lord helped him to the bottom of the hill and Jim McCarey took over from there.

HENRY

Word of Henry Onofrio's death came in phone call from Olean. Helen Hannigan, my cousin, saw account of death by shooting of Henry A. Onofrio, Bradford attorney, in his own apartment. Man and woman suspects being held. Helen knew that Henry and I were old buddies for in 1975 I went back to Bonas for the fiftieth anniversary of our graduation, met some of our old classmates from 1925. Helen who is very active in graduate circles, was around in the welcoming group. Of course, her class was many many years after mine -- Helen, Bud, and Betty are really my second cousins. George, their dad, was my first cousin. My mother's older sister Mary married Jim Hannigan and they had May, Joe, George and Anna. This is how we are related to the Hannigans.

I met Henry and another old timer, Tommy McGough, who is a dignified Monsignor. He has put on a lot of weight. I made them acquainted with Helen. We ambled about the campus, made our way into the library where prominently displayed was a picture of the Bisett brothers, all nine of them. It looked like the same photo we had in our dining room. All my growing years Mother had nine brothers and four sisters, fourteen and a couple died. This picture was taken after Will had died. Aunt Rose worked in a photo studio and so all the Bisett brothers would be in a picture, a large picture of Will was hung in the middle and the other boys grouped about it. There were some smaller pictures of the girls but I don't have any now.

We are in the library and I am explaining to Helen -- McGough and Onofrio who is who in the photo. I was curious about whether it could be the same picture from our dining room. Helen knew the priest that was the librarian. Fr. Hersher or something like that, we went down stairs to his cubby hole office. the picture was from Cunninghams, my Aunt Rose's sons -- so I expect it was the one from our house. When we went to California, we left a lot of things in Aunt Rose's cellar -- books and stuff, they had a bad flood and most was ruined. I don't know if this was their copy or my family's, anyway Fr. Hersher was

interested -- so were Henry and Tom. We went back up and took a flashlight slide picture of it but with the glass it is quite blurred. Then Father was called away, but the next day, he had me come over and we had a good confab. He wanted to know who each brother was, and he fixed a card name and number of each. There was just Tommy and I and he gave us a real walk through the library. I am still real impressed both by him and it. He is quite a guy and that is a marvelous library.

There was a big dinner -- Tommy and I went over and had Fitz come over with us. He greeted everybody and seemed fine but he said I can't take it. Will you walk me back to the infirmary. So Hank and I did. We didn't talk much. Got Fitz to his room and Hank got the brother in charge there to see about Fitz. When we got back to the dinner it was very noisy. Hank had to undo his hearing aid, said it was driving him crazy. I guess they can be bad. We stepped outside and someone came and got us. The welcoming speech was going on. Hank fooled trying to adjust the ear phone -- could not get it so he could hear and take it. McGough is deaf but no hearing aid -- I don't hear too well. The new college president was speaking but all I know -- What did he say? What is he talking about? So someone said he talked about you guys -- but we don't know what he said. Our fiftieth get together and we still don't know what is was all about. The next day some of us were gussing it up in a room -- Barney Dougherty, Speck Coyle, Joe Teiska and some other guys. "Anybody know bout old Shorty? Up on the hill. And the conversation went on about this one and that one -- up on the hill. I think I mentioned that the place for this banquet was up on the hill. That is where my folks are buried but I am going to be planted in Sunnyside in Long Beach where they pump hot oil right from Signal Hill right through the cemetery grounds. There used to be an old song about - Oh yea I am digging a well, just three miles from hell, Oh yea I am boring for oil. I want to do some producing to the last.

Yeah! I knew Henry -- a long time. Just how and when we met, I have no idea.

When I was in high school in Bonas there was a fellow in my class from Bradford, Frank Lucco. He was a lot older than any of the rest of our class. He had worked as a barber in Bradford, had some

serious illness and got to know and respect some doctors. He developed a great desire to become a doctor. He left grammar school and never attended high school. He was from a large family and they needed his earnings. When his brothers and sisters became self sufficient Frank felt he was too old to go to school and one time Fr. Thos. Plassman was in his barber chair, Frank told him of his desire and Father Tom suggested Frank come over to the college and talk with the Franciscans. The final result they arranged that Frank could set up a barber shop in the college recreation room. He would provide barber work for the priests for free but whatever he could make barbering the students and the seminarians was his. He also did some maintenance work -- hot water boiler and winding the big tower clock. It was a hand wound affair. Supposed to last eight days, but it always seemed to fall a little short. Luke used to take a lot of ribbing when the clock ran down.

Well! Frank Lucco and I were in first year high school together. He was ten years older than I was, he was a short fat pleasant little guy and we were good friends. This was 1917 - World War I was starting and during that summer, the Army took over part of the college, with the Student Army Training Corps S.A.T.C. The Gymnasium and the two top stories in the De La Rouché Hall -- the students not in SATC were packed four to a room. There were a couple other guys from Bradford and they arranged to room with Frank Lucco -- Willis (Rought) Geoghegan and Rocco Tito some way or other I was added to the group. there being quite a few fellows from Bradford in the S.A.T.C. unit and they were in a dorm. Our room became the hang out as the dorms were closed much of the time. I went home weekends quite a bit so I never knew who would be my bed warmer. There was two years about of this then went back to two man rooms. Luke and I were pretty good friends so when they fixed us up two to a room -- Luke said, "How about you and me rooming together." Sure it seemed good to me. then Carman Lucco, Frank's younger brother, was discharged from the Marines and he came to Bonas so the two Luccos were my room mates. They are real nice guys. We never had a bit of trouble. Carmie was a real fine athlete football player and he had done some amateur boxing and in the Marines he had won some boxing bouts. We played football together and I tried a little boxing but I have no talent for it. I even got a bloody nose from a punching bag.

During all this time I knew Frank was always writing to Mary someone. Well, one of these times I was over at Bradford to a Christmas affair -- visiting the Bisetts and we all went to St. Bernards hall to a dance and dinner. Frank Lucco was there with his girl, Mary Onofrio and her family. They knew the Bisetts so I think this is the first I knew Henry and Louie Onofrio. Louie had just married a Cantwell girl and the Cantwell farm was just down the road from the McCarey farm up in the Irish settlement. The world was real small in those days.

I was at Fordham for my freshman year college, so when I came back to Bonas for the sophomore year, Henry Onofrio was a student in my class. Rocco Tito and Rough Geoghegan and I were roommates and Hank roomed with a guy from Bradford, Francis Johnston, down the hall on the third floor. DeLarouch Hall. We were not palsies or anything like that, but had a lot of same classes, and activities. Henry and I found we had a lot of things in common. We worked together quite a bit. After college I didn't see Hank for quite a few years. He studied law at Yale. I was tangled into several kinds of oil work jobs and finally wound up in Bradford for the Forest Oil, then got back in touch with some of the old Bonas boys from Bradford area. Rocco, Hank, Jing Johnston, Dippy Desmond, Red Halloran, Jerry Cawley and I had rooms in the Old Weaver on Main St. It became a young fellow's hang out. From the bay window you could look up and down Main St., keep track of who was on or about. We had a phone so my boss could get a hold of me when I was wanted, but it worked more as a date maker, breaker -- is he here? or not? It became such a convenience that it was almost a nuisance. My buddies from the oil leases and Jerry's pals from the freight yard -- old school chums -- it got to be somewhat noisy and messy. I was working awful hours -- 6 AM to 6 PM. and a lot of call outs during the night. Some one need special fishing tools or something I could get and order supplies. Sometimes I could take the stuff out in my own car but occasionally I had to go to the lease -- get the keys for one of the trucks -- probably have to fill it with gas, go to the supply house rouse someone out - there were a few awfully short nights. Jerry used to laugh at my job called me "Twenty-four hour Flunkie." He was quite an eight hour day union man. Pennsy R.R. all union at the Freight office.

Henry came somewhere along about this time, got a camp up the West Branch. A very rough made shanty -- I guess some wood cutters had used. It was near the old narrow gauge railroad bed that went down to an old saw mill (Hazelton Mills). You could only drive part way up there -- about a two mile walk from where you had to leave your car. Bridge over the creek was out. A few years later I got the lease up the West Branch. Henry and the guys kept going up to the camp. Road got quite bad. We had a team on the lease and got called to help them get out several times. They used to be quite generous to old Frank Barber, the teamster - but it would always be a bad time or rainy day or even at night. Hank got some big timbers and we dug up a lot of the old road bed ties and had a couple of work parties rigged up a bridge so could drive right up to the camp. Then after a few more work parties the camp got fixed up -- quite decently -- everybody had a few connections so there were a couple old davenportes -- good stove -- chairs and table, nice camp. Now it seems sort of silly, that a group of guys would go up to camp spend their whole Sunday digging, cleaning, washing, and painting this shanty -- but we did -- worked our tails off quite a few weekends. We fixed a sort of a shooting range for clay pigeons. The West Branch creek was along the side of the cabin, a few trout were caught by some. It was not a real good trout stream but it was stocked at times. It got very low in the summer. A couple miles down on my lease was the old Hazelton Mills dam and a pretty good swimming hole.

Hank was interested in the Bradford Sportsman Club and got the state to put some beavers in the stream above this camp. This was quite a curiosity -- beaver watching was quite a thing for a while. There were some marginal pumping wells up that way -- the beaver dam caused the creek to back up so that the wells were surrounded and was hard to get them pumped and if any pulling work was necessary -- very difficult. The surface was county property but the oil operator had oil rights and access and egress as the lease usually puts it. Hazelton Mills had contracted for the timber rights -- McKean county the surface -- there were a few grandfather plots exempt, where people had built a building of some sort and maintained a residence. Hank's camp was one of these one acre plats. Andy Allison had one a little further up the creek. His got flooded out by the beaver dam.

Most of the wells about the place were owned by the South Penn and Homer Garringer the pumper and I were neighbors, they had gas lines going by so I arranged to get a gas connection at the camp. So we had light and heat -- some of the guys got to spending weekends up there. We made a covered porch -- and a lot of picnics -- it finally got too much -- everybody brought anybody's friends -- no big trouble but a few unpleasant incidents -- it finally had to be by invitation of Onofrio, O'Brien, Bowler, Storey, Clayton, McCarey -- if you wanted it for your family only -- had to get a reservation a week in advance. There was supposed to be clean up arrangement -- that didn't work.

No, Hank never married, and yes, he was quite a guy for the gals. I think he was real serious about the Lamb girl, from Limestone ("Sheepy" Lamb's daughter, a cousin of Elvas who lived on our street in Portville. "Sheepy" was a Portville product, worked on the freight car, street cars. She was Hank's secretary, and they went around together for quite a time. She had a cold sick a few days -- 'Bingo' she was gone. Hank was quite shaken up about it. At one time he was smitten over Healey's oldest daughter. She was a snooty one -- I thought she treated Hank like dirt but he seemed to hang around to more. Our family was friends of the Healeys and I felt I was a good friend of her dad, Bill. Later on I worked for him. I did not like that girl. I think she was Catherine -- she later married someone away from Bradford. Around this time Cawley and I palled about I would see Hank or Rocco Tito about but Jerry and I had our ham and eggs at Fussers -- the Option house or Earl Hart's Restaurant, Jerry had a girlfriend worked in a florist shop up Main St. We would amble by and perhaps go to Joe Allegretti's Ice Cream Shop -- sometimes the movies. I didn't have a regular girlfriend and these blind dates were duds. Jerry's girl might know a lot about funeral bouquets but she had a lousy bunch of friends I have a notion that she didn't like Jerry hanging about with me anyway.

I was at home for a couple of months following the rig fire and Jerry got transferred to Port Allegheny Penny R.R. Depot. He was glad to be there for his Dad was very poorly and mother not real well either. Ambrose died while I was laid up. So it was nice Jerry was at home. We seldom ran into each other after that. I think we met down in Olean once or twice and we did spend an afternoon at the

Smethport fair. All Rock Run was there -- sort of an old home week. The Blys, the Cantwell, Wally Finn, one of the Greens -- all the old swimming hold guys and gals quite a day.

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campaign. He arranged a clam bake at the camp. Somebody brought a big clam bake kettle -- Henry's mother and sisters made huge kettles of spaghetti sauce and stuff like that. Hank and Louie made big kettles of noodles -- Story and O'Brien had a beer bar set up. Quite early this morning some guy brought a small wash tub full of trout. A couple of us got assigned to clean fish. It would be me. We were told not to ask how come the fish, but that would only make me have to find out something. The story I got there was a private trout farm and a few spent shot gun shells filled with carbide, a stuff we used to put in bicycle lamps, dropped into the pond would create a chemical action stunning the fish. They come to the surface, are scooped with a net. A supply of trout wholesale and perfectly illegal. I don't know if this is the real story or not, anyway this guy and I were cleaning fish -- I was not too good at it -- he straightened me out on the process. We were up to our elbows in the stuff. He stopped and said, "Ain't this a hell of a way for a game warden to spend his Sunday morning?" This is about the only time I was up there with a big crowd. It was usually four or five guys or two or three couples -- hot dogs and ice cream -- sometimes popcorn and beer. No big cooking deals. Hank did a lot of work on that camp. I understand he fixed it up quite nice but he told me that it had been broken into -- robbed. He lost interest.

Henry came out here to California a few times. One time Henry and his sisters stopped by and we had them for a barbecue in the back yard. Henry drove them out from Bradford and they were going to San Francisco. the sisters were going to fly back home. Hank was to meet Story and Russ Quinn and they were going to drive to Alaska hunting. Then some time later they stopped in they were flying to British Columbia for a hunting trip. later we met at Santa Anita -- I went over there and we all stayed at a motel near to the race track -- Coyle Boyd lived near there -- he was at Bonas and he and Hank were in Yale Law School together. Also, Eddie Gibbons was at Bonas with us and at Yale with Hank and Coyle. A dentist from Kane, PA and Russ Quinn, a guy I knew in Bradford. Lived next to my Uncle John Bisett. That day was a holiday so before supper I dragged them to Mass. This dentist was not a catholic but he seemed quite interested in going. Boyd I don't think went very often but he explained in painful detail the process. We had a nice night, dinner with snapps. We sat around the motel lobby until late -- everybody had some sort of strange tale, we spent the next afternoon at the race track and I took Hank, Quinn and the dentist to the airport for their trip to Mexico -- hunting birds.

Just a few years ago, Henry and Bernie Pellegrino came out to see Coyle Boyd, who was in a convalescent hospital near Santa Anita. Coyle was in there, suffering from terminal cancer. They were able to have him brought over to the motel in a wheel chair. He spent a day and night with the guys. I went up Sunday and we all had dinner together, then I took Coyle to the hospital and Hank and Bernie to the Bonaventure in L.A. where they stayed a few days. I went down one day and brought them up here, went about the harbor, the Queen Mary, came up here, Alice Bowler joined us and we went for lunch on the Princess Louise.

Bonaventure fiftieth graduation anniversary 1975 was the last time I saw Hank. I have to think Hank and I knew each other pretty well. We only kept in touch by Christmas cards and occasionally Hank would send a clipping of a hunting trip brochure he was going on. We did not have information on what the other was doing, just a word I am OK are you OK? Fitz and I do the same -- I knew he, Fitz, had not been well -- so last year he wrote "I can smell the grass," -- that's all. Henry sometimes just wrote "Henry." One time Hank sent a picture from his African safari. He was standing over an elephant that had been killed. When he and Bernie were here we did Old Pierpont Pier where they had a plastic fish you could have your picture taken with. We both kidded Hank, "Is that the way you got the elephant picture?"

I wouldn't be able to or Hank wouldn't want me to try and offer any defense of anything he did do or didn't do. He was a decent guy, a good friend of many years. He certainly deserved better than to be shot by a punk robber in his own home with his own gun. He lived a quiet life. He was entitled to a peaceful end.

THE BOLIVAR SAGA

In 1925 when I got out of school, there were not very many jobs floating around. They had to be hunted. It was necessary to know what you wanted to do as well as what you could do. I had no idea of either.

Father Thomas Plassmann called up and asked me to come and see him. He had spoken to me before school was out about what I wanted for a future. He mentioned that I should look into teaching. When I went to the college to see him this time, his proposition was a teaching job at St. Aquinas Institute in Rochester, the Franciscans had just taken over and were expanding. He wanted me to teach Latin and History. I told him of all thing this would be my worst. In Latin, "Omnes Gallium in Partes Tres" was my sum total, and I could be convinced that perhaps I didn't have this right. History -- in that I was a dud. What little I had made I was not proud of. The kind of marks I got in History would never allow me to teach anybody. His comment was you can always take a book and stay one lesson in front of the class. Teaching was out. I was tired of any kind of school.

I walked home from over town with Bill Dusenbury one night. He asked me what I was going to do. I told him of Father Thomas' deal which was not for me. We sat on the porch a while, he said, "Ever think of going into the oil business." "If I was a young fellow that's what I would try." I told him that I imagined that was a pretty big business to break into. I mentioned that my uncles had teams that they rented out to do work in the oil fields, I had gone out with them a few times and watched the work but really knew nothing about it. I didn't personally know anybody in the business. Bill said, "I am in contact with some fellows that are underway in a pretty good sized operation up at Bolivar. The Dorns from Bradford, they have the Forest Oil named after Forest Dorn. I think he has some good ideas. They are flooding the oil field with water to repressure the formation and bring up the production. I think they are going to make a lot of money. They have potentially good property and they bought it right. I have investigated them and

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I didn't go up to Hank's camp a whole lot, but it was used by the gang almost every decent weekend. Quite often some of them stopped by to use the phone or just to say hello or they needed something.

One time Hank ran for District Attorney against Claude Shattuck from Smethport. Shattucks were long time friends of the McCareys and a distant relative of Anna Bly, the adopted girl. Our gang went about put up signs and posters for Hank -- went to a few meetings to help swell the crowd. Hank was defeated, but he got a pretty good vote and he felt he should do something for the people who helped in his

campaign. He arranged a clam bake at the camp. Somebody brought a big clam bake kettle -- Henry's mother and sisters made huge kettles of spaghetti sauce and stuff like that. Hank and Louie made big kettles of noodles -- Story and O'Brien had a beer bar set up. Quite early this morning some guy brought a small wash tub full of trout. A couple of us got assigned to clean fish. It would be me. We were told not to ask how come the fish, but that would only make me have to find out something. The story I got there was a private trout farm and a few spent shot gun shells filled with carbide, a stuff we used to put in bicycle lamps, dropped into the pond would create a chemical action stunning the fish. They come to the surface, are scooped with a net. A supply of trout wholesale and perfectly illegal. I don't know if this is the real story or not, anyway this guy and I were cleaning fish -- I was not too good at it -- he straightened me out on the process. We were up to our elbows in the stuff. He stopped and said, "Ain't this a hell of a way for a game warden to spend his Sunday morning?" This is about the only time I was up there with a big crowd. It was usually four or five guys or two or three couples -- hot dogs and ice cream -- sometimes popcorn and beer. No big cooking deals. Hank did a lot of work on that camp. I understand he fixed it up quite nice but he told me that it had been broken into -- robbed. He lost interest.

Henry came out here to California a few times. One time Henry and his sisters stopped by and we had them for a barbecue in the back yard. Henry drove them out from Bradford and they were going to San Francisco. the sisters were going to fly back home. Hank was to meet Story and Russ Quinn and they were going to drive to Alaska hunting. Then some time later they stopped in they were flying to British Columbia for a hunting trip. later we met at Santa Anita -- I went over there and we all stayed at a motel near to the race track -- Coyle Boyd lived near there -- he was at Bonas and he and Hank were in Yale Law School together. Also, Eddie Gibbons was at Bonas with us and at Yale with Hank and Coyle. A dentist from Kane, PA and Russ Quinn, a guy I knew in Bradford. Lived next to my Uncle John Bisett. That day was a holiday so before supper I dragged them to Mass. This dentist was not a catholic but he seemed quite interested in going. Boyd I don't think went very often but he explained in painful detail the process. We had a nice night, dinner with snapps. We sat around the motel lobby until late -- everybody had some sort of strange tale, we spent the next afternoon at the race track and I took Hank, Quinn and the dentist to the airport for their trip to Mexico -- hunting birds.

Just a few years ago, Henry and Bernie Pellegrino came out to see Coyle Boyd, who was in a convalescent hospital near Santa Anita. Coyle was in there, suffering from terminal cancer. They were able to have him brought over to the motel in a wheel chair. He spent a day and night with the guys. I went up Sunday and we all had dinner together, then I took Coyle to the hospital and Hank and Bernie to the Bonaventure in L.A. where they stayed a few days. I went down one day and brought them up here, went about the harbor, the Queen Mary, came up here, Alice Bowler joined us and we went for lunch on the Princess Louise.

Bonaventure fiftieth graduation anniversary 1975 was the last time I saw Hank. I have to think Hank and I knew each other pretty well. We only kept in touch by Christmas cards and occasionally Hank would send a clipping of a hunting trip brochure he was going on. We did not have information on what the other was doing, just a word I am OK are you OK? Fitz and I do the same -- I knew he, Fitz, had not been well -- so last year he wrote "I can smell the grass," -- that's all. Henry sometimes just wrote "Henry." One time Hank sent a picture from his African safari. He was standing over an elephant that had been killed. When he and Bernie were here we did Old Pierpont Pier where they had a plastic fish you could have your picture taken with. We both kidded Hank, "Is that the way you got the elephant picture?"

I wouldn't be able to or Hank wouldn't want me to try and offer any defense of anything he did do or didn't do. He was a decent guy, a good friend of many years. He certainly deserved better than to be shot by a punk robber in his own home with his own gun. He lived a quiet life. He was entitled to a peaceful end.

THE BOLIVAR SAGA

In 1925 when I got out of school, there were not very many jobs floating around. They had to be hunted. It was necessary to know what you wanted to do as well as what you could do. I had no idea of either.

Father Thomas Plassmann called up and asked me to come and see him. He had spoken to me before school was out about what I wanted for a future. He mentioned that I should look into teaching. When I went to the college to see him this time, his proposition was a teaching job at St. Aquinas Institute in Rochester, the Franciscans had just taken over and were expanding. He wanted me to teach Latin and History. I told him of all thing this would be my worst. In Latin, "Omnes Gallium in Partes Tres" was my sum total, and I could be convinced that perhaps I didn't have this right. History -- in that I was a dud. What little I had made I was not proud of. The kind of marks I got in History would never allow me to teach anybody. His comment was you can always take a book and stay one lesson in front of the class. Teaching was out. I was tired of any kind of school.

I walked home from over town with Bill Dusenbury one night. He asked me what I was going to do. I told him of Father Thomas' deal which was not for me. We sat on the porch a while, he said, "Ever think of going into the oil business." "If I was a young fellow that's what I would try." I told him that I imagined that was a pretty big business to break into. I mentioned that my uncles had teams that they rented out to do work in the oil fields, I had gone out with them a few times and watched the work but really knew nothing about it. I didn't personally know anybody in the business. Bill said, "I am in contact with some fellows that are underway in a pretty good sized operation up at Bolivar. The Dorns from Bradford, they have the Forest Oil named after Forest Dorn. I think he has some good ideas. They are flooding the oil field with water to repressure the formation and bring up the production. I think they are going to make a lot of money. They have potentially good property and they bought it right. I have investigated them and

have invested with them and also help them make a very good financial arrangement with the Marine Trust Co. of Buffalo. If you are interested I'll be glad to use any influence I have to put you in contact with these people. I figure they owe me a favor or two." I told Dusenbury I would like to give it a try. He said, "Let me get in touch with them and see what we come up with. Let me know if and what you hear from them."

In a few days a man stopped at our house. He said he was Herb Lester, "was I James McCarey?" He explained that he was from the Forest Oil and understood that I was interested in working for them. I know I was sort of pleasantly overwhelmed. He said, "We don't just have a gentleman job to offer -- we are beginning a new operation opening up a warehouse and time keeping apparatus and we can use someone that can read and write and keep records straight." He told me some of this program was new to him, that he had been in the oil business for years but here they planned to do things quite a bit differently than they had ever been done in this field before. He gave me a sort of a thumb nail outline of how the flooding plan was to operate. Repressure with water. He said, "You will hear that this is a crazy idea and that it won't work. If you are with us keep your eyes open and your mouth shut, there may be some nice surprises for a lot of people." He cautioned that we talk company business only to company people. "Any questions you have, problems or ideas you come up with I will be glad to hear them and tell you anything I know." I was most impressed with Herb Lester. I have always been. In the meantime he has had a lot of troubles (some of his making). I liked the man then -- I always have. He was fine to me.

The next day I was in Bolivar. Lester introduced me to Frank Bullock, the Asst. Supt. and Gort Green, lease foreman, Earl Coover, pumper foreman. I knew Coover. I had played ball against him. He sort of wise cracked that he knew me -- I pitched balls over the back stop. If there was such an incident I think I would like to forget it. Anyway I met the operating brass. Spent the morning filling out papers -- pedigree, etc. The girl in the office made arrangements for me to go to Bolivar to Dr. Lawrence Hackett's office and get physical. His dad and mine were old associates so it was more confab than examination. Often think of Larry's comment, "Jimmie, if you are stupid enough to be an oil worker you are healthy enough." There have been a few times I think he had me pegged pretty good. I got back to the lease in

the late afternoon and was assigned as helper to Sid Palmer, the warehouse man. I was lined up on where to report tomorrow. He told me to bring overhauls and boots that would shed water and mud. It was wet and sloppy around there. They had gravelled the road, but it was thick mud every place but on the main road. I got a little briefing on some of the paper work for in and out of the warehouse stuff. I am now an oil worker.

The next morning Sid take me down to the railroad yards where they are unloading pipe and well equipment form cars. I was instructed now to measure talley and record type size and length of each joint as it was loaded onto wagons to be hauled into the Forest Oil yard, also we had to arrange to line up timber racks to lay the pipe on and separate each type in a manner that a team or truck could pull in and load form each rack. I had to learn line pipe from tubing, casing from conductor pipe - sucker rods from pull rods, all right now and keep a talley on the amount of each as it was loaded on to the wagons and on to our racks at the warehouse yard. It was a whole new dictionary to me -- a new world -- exciting -- I was confused and of course did not know what I was doing, but I tried to go at it with vigor, that I am sure of. I am also sure I was dog tired but I liked it. I got there early and stayed late.

The day men were on six day week and 10 hours a day. The pumpers worked 12 hours. We were supposed to have a lunch period in the warehouse but it didn't work out that way. There's always something coming in or going out and noon time was the busiest time. The foreman came in for lunch and took this time to schedule extra stuff out for the afternoon pick up, seemed like everybody was out of supplies at noon. Sid had learned to get into his lunch bucket early and I got the hang of it pretty soon. I picked up enough of the jargon so that pretty soon I could charge things out to the right account. With no knowledge of oil operations everything I learned had to be the hard way. I tried to put in speed and effort for what I lacked in know-how. I heard Sid tell one of the guys, "He ain't very sharp but he is fast." This was a nice experience and I found it to come in very handy. I wonder if many fellows have had a nice introduction to the world of work as I enjoyed. The warehouse was a busy place all summer and winter then during the next summer drilling slowed down some, but there was a lot of lease work. There was less

rush at the warehouse. I bugged Bullock and Gort Green to have a chance to learn some of the lease work. I was learning the names of some of the equipment but did not understand what went with what and everyone has their own name for things. Fellows pretty much had to show me what they wanted and I used to be chagrined not to know what they needed and why. I was full of questions but sometimes afraid to ask them, and show how dumb I really was. I wanted to go roustabouting. As roustabouts helper was the bottom job on the lease. This is where you really get dirty, but you get a chance to use the tools. There was an expression 'The oil business from the ground up' -- I was fascinated by what went down in the ground. I think I wanted to know the business from the ground down. In this sort of slack time at the warehouse I was used as an unhandy handy man -- at warehouse, boiler house, blacksmith shop, swept the office cleaned, the toilets, burned up the trash, was a messenger boy all over the lease and back and forth to town. Picked up the pumpers reports and around the end of the month stayed late and helped in the office on the payroll. When the world series was on Bullock had some big shots in the office going over reports and he had to stay with them. He sent me to Bolivar to sit in the restaurant where the game came in by radio and to call him with a report each inning. I think it was all for my benefit. I had a couple of beautiful afternoons. This kind of work I could learn to like.

Gort Green talked to me one day said, "You really want to learn this business, Jimmie?" I told him, "Sure do." He told me to come out with some heavy clothes tomorrow. Next morning I was sent out with a couple of fellows to pull wells. I had watched them from the window at the warehouse, but really knew nothing of the operation, I had a knack of standing in the wrong place at the wrong time, I was awkward and in the way. I bumped into people tried to help and picked up the wrong thing left it in the wrong place. How bad can it be? That I was. These guys kidded me a lot and that did not help. They sent me on a lot of fool errands. Not the left handed monkey wrench but things like that -- gas dividers -- then one place would send me to another so the whole lease knew the new kid was being worked over. One thing was go to the blacksmith shop for a sheve cover. The blacksmith Enock Arnold was a nice old guy and he said, "You got one of them over your eyes, and your leg is being pulled at the same time -- Go back and tell those idiots to pull wells and cut out the foolishness." I reported as told. They sent me on another empty

trip. I am sure they were trying to keep me out of the way while they got rigged up to pull rods. They didn't want me to drop something or walk into something. I think. They started to pull rods and showed me how to carry out one end and lay them down. Vern Allen was the rod wrencher. He would spin the rod off and I would carry out. They used horses for power. There was a gin pole with blocks up the pole and blocks anchored at the foot. There were elevators (a clamp like wrench) pull the rods up until the next section is above the top of the pipe tubing-fitting-latch, another elevator onto the next rod unscrew and lay down until the last rod appears and it will have a working valve on it -- this is what causes the oil to come up the pipe. The joints are about 25 ft. long. I was cautioned to try and lay them down so that they could be put back in the same order that they were taken out. It works better that way. The working valve was bad so it was replaced and we put the equipment back down the well. For this job there is usually just a two man crew as rod wrencher and the teamster -- I was an excess baggage trainee -- supposed to be a helper. Vern Allen was the roustabout-rod wrencher, a quiet fellow but he liked to pull jokes. The teamster was Freddie Sherwood. He was a real mouthy guy. This was his own team they were hired by the company. A nice looking team dapple gray, weighed about 1100# each. A sort of a light team for oil country work. Freddie was very proud of them and quite loud and long in their praise. He'd say, "They are a little light but they got spunk -- He was a little boastful, especially about this team. He liked to show off and to anybody -- but me being a green kid I got the works. I was pretty gullible even if I had driven team a little on our farm. Freddie was a show man. He gave me talks and demonstrations on how smart these horses were. They could back the rods down without any teamster. He would stand by the pole and talk to them -- have them stop and hold -- back easy turn around to the Gee turn around to the Haw. He had "learned them never to step on that wire line to move careful and to whoa when he spoke." During one of these demonstrations Gort Green showed up and Freddie went to being a teamster. I found out the company didn't go for stunts no matter how good. They paid good money for teams and expected reliable work from man and beast. They were paying \$10 for man and team. I was getting \$3.50 and a first class roustabout got a dollar more. The five dollar \$3.50 and a first class roustabout got a dollar more. The five dollar day hadn't yet hit the oil field in Bolivar. It was hard work and greasy, dirty work. I used to tell myself. You have wallered around on a football field in dirt and mud for fun. There is nothing so bad

here, and I am getting paid for it. Soap and water does a pretty good job of removing most of it. I had no particular talents in this kind of work, and most of the time I had no good idea of what I was trying to do or supposed to be trying. The only thing I could think of is -- I got to try and go harder than anybody else. When I picked up something I went on the idea 'Come or bleed' and pulled as hard as I could. I slammed things down the same way. Gort Green came by one day when Freddy was pumping me full about his teams. Gort said, "Freddie keeping you pretty well informed about his horses." I said, "yeah." "He tells me they got lots of energy and they put it out." Gort said, "Looks like it's catching, might of rubbed off on you, boy." Gort was a pleasant old guy -- short and squat somewhere in his fifties. He was good for a joke or two and always kidded me a bit. In a nice way. He didn't have a tooth in his head and when he would laugh and show those vacant gums and give out with the sort of cackle he had, I used to almost split a rib. He was a funny man. He didn't try to be -- he was a natural. Everybody liked old "Uncle Gort."

Sid Palmer had passed the word out that I was a college guy, told them I had gone to St. Bonaventure's so they sort of figured that I was a Catholic. Freddie Sherwood used to tell me about the Klan meetings. He was some sort of a Keegle or other. He used to tell me that they had it all figured out to run them niggers and Catholics right out of the country -- Run them out there in the ocean and let them swim for it. Then he tell me, "Got nothing personal against you Jimmie -- it's them big officials you got. They got all them hidden guns -- they tell me there is a big arsenal right down in that college." I told him "they sure do but you would never make it to the arsenal -- you would have to go through the wine cellar. Freddie, you would never survive." He had told me that he used whiskey for medical purposes, and looked after his health pretty well. I am pretty sure he kept a little cure quite handy.

This seems like there was a lot of kidding and playing but we were working hard and steady -- but have to take a breather now and then. I was learning some of the work -- I am not naturally mechanical and everything I learned was the hard way. I am afraid it has stuck with me. These guys tried to show me how. They were quite patient and very decent with and to me. I was with these fellows a couple of

months. Mostly I was old man Allen's helper but I got on to wrenching rods and setting up the gin pole and hooking up lines. Each morning we were assigned out jobs, and sometimes it was with another crew but mostly I was with Sherwood's team. After a while I was assigned to Walt Stewart, one of the head roustabouts as his helper. He was not pulling wells. He rigged up pumping jacks, hooked up jack lines to the power houses. Did all sorts of jobs -- pipe fitting, carpenter work, ditching, all the time something different. Walt was a real nice fellow. His son worked on the lease -- he was a pumper -- they were from Muncie, Indiana. I have heard to much about Muncie, Indiana from the Stewarts I feel like I was a native of Muncie. They had a farm out there and it was foreclosed on -- I learned the fear of foreclosure from Walt and don't want to first hand. Their banker was a real stinker I guess.

Walt Stewart was real good about showing me how to do things. I know now from having my own lease that he taught me well. He was a rough carpenter -- pipe fitter, hewer of wood and carrier of water. He was all for making things solid and stout. I guess this is where I got some of it from. We did everything from hooking up wells to the pumping jacks, running rod lines to the pumping powers on posts or swings -- set tanks -- run oil and gas lines. This was good experience and Stewart was a nice man to work with and for. Sometimes I would be on with someone else but most of the time I was Stewart's man.

I worked with Walt Stewart most of the winter and into the spring, when it was wet and sloppy. Quite early in the spring I was sent up to work as pumper helper for Ralph Stewart, Walt's son. I had a chance to learn something of pumping oil wells. Starting up gas engines by kicking on the fly wheel -- without getting tangled up in it. Ralph was as good as his dad about showing you how and how not to. He was about my age but had quite a bit of oil field experience and he was a very smart guy. I worked with him all spring and summer and into the next winter. There were two pumping powers we took care of, one on each side of a hill. Ralph got me so I could operate pretty good and I was assigned the East side and he took the West power. We had some wells that made quite a little water -- these took some time to pump. The little "coffee grinder" that I pumped would only handle six wells at a time. I would pump all the short wells early and leave the long pumpers on while Ralph and I would get together and do our repair

and roustabout work. It works better in the oil field to double team as most everything is big and heavy and an oil well seems to be always located in a miserable spot to get in and out of. We worked twelve hours six to six. There were some wells that pumped all night and there was a night man that toured the lease. He would check on the all night wells and oil up the engines, make a report of any breakdowns. We were scheduled for all the days on the calendar but I got a break. There was a fellow that pumped another power adjoining ours who was a Sabaterian and he wouldn't work on Saturday. I got to spread out and pump his wells on Saturday and he relieved me on Sunday. I got to work most of the time a six day week. I was happy to be able to go to Mass, playing ball in the summer. I always think Correll Cooks' religion was the nicest thing for me. Bullock told me, "If you can accommodate Cook and benefit yourself go to it -- all we want is the production made. Keep the lease up and the wells pumped." Cook wouldn't come out at all on Saturday but if he had some trouble on Sunday he called and expected me to come out and give a hand. Sundays off was too good to spoil -- I wouldn't kick. It was only a few occasions anyway. We had a lot of fun at Sunday baseball. Bolivar is a pretty nice town. I got a room at Al Orcutt's, he was one of the roustabouts on the lease. He was a funny guy. I had worked with him off and on quite a bit. I remember on time -- he had been to the dentist the day before and had his teeth pulled. He was another guy to do thing the hard way. In those days they usually waited a couple of weeks to put in the new teeth, but Al made arrangements to have the new teeth put in right away. He said the dentist didn't want to do it that way but told him I ain't coming in again so if you pull them out be prepared to put the new ones in right now. Al was a huffy puffy guy and I can imagine the dentist saying OK if that is the way you want it. It's your hurt. Al was out this next day with the new choppers -- big smile -- lots of teeth. We were putting in a pipe line up one side of a hill and down the other and over a swampy gully and then up hill again. Sort of a rugged terrain. There was no good places to stand to screw this pipe. If you got the joints to line up you were usually in a bind to work the wrenches. Al was the boss. He would get us all lined up on a joint ready to make it up and he hollered, hold 'er boys -- take out the teeth put them in his pocket, then we would make the connection. Then he would wipe his hands, put the teeth back in and we repeated this performance. This went on a dozen times or so -- finally I said either take them out or leave them in. I can hear old Al shouting, "I hope to hell you have to have to get your teeth out --

and I hope to hell it hurts." Whenever I have had my teeth worked on it comes to me this is Orcutt's curse. The Orcutts were very nice people. Mrs. Orcutt was a good cook -- they had a comfortable and clean place. I was a good eater and liked the good meals a dinner pail -- sure beat the greasy spoon restaurant in Bolivar. They had a cute daughter, but she couldn't see me. She was stuck on a mail carrier. Al didn't like him. Al used to say, "If it wasn't you was a Catholic, I wish she would like you." It was a long time since old Al had seen the inside of any church and I don't know if he had a religion except he didn't like Catholics. Mrs. Orcutt would fix me up an egg sandwich for Friday and we would be eating Al would say, "Them guys got to have special food. It is OK with me but they are all crazy -- eggs is cheaper than meat." I roomed there about six months -- the road between Bolivar and Portville was torn up, the detour was very bad. The first street car didn't get to Bolivar until half past six. During the bad weather I was glad to stay in Bolivar. I remember walking back to Bolivar from the lease a car picked me up and I sort of apologized for my overhauls. The man said, "Climb in I have a blanket on the seat and anyhow don't offer an excuse for wearing overhauls. It takes a man to wear them and you seem to fit them pretty good." I don't know who he was, but it tickled me. I was not in greasy overhauls I changed and left my dirty ones in the power house. Wear the cleaner ones to and from the job. We had a blow off box at the boiler house where we could take our clothes that we soaked in gold dust -- then whip the dirt and grease out in a drum with water and steam. They came out pretty clean but it was kind of rough on rags. We had things pretty good here on the Forest Oil July lease. I seem to fit in with the fellows up there, had to take some ribbing as I was one of the few single young guys there. In the early morning when we gathered for our assignments. In cold weather we all huddled around a gas jet in the tool shed. There was a character, Vern Barber, he was the laugh boy of the place. He held court about the pit where the gas jet warmed and lighted. Barber was a story teller and an entertainer anything for a laugh. Most of his chatter was from off color to real dirty. His wife was a school teacher and if he had a real dirty one he would say, "My wife got that from the kids at school." I served time as the brunt of Barb's remarks. He was pretty crude, not mean. He would have some story about priests or nuns, he would say, "Did you hear me, Jimmie" -- I remember once I said, "No, I was busy saying the Hail Mary for you." Barb came up with, "See, he is a pal, going to get us both into heaven -- now, what the hell would they do with roustabouts in Heaven?"

One fall around Thanksgiving time, there was a turkey shoot. I gave it a try -- was horrible -- something like three for twenty four clay pigeons. They had a drawing for turkeys and I won the drawing. Then they had a shoot off of the poorest scores, they gave a turkey to the high and one for the low. I wound up with two turkeys -- live turkeys. I took my slip and went around to the shack where they had the turkeys. They put them in gunny sacks. I put them in my Chevie rumple seat and headed for Portville. On the detour between Portville and Bolivar was a built up place through a swamp. I was driving through this place when a car in back started honking. I pulled over as soon as I could. They hollered -- "Your rumbler seat is up and something fell out of it." My turkeys! They got loose from the sacks and went out in the swamp. Jonnie Jacoby from Portville came along and pulled out to see if I had trouble. I did. I explained about my turkeys -- won and lost in the swamp. It was around six o'clock and quite dusk. I was not dressed up but had decent clothes on and pretty good shoes and I went down in the swamp and tried to shoo the turkeys up in the roadway. I got one up there and Jacoby captured it. I went back after the other one and by this time quite a few cars stopped, a group gathered in the road and a few fellows came about the swamp and helped me shoo the other turkey up where someone got a hold of it. By this time I had been up and down and across that swamp on foot and all fours. I was a total mess. I had some rope in the back of the car and this time I tied the turkeys up real good. Jacoby or someone helped me. With some scrapping and wiping I was able to get back in the car and going -- tired -- filthy -- mad and any other bad term that is known. So if I never see another turkey -- no regrets. When I got home my mother said what will we do with two turkeys -- so I took one over to Mrs. Keenan next door. She thanked me but said, "James, you will have to chop its head off for me." I told her it would be a pleasure.

CHARLIE VERGASON FAMILY

Charles and Beatrice were active in the activities of the young folks about Olean. After some time at the gas company, Charles got a bookkeeping job for the Olean School Board. In his accounting work he came in contact with E.G. Dusenbury, President of the First National Bank of Olean. Dusenbury, Wheeler, and Merseau were lumber people. They were the big land holders in this area. Some oil development was getting under way. They had set up an office in the old Kindergarten building in Portville. Uncle Ed Dusenbury made Charlie an offer to take over this office and keep their books, and manage the place.

The Vergasons now move to Portville. They now are -- Beatrice, Charles and two daughters, Vivian and Norma. As they had in Olean they became active in the village life. Charles became village clerk and he was that many years. He started a lot of things. He opened up a soda fountain, the Colonial Quality Shop, in the post office building. It was quite a success. People in Portville had to come to the post office to get their mail or to mail anything, so it was convenient to stop in the Colonial and have some ice cream. They hired some help but Beatrice ran it during the day. In the evening Charlie took over. Portville had gas lights - no electricity. Charlie started up a group to construct an electric plant with a steam boiler, later a gas engine. In connection with this he built an ice cream plant. It became quite a project -- wiring the town. Charles and his Dad came in and built him a nice Colonial type home on Temple St. Charlie Vergason did a lot of things for Portville -- quietly and efficiently. He was a real progressive man. He had a lot of integrity.

Now came the "Roaring Twenties." I was not aware of any roaring. I was trying to get by as a college student. The Vergason girls were also. I heard some talk of speculation, times seemed OK to me. I heard of Six dollar oil. Charlie Vergason had a nice new black shiny Packard sedan. My Dad had died and Mother bought us a nice little Chevrolet coupe so I could go back and forth to St. Bonas - live at home.

Things are fine. The Vergason girls finishing in Syracuse. I escape Bonas. The Vergasons teach in Portville for a year or so. Norma gets married and lives in Syracuse. Vivian is married to the Presbyterian Minister in Portville. Most of this time I am working in the Bolivar Oil Fields -- twelve hour days then. Charlie's office was right across from the street from our house. We got to greet each other with a wave or a howdy. My mother and Mrs. Vergason often exchanged little goodies, cakes, cookies, and stuff. Good neighbors.

In the oil fields -- water flooding came along. The Forest Oil were in early. I was just learning something about pumping. My boss sent me to Rock City to set up a supply warehouse office time keeping for a big drilling operation. I was overwhelmed but also eager. I was so totally absorbed in this operation I didn't know there was anything else going on. I am sure I must have heard of the market frenzy but I never took it in. Charlie told me about it. The stock market craze that went on. There was a broker in Olean, Charlie Fuller. He was going big. My cousins had some investments with him. I guess he had most of the town dealing there. When the crash came -- he skipped -- he was running a bucket shop, they said. The axe came down on a lot of people in Olean. I think eventually they caught up with this guy, but he was broke, so it didn't help. A lot of people lost a lot of money. Charlie Vergason was one. He also had invested in an oil development that didn't pan out well and one of the partners in the deal refused to pay his share, so Vergason and Zimmerman got stuck for not only their losses but also Ray Marbles.

This Depression hurt Vergason, as it did a lot of people. He sold the nice Colonial home on Temple St. Rented a house two doors from our house on Maple St. The girls were in Syracuse University at this time. Niagara Lockport Electric bought out the Portville Electric Plant to just shut it down. Vergason kept the ice cream plant. Art Pollack, an oil man and a friend of Charlie's, took over the oil development project, at a discount I am sure. He said he came out OK. Didn't make much but came out OK.

During this Depression times, everybody got hit some way or other. I got into the oil producing game. Invested in an oil lease in Bradford. When we went into the lawyer's office to sign the lease, there

was a bulletin board in the hall. It read, "Penna Crude \$6.10." When we came out it read, "Penna Crude \$5.50." And it was downhill. The last I sold was at \$1.27.

At the Dusenbury, Wheeler, Merseau offices, John and Edgar Dusenbury died. William Wheeler died. Also Mr. Merseau. William Dusenbury, the nephew was in charge. There was a period of settlements with the heirs. It is now Will Dusenbury office. He is very much occupied at the First National Bank in Olean. He needs Charlie to work on the books at the bank. He tries to do some work at the little office in Portville, they eventually have him break in a young local lad. Charlie still controls the ice cream plant in Portville. He sells the Colonial quality Shop to a neighbor lad, Carl Holcomb. There never was anything as good as a Tuber, served by one of the Vergason girls at the Colonial. In a tall glass -- vanilla ice cream, chocolate syrup, dab of marshmallow with strawberry on top, with a sprinkling of ground peanuts.

DEPRESSION

1929 - Stock Market Crash -- Estimate -- Thirty billion lost in crash week. Depression -- bottom of business cycle -- decline in asset value -- High unemployment.

1930-1940 - Depression -- Severe economic crisis

- World Wide turn down in economic activity
- 1930 - 1300 banks fail
- 1931 - 2294 banks fail
- 1932 - 13 million unemployed - 1/3 of work force
- 1929 Bradford Crude - \$6.00 oil field wages \$5.00 day
- 1932 Bradford Crude - \$1.27 oil field wages \$2.50 day

Numbers and statistics: Depression. I expect it is. I just don't understand it that way. The depression was people unemployed -- hard up -- very discouraged through no fault of their own. Perhaps somewhat to blame -- buying on time was just getting under way. It was ten years since World War I. It created a high rate of employment. It took about a year after the market crash to really be felt in our town.

One little incident stays with me. I was going out of the grocery store -- this driller and his wife also -- he introduced me to her and I remember him saying, "Mac, do you know what we are doing -- eating our house." He was better than some who had no house to eat.

Our town was not hit as bad as some places. Oil was one of the last to go down. There were two banks in Bradford that closed. The Commercial and McKean County Trust. The Bradford National and the Producers Bank were able to weather the storm. The Emery estate got their money out of the Commercial a day ahead of the closure. It is believed that it could have made it if this did not happen. It

created a lot of bad feeling against the Emerys. It was found to be legal but not quite Kosher. Bob Pringle was a friend of the late Lou Emery. Pringle said Lou Emery would never had done it.

The Bradford National -- Ed and Tom Kennedy -- the Hanleys -- the Dressers -- all pledged their millions so their bank opened first. The Producers Bank managed by Jim Paul, backed by a lot of oil operators -- Kendall -- South Penn was only closed for a day or so. It was a real scare for the town.

Frank Caulkins of the Commercial shot himself. He was its president, a friend and neighbor of my Aunt Lizzie Bisett. McKean County Bank did not survive but it eventually paid off everybody. Bob Mason, its manager had been in poor health for some time. He died during this closing time. My mother's friend was a close pal of Mrs. Mason. She said, "Bob worried himself to death."

The day the McKean closed we were pulling a well up hill just east of the house. When he had the rods out mother noticed we were shut down, she sent one of the Gerringer kids from next door up to tell me there was a phone call for me. I went over to the house and it was from my Aunt Elizabeth Bisett, she said there was a run on the McKean Co. Bank. Did we have any money in it? Our account was in the Producers. I went back up to the well, told the boys about the bank report. Frank Barber, the teamster, had his account in the McKean, also Kip, the fellow that was helping, had his account there. Kip's wife had left him off at my place so he had no way to go to town. We put the team in the barn and I took the fellows to town to see if they could get their money out of the bank. I left them off across the street from the bank -- there was a long line of people. I parked up a side street and then walked down. By this time the bank had been closed. We listened to a lot of loud mouths -- no one knew anything for sure -- there didn't anything seem to make much sense. It was probably near noon by now. I got Kip and Barber to walk over to the Producers Bank with me. Jim Paul was out greeting everyone with, "This is all crazy, we are prepared to cash any check -- your accounts are safe." I got a check cashed -- I guess \$100. Told the guys I'll pay you in cash for this job. they thought that was good. We went back to work. Got our well back on the line. I think Barber had something like \$300 in the bank and I don't know if I ever knew about

Kip. I know they eventually got their money. This is my only experience with bank failure. I was not hurt but it is not a nice experience.

Our Norma was telling about someone laid off. She said something like what was your experience in the depression? Of course I knew all about the depression. She set the wheels to working and when I got down to it I knew about the depression by proxy.

Because of my mother's help, we were always able to pay our bills. The lease always made enough to pay my notes and our expenses. Mother's securities paid enough interest, to supply our needs and some to help me over a few tight spots, with the oil lease expenses. I have never been cold or hungry or deprived. I personally did not suffer the depression.

I worked hard, we had to be careful of expenses. I owed money for the oil lease -- I hated to pay the six percent interest --it was \$200 every month and I hated every payment. I couldn't develop the lease the way I had in mind. The cheap oil was a problem, a hindrance. I did not like the idea, but it was not painful. I really had a good time.

I knew there was great poverty. Some of our neighbors were cut back both in pay and time. We did try to help, if we could without embarrassing them. Mother had a little ditty about - "Black my eye or bloody my nose but don't hurt my pride." People around there were very sensitive about taking charity. The church had a room in their garage, where if you had anything to give away they would distribute it to the needy. We took quite a bit of stuff there. One fall we had a lot of apples, Bissetts sent up a truck and St. Bernards High School kids picked up a load. It was more lark and holiday than anything else. The White kids were in the group. They had fun and so did we. I know there was a bread line in Bradford, but I never saw it. Around here it was a help your friends time.

My pals, the Hyde boys, were having a rough time. They had a drilling rig laid up. They picked up a day or two on one job or another, they were good men out of work. We quite often picked them up and had them come out for Sunday dinner. I had them help a time or two. Frank Cantwell moved his rig out on my lease and we drilled a well. I paid him day wages and expenses. We worked just day lights. I pumped my wells and jogged up to the rig to help pull out change and dress bits. Frank made hole -- we cored the oil sand - I had it analyzed - "marginal flooding possibilities" -- pretty hard to borrow money for flooding project. This was a hot and busy summer. In the fall Frank got a couple drilling contracts up Rutherford Run. I paid his expenses for moving and setting up there. Poured money down a hole but eventually I think it helped me sell the lease.

During this time South Penn put on a drilling campaign and got a lot of their property drilled for pressure flooding. It kept a lot of men working and they got wells drilled for under a dollar per foot and the going price before was three dollars and over. Kendall Oil staggered their work force so as not to lay off. Other outfits did similar things. We weren't like in Buffalo and Detroit where plants were closed down. Our outfits cut back. Joe Onofrio built Onofrio Street. He used his tenants who could help to do the work -- half in cash half in rent.

There was some welfare outfits -- collected clothes, brought baskets of food. My mother used to go to some bridge parties that had raffles to raise funds for the needy. I was able to hire some of the neighborhood fellows for a few days at a time, not at all out of generosity but because I needed a hand now and then. Barbers brother-in-law, Bill Bender, stayed with them. I used to hire him from time to time, for some little digging job or something like that. He wasn't much good, barely able, not bright, a pleasant sort but couldn't depend on him to do anything well. Couldn't use him on any well work -- he would louse it up and hurt himself. It was a problem to find anything he could do. The last I knew he was in the poor house in Smethport. Poor guy -- he just didn't have a full deck. Mrs. Barber was a nice person. Barber was an intelligent guy. Good teamster -- lease hand, kind of cantankerous at times.

I got along with old Frank OK. He quit on me once -- came back in about two weeks. I had one of the neighbor boys drive the team. Barber told my mother the team got to looking so bad he just had to come back and fix things up. He told the Bishop boy, "That Irish bastard is mean as hell to work for but he ain't so bad a friend." So Frank and I were in the same mutual admiration society. Of course all the employment in our area was lease work. Paul Walton who lived down the road a little ways was a mechanic -- he worked at the airport, their work was slow -- he might be off a week at a time. I got him to help me quite a bit. Myron Bishop, son of the pumper on the adjoining property, used to help. He was a good hand. This was not done to benefit these guys. I needed help every now and then. Glad to get capable fellows. Oil country work has always been drought or famine -- extra help is part of the game. You don't pull wells when they are pumping. When they stop producing you have to do something about it. Some jobs like working on the road, etc., cut wages to the bone. It was thirty five cents an hour on one job. Fifty cents per hour was the least I knew of any oil producers to pay. Five dollars a day was our going rate. Sixteen dollars a day for man and team had five more if we furnished the pulling rig.

I was not downtown in Bradford very much. We had to go in for church and supplies, get equipment fixed. Smith's grocery delivered out our way once a week. When we went visiting it was usually over in Olean, we made a day of it, saw the Moores and Hannigans, the Cunninghams, mother got a chance to catch up on the hometown news. This was probably once a month or so. I got to get hair cut and hang out with the characters about Bill Murphy's barber shop. Olean did not have any bank failures but they were hit, the Vacuum Oil was the biggest employer and it curtailed a lot. There were two tanneries -- they struggled along but finally closed.

The Pennsylvania Car Shops had pulled out of Olean a few years before this time. It was a bad blow to Olean. Carley Heater Co. closed down and Luther Machine Shop. In a way Olean was hit harder than Bradford. The Clark Bros. Machine Shop was next to the Vacuum, the largest employer. Gas compressors was their big item. No one was buying compressors. Repair work was all they had to do. It was quite slow at Clarks.

My cousin, John Cunningham, was laid off from the filling station job. He came over with me, and I tried to make an oil worker of him. John really tried -- I think I really tried to help him. I finally told my mother, "John doesn't have it -- He is going to kill himself kicking on the gas engine. You have to kick on the fly wheel to start the brute. John just couldn't seem to get the knack. He was agile enough, but so very awkward." He had a few misses and I got afraid to have him try. I convinced my mother that book work was for John. He had taken a book keeping course. Mother got it explained to Aunt Rose. I have a feeling that Uncle Jim didn't think I gave John a real good chance. After a couple of months at our place, Bis Cunningham got John a job time keeping at Clark Bros. Several years later John developed multiple sclerosis, but at this time John was a real healthy young fellow. He always said he never felt better than when he was on the West Branch lease.

I had a good life there too. Unemployment was around but I had more work than I could get done, just trying to keep up the equipment and keep the wells working. The papers were full of depression and the radio was full of the bad effects. I really didn't have time to pay a lot of attention to it. When I come to say what the depression did to me. Not very much if anything. It was all about, but I really don't know much about it.

WEST BRANCH LEASE STORY

When I came back to work for Forest Oil after the Rig Fire, it was December -- weather was very bad. Some of the rigs were shut down, and some had finished their contracts, a few had moved to other properties. Oil was booming -- lots of work -- all oil operators looking for drilling contractors and rig hands. Up on this Forest Oil Lease out High St. The company had ten strings of their own running and about fifteen contract tools. When I left in September there were over thirty strings operating. We were having cold wet weather. The road out High St. ext. was good gravel road -- OK for cars and trucks into the store house area. Up, this valley, Rutherford Run had been a pretty good gravel road, but it couldn't take this kind of hauling and all this rain. Only teams and tractors could make it -- trucks couldn't. The company had two teams of their own and had four or five hired teams. The drilling contractors also had quite a few teams hauling stuff for them. This was a quagmire -- something tough.

The hauling was skidding -- some stuff on stone boats -- pipe and timbers and that type of stuff -- just wrap a chain around and skid. The first few to go out in the early morning when the ground would be sort of frozen mud but by 10 A.M. Nearly half of this property was the flat land along the creek -- deep mud. To the west end it was on a hill up there it was not bad at all. This cold mud was bad on horses -- some owners just wouldn't put their team in it. We were having a hard time operating. There was a little pump shack up the valley a ways. John Hannon had a phone put in up there, and he assigned Owen Hannon and me to work out of there. We could get to the wells better and keep him informed on who and what was getting down and who needed what. In the good weather trucks would come from the supply warehouse and deliver pipe and equipment right to the rig location, now it was unload at our store house, unload and reload the wagons or skid equipment. It might take as many as six or eight teams to carry a truck load. We were bogged down badly. Hannon had me wet nursing that supply train, Owen Hannon and Walter, his boys helped on washing up sand samples. I was still responsible for the drilling in of the wells setting pipe, etc. I was on the job at 6 A.M. Had to call in morning report -- our little lease phone -- was a

company job -- three stations. John Hannon's ring one either he was there to answer or McGuire answered if I made more than one ring -- of one long. Two shorts was my shack. Three shorts was the boiler house. We were not hooked up to the regular phone but McGuire used to relay messages from Owens -- back and forth. He made a list of foul ups, from our relay system -- you could hardly believe. The only one I recall was I needed a 26 and 1/2 inch nipple of 8" pipe and it came out 26 - 8" nipples of 1/2 inch pipe. We did not know about Murphy's law at this time but it sure worked here. With all this skidding of equipment about it was broken oil lines -- gas lines -- water lines. A hurry up job was just not possible -- just to get around and pull your boots out of the ooze was a job, and to get around and use tools. Whatever was scheduled never made it. I got to hand it to old man Hannon. He was pretty upset sometimes but he held it in real well. We were down at the store house one noon eating our lunch. Owens came in and said, "you know, there is something wrong here -- in all this mixup three Irish men and no blood drawn yet." Hannon used it -- a couple of times I came in huffing about something. He'd get off, "It ain't time to draw blood yet." I remember once McGuire got me on the phone, "The old man is coming up there with a lighted fuse." He got side tracked on the way so I never found out what it was about. John Hannon was a nice man. He could be rough. He would change his mind but not easy. He always listened to everybody. This job took some driving, he worked hard and asked his boys to work harder than anybody. He wanted no one to take unnecessary risk. He was as fair a boss as I ever had. I liked the whole family. Seven boys, four girls. My grandmother had fourteen. Big families have problems but they also have a lot of fun. I have very pleasant memories of the Hannons. During January it got real cold and we had some big snow storms. It was somewhat uncomfortable but made our transportation about the lease good. We were fighting freezing water lines and oiliness, but on sleighs we got our supply problems under control. The drilling campaign moved on through February and into March. We were making good progress, even was able to have a couple of days off. My mother's health was not very good. I spent most of my time off -- coming and going to Portville. It took an hour or more each way so when I came from home I was up at 4:30. Hookey Frey was rooming at our house -- he got meals at Mrs. Townsend's. Emma Cronin came to help Mother every day. Emma and Hookey were a great pair. Poor old Em wasn't too sharp and Hook spent all his time getting some kind of a joke to puzzle Emma. A couple days after he sprung it on her and

she laughed -- she would come out, "Hookey that was just a joke?" Mother was well looked after but I just liked to get home when it was possible.

During the time I was at home getting over the burns, Mother and I talked about perhaps I should get an apartment in Bradford and she could come over part of the time. We just talked about it.

My mother had a note of Walter Bisetts of \$12,000. For years Mother and Dad had loaned to the Bisetts -- they felt good and secure about it -- got paid their interest -- this time Uncle Walt, proposed that I buy his interest in the West Branch Lease, he and John had. Use the money he owed her and down payment on \$50,000. Right off the bat I was against it. Uncle John was in Florida and I didn't know how it would go with him. Walter kept pushing us to go ahead, found out later he and his wife had made some bad real estate deals and were pushed for cash. He was afraid Mother might want him to pay his note. I put the thought out of my mind -- well, on the back burner -- I did talk to Vern Owens about the lease. He looked it up on their map and list of prospects. He got me an engineering report on it. "Marginal as water flooding." Verne said, "Don't take that information to condemn the prospects, some of our most successful properties were marginal on the engineering report.

I had a chance to talk to Wes Raider, the tool pusher about the property up the West Branch. He wanted to know which property -- I said up where the old saw mill used to be. He had worked on some wells near there. I told Wes the whole story -- his advice, "If you can get that property latch on to it -- those old wells were pretty good wells and they will, flood OK." Owen Hannon had worked up the West Branch on several wells. His recollection that up near the Neusbaum Chemical Co. property that some real good wells were drilled. The old chemical plant was on part of this lease. I got to talk to John Hannon about it. He told me that Owen had told him about it. In his opinion, it isn't just the quality of the Rutherford Run lease, but it could be developed with a line flood. The oil is there -- it just has to be pressured to move out -- a pressure flood should do the trick. Kennedy Bros. own the adjoining property. Pete Rapp is their leased foreman -- Hannon had me meet Pete Rapp. He was glad to know that Bisetts

might do some developing on their property. He talked to John some time ago about a line flood -- each owner drilling on their property line and both properties paying for the water flooding. I was a month or so coming by this information. John Bisett came home. He was not in favor of Walter doing anything, but if he is going to sell, "I think it would be best to Anna and James." Along about the last of April, we go to the lawyer's office and I am in the oil business. I finished out the month of May for the Forest Oil with a lot of trips up the West Branch. Jerry Johnston was the pumper for the Bissetts. I told John I could pump those wells and do a better job than he ever had done. He was not convinced and wanted to have his man stay on. I was not the least convinced that this was the way to go. John and I rubbed about it. He had never pumped a well in his life and couldn't fix anything. He was a horse trader and auto salesman. I got down to -- "John, I'll pump my part of the wells and you get your part pumped." He came out a few times himself and tried to get a pumping engine started -- got fouled up and hurt himself a little. We arranged to let Johnston go. It happened that Dorn of the Forest Oil had just taken over several acres near this property for a summer camp and he hired Johnston to manage it for him. So he made out OK. Never lost a day's pay.

The price of Bradford grade crude at the time I bought into the lease was five dollars a bbl. In just a few days it dropped fifty cents and there followed a lot of drops. This property had been going on as an absentee owner operation. Walter never went out there and if John did it was to consult with the pumper -- in his car, at times look at some item to be repaired but he had no knowledge of how it worked or hardly why. There was a lot of very slip shod hook-ups to the wells and the power houses which were converted steam engines by Thomas Machine Shop in Bradford. I had been operating much better equipment with the Forest.

I line up a lot of things to be fixed and improved -- showed John what was wrong and how it might be remedied. It was going to cost some money. He did not really fight me on it. I got a lot of information and advice before I ever showed him. A few wells were down -- we got them working it brought the production up a bit, but the price of oil going down -- the lease income was slipping. I did not ask John

much about if I could do something. I nearly always told him what I planned on doing and how and when. I had to spend quite a bit fixing up the wells and operating equipment. I did it got the bills, took them in the production checks in Bisett & McCarey -- we paid out of Bisett McCarey account in the Producers Bank. He never paid a cent to me for my services and he got his half of the production check over and above supplies and hired labor. He was getting a good deal and knew it. It was about a year getting this lease in some sort of shape, other than getting all the old strippers working, most of the old equipment fixed up or patched up is better. The income is slipping away -- oil is down under \$3.00. I talked with Pete Rapp, foreman on the adjoining Kennedy lease about a well we had near their line and they had two wells near the line about trying to set up a flood with water. Pete thought it worth a try. John would not see it at all. He complained to my Mother, "He had been trained by those Dorn's -- that everything has got to be Cadillac quality -- I won't take it." Mother had insisted that all the titles and everything be put in my name and only in my name. This was a real hassle. I got it into and through John's head that he was and had to deal with me. Any lease problems would be settled between us. This was rough on Mother. She laid the law down to both Walter and John. That is why I say won't do business with your relatives. I do not think he wanted to beat us -- just he couldn't stand to have this kid show him as a bumbling uninformed and really stupid lease operator. He was really ignorant of how oil field equipment worked. A couple years of this and it came to a situation where we split the property. Oil was down to two dollars and a half. Mother sold our house in Portville, and we fixed up the old lease house. It was not on John's ~~half~~ half -- there was a house on his half however, so he got a fellow to pump his wells. I had to build another pumping power to pump my wells. Pete Rapp and I tried to fix up a water flood using the old wells on Kennedys and the old well on mine. It didn't work very well. We figure the formation around the old wells too tight. I was borrowing to do this and getting in pretty deep. I drilled a well and had it cored near this no flood flood. Owens got me an engineering study of the cores -- fifteen foot of oil and well saturated but quite a tight formation would a high pressure system -- would be more likely to respond to a gas pressure. This convinced me it was possible only to operate this on an expensive high pressure and unit system -- that I would not be able to put in. If I give the impression that John Bisett or I ever had mean or nasty words with each other -- we differed on the way the lease should operate. I didn't convince him

that I knew what to do or how. He was unable to make me think he was capable of using good judgment in the way to run the lease. I didn't ask him. I just went along the way it seemed right for me. He did not like it but was not able to stop me. I was very uneasy. I just gave up trying to explain anything. I wouldn't let anyone do this to me. It is no way to run anything. I know that. Enough.

During 1934 John put his property up for sale but the only people who offered to buy or deal wanted more acreage. Our two packages of 60 acres each made an appeal. John brought a fellow from Duke Center up and asked if we would consider a sale. We gave him an option after I went over to Olean and asked Will Dusenbury if the man could swing it. He let his 60 day option run out. Then another two fellows from over Derrick City way wanted to try but I didn't go for it. I held out for a five thousand cash forfeit, for option, they backed off. By this time the property for sale is getting to be known about. Burton from Healey Oil came up. He had a quarter royalty deal. It didn't look good to me. John tried to have them operate his property that way, but they wanted all our acreage and other property adjoining. A preacher from Eldred came over -- he had just sold some oil property near Eldred and had a lot of cash and profits that were taxable. They would buy John's lease if they could get mine also. There was some haggling but a deal was finally worked out. I kept our house and the surface rights of one acre around it. Preacher Smith came on started a drilling operation near my pressure flood attempt. I think he did alright. I worked on a few wells for Flannigan that fall and got on with Healey Oil Co.

In January I took some time off. Mother and I went to Oklahoma to see Uncle Charlie who was not well. He was quite sick at the time so we drove on to California to see Jean's husband, Pat Sterne, who was living in San Pedro. I got a look at winter time shirt sleeve oil workers. I became a born native Californian by adoption. I didn't even want to go back and sell our house. Mother convinced me we couldn't do that and I should go back and leave Healey's in a responsible manner. We went back disposed of everything -- came to California September 1936. Mother liked it out here just as much as I particularly when we got this home so she could get out and have a few posies growing. I picked up well pulling jobs at first then got on pumping for Barnsdall. Then O'Brien and Severns drilled in Wilmington. I got in on it. We bought some trouble -- struggled for two or three years and got out with our skins through a deal on a store building up at Camp Roberts -- war time and O'Brien had a fellow got us in on.

RIG MONKEYS

The came in all kinds and sizes -- fit and misfit. I can say the biggest I ever knew was Hooley. Of course, I did not know him in his heyday but from all I heard Hooley was a big man in his field and it had to be a big field. Couldn't tell him not to darken the doorway -- he couldn't get in without. About the Irish Settlement there were stories about the Big Bill Hooley. He was six foot five, and when I knew him he had a paunch and weight around 300 lbs. He was very stout at the very least and a whole lot of man. O'Brien told me one time there is only one Hooley -- they ran out of material. He either had a small head or it seemed small on that big body. He spoke in very quiet tone of voice -- sort of slowly -- with the "deese and dem's and dose" -- like a true native of Sartwell.

One of the last times I saw Bill he and his wife came down and had Sunday dinner with my mother and me in Long Beach. Mother hadn't been very well and we had a little "Okey" girl that came in to help out. "Reba," I told her that "I had a man coming for dinner and we better have enough food to feed an army." She said, "shucks don't worry -- I been cooking for my father and four brothers, there ain't nobody can eat like them -- your mother said to fix chicken and dumplings and a lot of it -- bring on your Mister Big Man." That evening after they had gone Reba came in and sat with Mother and me. She said, "you know Mrs. McCarey, he really was the biggest man I ever saw, I almost scared at first, but he was so nice and pleasant." "She was nice too, but they were both eaters. I got to say I never saw so much food go so fast, with all that chicken and dumplings there isn't anything left. I know that Mr. Bill liked them to sure hope he is full. I couldn't have scraped up any more."

We had a nice afternoon with Bill and his wife. Mother did not know him except through the family stories. He knew Dad and the McCareys up in the farm. I think he went to school with Dad. Bill never had any children of his own but his wife did. They were grown and married, lived near them in San Fernando.

Bill Hooley had only been married to this wife a few years. I think he had been married before but his wife died many years ago and he had been a single widower most of his life.

Up on Rock Run the McCarey farm was just over the hill from the Hooley farm. On that side of the hill it was mostly timber lot. It was very steep up toward the hilltop. The ridge line was cleared and we had to go up there to mend fence once in a while. We took our lunch when we went up that way. Once a day up that hill was enough. I heard many tales of Big Bill Hooley but never saw him that I know of out there. When I started working on drilling tools there were drilling contractors running some tools right near ours -- Polly Bros. Bill Polly and I got to know each other. He knew of my family -- was familiar with the Irish settlement. Bill Hooley and he had worked on rigs together. He told me about Hooley lifting one end of a drill stem so they could slide a skid under it, loading a rope socket on a wagon single handed. Said he could handle a big hole bit like a lead pencil. Hooley stories were like Paul Bunyan tales. Except some of it was true.

When I was working for Healey, Polly had a rig running on the next lease. I stopped by had a confab with Bill Polly, told him about just back from California. He asked, "Did you get to Taft?" I told him, "Yes, Fred O'Brien had taken me up there and around the San Joaquin Valley oil fields and how excited I was about going out there." He asked if I saw Bill Hooley. I told him I didn't but that O'Brien talked about him and he saw him every once in a while. I told him O'Brien's stories of Hooley -- confirm his or are even bigger. This Hooley must be a three ring circus. Polly said, "Well, he sure as hell would make a side show." I saw him down town a few nights after this and he had me drive him out home while he dug up Hooley's address in California for me. It was in San Francisco.

In getting started in California Fred O'Brien helped me find my way about to get in touch with some of the oil companies and some of the lease men I helped on some roustabout and well pulling for him, and on neighboring leases. Did a little work for Paul McKeown --Heinie De Greef. Got lined up with a well pulling service. It was pretty good money but a weirdo schedule they expected you to answer every call.

Sometimes you would only be off for an hour or so and they would call you out for eight or sixteen hour job. Then a couple of days no work. Some of their guys thrived on that system. I am the old steady plodder -- I like being on schedule. If you pass up calls they drop you from the list.

Fred O'Brien was in touch with Clayton Severens, a drilling contractor who was trying to develop an edge property on the Torrance field not far from Fred and Kelley's Emerald Oil Lease. He ran into trouble trying to bring the well in, thought if he could seal off and whipstock out of this hole at 2500 ft. could hit the formation at a better spot around 3600 ft. He was in some financial trouble over some wells he had drilled in Huntington Beach. He had a mining bureau permit through the Standard-So. Pacific R.R. Lease. They gave him a window to whipstock from an upland well to an ocean bed lease that he and associates had acquired. They got two good wells and a lawsuit. His production was tied up with court and lawyer affairs. He was borrowing money to keep afloat. He was extremely anxious to get the well in Torrance working. O'Brien and Kelley agreed to go in for the re-drilling, all the funds put up to be used only for the re-drill job for half of the well. Severens to do the job. Kelley had some difficulty and he wanted out. Fred spoke to me about it, asked if I wanted in. Severens thought they could complete for \$10000 -- I was sort of scared but interested, so after meeting Severens and going over the idea with him and Fred, I dug up my \$5000. Severens found out I was picking up work with oil well service outfits. He said, "I have to assemble a crew if you want to break in rough necking with me it's OK. We were a month or so on this well re-drilling -- quite a lot of time pulling and service work. I was with them for about a year -- one kind of work or another. I was still a BoWevil but a little improved BoWevil. I got a job lined up at the Barnsdall lease on Rosecrans Ave. in production. I got on as relief pumper -- got a lot of graveyard shifts and week-ends -- new hand gets the rough part. It was sort of interesting because I got to work some on all their properties -- under a lot of different foreman. Found how they work differently, had to learn how to operate a lot of equipment -- Pumps all kinds, compressions, hydrating equipment quite a few different oil treating processes. Some of the work was in L.A. City so had to get a city steam engineer's license which came in handy later on. I got sent up to their Elwood Lease near Santa Barbara as a relief man, up there they suggested that I come aboard as a steady pumper. The wells there were out on the

Ocean Pier. We got an apartment in Santa Barbara only worked there a couple of months and got transferred to Santa Maria. The guys on the Elwood Lease tried to tell me what an awful place the Can Canyon Lease was. It was twelve miles out of Santa Maria. We got a very nice apartment in Santa Maria -- both Mother and I fell in love with the place. Still think it is a awfully nice place. A small drilling boom got under way while I was there -- it was great. I scouted and watched the development, listened to the lease hounds -- the real estate sharpies -- Rig hands -- junk peddlers -- they even set up a small sized "Whiskey Row" a little ways out of town. Santa Maria is a real straight laced village. Until oil it was the vegetable market place of the west. Quite a few of the old wealthy farm families are from there. They have a sort of society of their own. Somewhat snooty. They don't like oil people. However, we ran into some very nice people. The people that owned the apartment were very nice. We kept in touch for years. A vegetable buyer and his wife had an apartment in the same complex -- an elderly Jewish couple from Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Frank. They were very nice to my mother and me. I was on duty a lot at night and they would look in on Mother before they went to bed. I took them around the oil fields quite a bit - they were extremely nice people, had been coming there for years, but other than following the vegetable buying business had not investigated the area. I took them aboard some drilling wells. Visited with some rig crews, they are usually not too happy to show off their stuff. The Franks were overwhelmed, got a whole different idea of roughnecks and the business in general. While up north Barnsdall had a company picnic at their lease in Cuyama Valley in a sort of central spot from the Bakersfield - Santa Maria - Elwood - Ventura operations. I went and there were even some fellows from the L.A. area there. I did not get there very early so they were lined up for the barbecue. One guy from Elwood said, "Bill Hooley is asking about you." He is over across the road at that company garage. I parked over near there. On the way in I saw another guy from Cat Canyon lease coming out. He was pretty well snookered but led me in to Hooley who was loaded. I told him I was Jim McCarey. He was holding court by this keg of beer. "This here is young Doc -- his old man is the best doctor there ever was. He fixed my right arm when it was broke and you guys know I got the toughest arm in this country. I'll show you fight -- wrestle or squeeze. So you're Jimmie. I knowed you was out here and I been looking fer you. Give my buddy some suds -- Paddy Greens sister told me -- yea, we been just missing each other." I mentioned that Fred O'Brien told

me he was with Barnsdall. "Sure, Fred O'Brien and Tim, I see them every once in a while -- and you are an oil worker. You didn't follow the old man but you went to college and finished and come into the oil field work. Freddy told me you was a rough hand too." I said, "I been getting by as a Boweevil for a while but am on a pumping job at Cat Canyon." "Dam boy I drilled most all them wells." You'll find Hooley footprints all over them hills." We never got over to the picnic tables to eat -- someone brought a plate of very nice steak and stuff over to the beer bar while a bunch of guys watched and listened to Hooley perform with some difficulty. They had these kegs of beer and some of Hooley's pals were spiking it into boiler makers with bourbon. I don't know how many Bill had but he was definitely showing signs of wear -- quite sloppy with both food and drink and thick of speech but he kept telling all what a great guy that Doc. McCarey was and that Boweevil is his boy. I got announced to one and all around the Barnsdall gang. That damned Boweevil label hung on for a long time. I surely met up with Hooley after a while Bill couldn't take it and some of his gang put him in a car and took him home. There was another guy from the lease I worked on that passed out and I helped load him in his car. His wife didn't drive but another fellow from our gang agreed to drive them home. His wife could drive their car but they had people to take home that lived in another direction so I followed the passed out pumper's car and brought the good Samaritan driver back to his home near Santa Maria. I had a big day at the company picnic. I don't really know what happened at the picnic. I only got in on the beer bust and packing out the unable. I hadn't had too much sleep and had to go to work at midnight. This must have been a auspicious occasion. Anyway, I met Hooley -- soaking wet.

I saw Bill under entirely different circumstances several times after this. Tim O'Brien's funeral -- at Mary Green's home. I was shipped back to the Rosecrans lease Bill came by several times, had a little confab about the Irish settlement -- Bradford oil field -- his old pals the Polly Boys. He was a very nice guy to talk to sober. Not the gentle giant -- got very likable most everybody spoke well of Hooley. But we met on an auspicious occasion. Bill Hooley is sort of the Paul Bunyan of the Barnsdall Oil Co. He and Paddy Green added some color to the oil country yarns, however much is fact, I only picked up a little and remember only a time bit of that. I did enjoy knowing and meeting Bill Hooley.

THE SAGA OF SIXTH STREET

When Mother and I came to California, we rented an apartment on Second Street. It was not really handy to anything -- the store, church even the bus. It was a block or so from Bixby Park and down the stairs to the ocean. Mother didn't drive, and had trouble with sore knees.

She was sort of isolated. We had some nice neighbors that were nice about asking if Mother would like to go to the store, etc. I was picking up oil well jobs at Huntington Beach, Seal Beach.

Mother said she would like to be where she could go to church on her own, and the grocery. We got in contact with a real estate office. The lady took us about -- down near St. Anthony's Church. There were a lot of upstairs places, we wanted ground floor. The lady said, "could you be interested in a house." We saw a few and then she took us to 3020 E. 6th, unfurnished, but our furniture was in storage in Bisett warehouse in Bradford. The house was owned by people that lived in Harbor City. We rent it -- and send for our furniture. It took a while, but we are residents of 3020 E. 6th St. I think it is 1936.

I am in a well pumping job for Barnsdall Oil Co. at Rosecrans and Main St. toward L.A. They have production in a very wide area -- they bought some production and drilled some wells, with a great variety of pumping equipment. We had a fine working crew. I liked the job.

As we became settled we get to know the neighbors next door at 3012 -- we meet Tom and Mada Grogan, they go to St. Matthews Church. We meet the pastor, Father James Lynch, he has just been given this assignment. The old church and school were so damaged in the 1933 earthquake, they had to be abandoned and Father Lynch got to build the new -- the parish still owed money on the old torn down church. My friend, Fred O'Brien said, "Buying a dead horse." It has been very nice -- so Mother cold

attend Mass and now it is convenient for me. The O'Briens live in St. Bartholomews Parish but they attend daily mass at St. Matthews, and they help a lot in raising the funds to keep up the payments on the debt.

We are enjoying a good friendly relationship in this area. The Grogans are nice about taking Mother shopping of bringing in groceries. This is a good neighborhood. We have a good gathering of friends. Nance and Mary Disney live in town -- not Mickey Mouse. Their dad worked in Bradford, a druggist next to the store Johnstons, where my Mother used to work. Mom knew them as babies they are young ladies. Stopped by quite often. Pat Sterne stops by often and his sister Lucy and Dr. Bill Empie, her husband, keeps good track of Mother's health. It is a fine life.

The lady who owned the house came by, asked if we would be interested in buying the place -- well, Mother and I had thought about it, but not much. My job now was OK, we did a bit of mulling, and got in touch with her. This lady's husband was very sick. She said she had to sell. We had another meeting. We own 3020 E. 6th St. -- \$2500. I tell Tom Grogan. This place was somewhat run down. The front yard pretty good. The back a sort of a jungle -- it was very overgrown with bamboo 15 foot tall thick. This monkey has chopped a lot of bamboo in his day. We gave up the apartment on Second St., got a furnished place on Seventh across from St. Matthews. We could walk back and forth to 3020 E. 6th. There was a lot of fixing up to do.

When our furniture came, the delivery man called my attention to the fact it had been out in the rain. The overstuffed chairs had been soaked, the dining room set was grey stained, there were a couple of trunks seemed to be OK -- any big damage. I accepted the damaged goods. I listed the damage and got off a letter to Dick Bisett, but I phoned him first. He apologized, was sorry to inconvenience us. He said they were insured against this, and gave me Beacon Co. name they did business with here. They were the people that had delivered the goods here. Through them we got estimates of repairs. This takes a week or so. It was quite a while getting the work done and delivered. While this was going on I asked the landlady if it would be OK to do some painting and paper hanging at our expense, she was pleased. We are in pretty good shape when we get the furniture, sort of a nice place. We feel settled.

Now the forty hour week is established. It has been 48. Oil production is every day of the year. This caused quite a scramble.

At Barnsdall where I worked most of the men were married with families. There are two single guys on our lease -- they have to have relief men. We are it. It becomes quite a hassle. Relief - pumper relief gauger - relief laborer - well puller - relief whatever. It was a big adjustment. It was a mess for quite a while. I got to be relief man all over, the Barnsdall leases.

TEXACO

1940 - I am a married man, with wife and 10 year old daughter. We are living with mother in our sixth street home. Back at work at Continental after my broken hand accident, and marriage. I find I am having a tough time pulling slips. I am pretty sure the rest of the crew know it too but this is an essential for a rig job. Continental is cutting down its redrilling jobs. I inquire about for rig and service work.

A new plant is being built in Wilmington. Great Lakes Carbon Co. I go by it when I check on our O.S. Well, which I do a couple times a week. I stop by and look see. They have a sign up for help. I go to their little field office. They want Stillmen mechanics, labormen, boiler fire men. When I worked for Barnscall, I fired boilers some and got a L.A. city fire^{me}arms license - Wilmington is in L.A. City. So my boiler fireman license was still good. I think I had to bring it up to date. I put in my name, phone number - filled out some papers. Next day I got a phone call, I hot foot over to Great Lakes Carbon Co. Meet a man, give him my pedigree. He gives me an order to have a physical exam. The next day I am hired and introduced to the boiler set up. Quite a modern oil fire set up, a lot of automatic equipment. Seemed like great operation to me. The fireman was responsible for the steam, but also he had to take samples of the raw coke, and also the finished coke, and they had some tests that he would run on each. It was sort of busy work not real heady stuff. They had three of us guys, in a training session for a couple of days. We really got a couple of weeks training, because they had start ups and shut downs - They got it in operation, and were making calcined coke to specifications. From the coke stills of Shell Oil Co - thru the coke calcining stills of Great Lakes Carbon Co. to Japanese Freighters - to make stuff that they would eventually fire back at us. Of course we didn't know this then. Wages were low, but it was a job. Going to and from, there were union organizers, giving you pamphlets, wanting you to stop and talk. It gets a little bothersome. The Great Lakes foreman told all of us. This union stuff is your decision. I am neutral. There was all kinds of discussion going on. We got our fuel oil by pipe line from the Texaco refinery, near by. Who ever was on daylight shift at the boilers, checked with the Texaco man, about the gauging of our

tanks, when we were receiving shipments of fuel oil. I was on daylight shift then the Texaco man came by for fuel oil delivery. It was Henry Mannex, a man I sort of knew because we both went to St. Matthews Church. His daughter and our Marilyn were in the same grade at Horace Mann School. Vivian had met his wife at the parent teachers meeting. We had a friendly little talk as we gauged the tank and filled out the papers. He had to come thru the line of union organizers at the gate. I mentioned I didn't want any part of this affair and considered it harrassment. Mannex said there is a whole new set up being established at Texaco. He said I just came thru the time office and they were saying that, they are hiring a new batch of people. If you would be interested, he gave me a man to see Mr. Brust.

We changed shifts at 3:00 P.M. - so on my way home I stopped at Texaco. The gate men showed me where I could park, directed me to Brust office. Mr. Brust said they were taking applications - gave me some forms to fill out. He asked how I knew about it. I told him of my conversation with Henry Mannex. I mentioned that we were sort of neighbors. He asked if I knew anybody else that works for Texaco? I said I think Bill Ryan works for Texaco. Brust said "You know Bill Ryan?" I said yes. Now at that time didn't know just what Bill Ryan did, but knew he was with Texaco. His mother in law and my mother were friends years ago in Bradford, Pa. Mrs. Ryan and brought her mother to our house a few times to see my mother. One time Bill came by, with their son who was partially paralyzed. We had a little conversation, so I could say I knew Bill Ryan. I found out from Brust that Bill Ryan was this plant's superintendent. That evening I called up Ryans, Bill answered the phone. I tried to explain that I had made application at his plant and had used his name in the operation. He said "Can you come over?" told me where to come. A company house near the plant. I went over, had a pleasant meeting. I told him of my experiences at the coke plant, as well as what ever work I had been in to. He said if you want to work for us I'll be glad to have you. We have quite an expansion program we are getting under way. If my endorsement will help I am glad to do it. It was a nice meeting. It has been pleasant and fruitful knowing Bill Ryan.

Very soon if not the next day I got notice from Texaco to come by for some papers. I am on afternoon shift so in the morning I go over to Texaco and get papers and have an interview with McCallister from the engineering office. I have some notion Ryan arranged this. Then I was fixed up with an order to take to Dr. Stanton's office not far from my home to get physical exam. I very soon get a notice to appear at Texaco 7:30 A.M. I call Texaco ask for Mr. Brust, tell him I have not given notice to the Coke Plant I was leaving. He was very nice about it. Give them the proper notice and time and call here when you will be ready to come in for work.

I went over to the Coke Plant saw the head man. Told him I had found a new job, wanted to give proper notice. He said he understood my situation that this union organizing was upsetting to everybody. We are not hurting for help, and if you want to call today your last day. I'll have your check ready for you when you go home today.

I stopped by Texaco, made arrangements with Brust to show up there day after tomorrow - took a day off. I don't know the day of the week but it was in November 1940.

Viv and I had been Mr. & Mrs. since February. I had only been at the Coke Plant three months. My mother has not been feeling well. Dr. Bill Empie has been trying to find something to help her. She has gall bladder trouble. She is in a lot of pain - no fat diet and she is real thin. Viv is trying to fix stuff she can eat without distress. It is quite a problem. Bill was telling Viv and me and Pat that Bill's mother Mrs. Empie has some of the same trouble, but she has high blood pressure, and that can bring on stroke.

It is strange to see Mother who has been so active and vigorous, weak and sort of frail. Now we get word from Olean that Viv's dad is having gall bladder trouble. He already had his gall bladder removed. It is a gall stone in the duct. He is having all kinds of tests done. It seems like a lot of things are happening all at once. Now I am going on a new job.

START AT TEXACO

First day at Texaco. I show up at Brusts office, he is not there but a young fellow takes my name - picks up some papers, has me follow him to another room a couple other young fellow are there. He begins to show us about a bit. Locker rooms, showers, toilets, and an area connected with tables and benches, to eat lunch. Not fancy but OK. We go back to the gate house. He explains the time clock. We each find out where our time cards will be. We each punch in and out on a sample card. Has us go into a small conference room, there are three other young guys there. There is another man there, gives us some briefing on Texaco policy, labor relations, insurance, no smoking except in certain designated areas and times. Quite a list of do's and don'ts. We were also given a printed paper of company rules and benefits. Gave some idea on work classifications. Has us take a little walk around the warehouse, machine shop area, tool sheds, laboratory area, out on a bluff where we looked over the plant operating area. He sort of generally pointed out the various units. We could see a lot of activity going on down there. We are taken to the tool room. Provided with safety hats - a scraping tool. We are shown how to apply for safety shoes and gloves, they are very reasonable. I have been wearing them for quite a while. This is a nice arrangement. It is getting near noon - we go back to the locker room area. The little lunch wagon is there and in operation. I have my lunch pail so go in lunch table area connected to the locker room. I am looking about and Henry Mannex comes along - has me come over to a table, and meet some of his crew or friends. We have a friendly lunch meeting. Very pleasant group. The whistle blows and the place clears out. Our leader assembles us and we go to a safety meeting. There are quite a few at this. I don't know if they are all new hands or not. I have been in on something like this on the other jobs I have had. Forest Oil, Barnsdal, Continental - clear back to the summer job at Skelley Oil in Kansas. There were some slides and a couple of men gave demonstrations of how to lift. How to carry an injured person. After this meeting our leader takes the new men on quite a walk about the plant. Gave out some information of what each unit was supposed to do and make. Went up and into the tank farm this seemed quite a big set up. I had had that summer job as a trainee for Skelley Oil in their little gasoline plant. This was hundreds of

times bigger and more complicated than that. This is to me a big time operation I am impressed to the point of being awed. We are taken back to Brust's office. He is there. We have to fill out a couple more papers, insurance and something else. We meet the labor foreman. "Zeke" that is the only name I know to call him - Don't know if that is his real name, but he is "Zeke" to everybody in this plant. I found him to be a nice man. He was able to get along with most everybody - he was a effective foreman - he got things done. I got along with him real well, both as one of his crew and when I was foreman - trying to get "Zeke" to slip in a hurry up, labor job for the gas lab. I still don't know his last name. He is "Zeke."

The second morning at Texaco. I punch the clock. Join the group assembling by the tool room. I see "Zeke." He welcomes with a "Howdy" and hand shake. Meet some more of the new men, also the fellows I was with yesterday. I am a stranger to them all, not a fammiliar face in the group.

Different sub foreman came along and assemble their crews, and move on to their jobs, so in a few minutes time it is down to just a few of the new hires. "Zeke" having started most of the usual labor gangs brings over some gang bosses to select the crews they need. This leaves just a couple of us new men, he takes us over to the garage area, there are two or three trucks. I meet and am assigned to "Noah Lookadoo" who drives a flat bed truck. He is sort of middle ages guy sort of big, with a genuine "Oke-or Arke drawl." We exchange names with "Noah" saying, "Glad to know you "Bub." We board the truck and drive over to a storage area, where we pick up some side boards for the truck bed. With these all staked in place. Noah did as "You bran new?" "Have you done any of this kind of work before?" I tell him that I have been working in the oil fields. Noah informed me "We'll get along OK." So we pull around the garage to some drums full of trash which we empty aboard the truck, then to the warehouse, pick up there goodies and on around the plant picking up the valuable throw away from each place. When we have a fair sized load, Noah drives around the tank farm, quite a ways to a dump area - this is separated dump stuff. We pull over to a pile of metal pipe and stuff. We separate out of our load what metal we can. We pull over to a pile of wood stuff. Separate any of this kind of stuff we have aboard. The rest we pull over to a trash pile and we unload the rest. During this operation Noah explained that, there are junk men that

come and buy some of the metal stuff. The lumber stuff is sometimes used for cement forms, etc., about the plant, that sometimes they have men separate the useable stuff. That the other trash will be just covered over. This is the end of the cycle, I am on the bottom rung. The dump. You have heard about being "Down in the dumps." I am down in the dumps with Noah. I find his pet phrase is "Bub." I been "Bub" several times already. I have been jumping right in working as fast as I know how. Now that we are unloaded Noah pulls over to a sort of shaded spot. Walks around the truck, sits down on the running board. I join him. He says "Bub" it ain't no use killing ourselves. We'll give 'em a good day but can't ruin it for everybody. We'll just sit here with the truck a spell. Noah tells me he is from Missouri. I was not sure if he was Okey - or "Arkie" - He sure has that down home twang. He came to Texaco with the old company, Cal Tex. He ws teaming then got to truck driving. Where are you from "Bub?" I told him Pennsylvania, worked in oil fields, that I had worked some on my Dad's folks farm. Drove team some. Noah spoke up "Hey you're "Dobbing" that's it. You're a "Dobbin" Yep - I was "Dobbin" to Noah from then on. I don't know if he ever got my right name, but I have been "Dobbin" to Noah ever since. It used to tickle the guys in later years. When Noah had something to deliver for us - He came in with I got something here for "Dobbin." The guys used to kid me about being "Dobbin." Don't think I was emersed. I always got "Dobbin" from Noah. I was not a helper for Noah very many times, but still "Dobbin."

At this time there was a lot of pipeline jobs about the place. At the new units under construction. The contractors had their own crews, but around the tank farm area - company crews were digging up and changing pipe lines, and big stuff to me. Ten and sixteen inch lines. At that time dug by hand - not mechanical diggers, but the kind that sweat. I got a pretty good introduction to this work right away. Bill Consolving was the foreman of this gang. Big husky guy - very pleasant - likable fellow. Had quite a bit of experience - with pick and shovel - chain tongs and a lot of "Heave Hoo" - it was rugged, but I found out I could handle it OK. The oil business is from the ground up - and I handled a lot ground. Could almost taste it. I am doing OK.

One thing I find out as a new man here there haven't been any of the new guys, like we had in the oil field jobs. The left handed monkey wrench or the barrel of steam. Either because I am older or that this stuff isn't funny any more. It really never was. No foolishness seems the order of the day. Always some joke tellers. I never got into that. In all I have met a pretty decent group of people.

There is a whole lot of activity - the new facilities under construction and pipe lines to and from the now existing operations. There are a lot of people about. They are building a Fractionating plant, an alkalization plant and a catalytic refining unit. Two different contractors. They have their own crews - gate house - time office, etc. It is sort of fenced off but there is passage to and from - However, we are separated.

The jobs I get on are mostly bringing lines from the existing units to tie into the new plant.

There are plant engineers and surveyors laying out work, and there are contractors surveyors, doing some of the same kind of jobs. There are all kinds of stakes and chalk lines about. This is a very busy place. Every day I am more amazed at the complex operations. It seems wierd sometimes. They have us dig up a place in a little bit - no fill it it. They have us dig up another place. There is a lot of earth movement. We get paid for doing it. I am getting to know quite a few people and my way about the plant. I met Selden Herron from Olean, he is an operator on one of the units. His Dad was Frank Herron, in charge of the Producers Gas Co. and Slim's sister Lois was a friend of my sister Jean. I am invited to bring my lunch pail and have a cup of coffee at his unit's lunch spot. I am only in that area a few times, but it was nice. I have some contact with Henry Mannex, and the crew at their pump station, and join for lunch at the locker room benches. I haven't tried any of the card games, checker games - or the crap games - that seem to be a noon time pastime.

SCOTTIE

I had been working in LA Works about a year - as laborer - digging ditches, laying pipe, to hooking up pressure instruments, for the meter dept. Alan Cronkite was just made foreman, said he was going to get me in his group. I got a call to go up to the lab.

I had an interview with Mark Kendall the chief chemist, said I was being selected for training. I filled out some papers for Wendell Peterson his clerk. I knew "Pete" because he did some "time keeping" down in the plant. I was then sent over to Erick "Scottie" Whites office - Office with a little O. This lab was a reconverted house and garage with a tin shanty and garage. It could have been a converted wash room. There was a small window for ventilation and a window over his desk so he could see out into the lab. It was a tiny cubby hold. Scottie gave me a little briefing on what the duty was. I would be on day shift until training completed then assigned a place in the rotating shift schedule. He then took me out and showed me another tin shanty - the bottle wash room - Joe Grandman and Joe Pearson were operating this sloppy mess. Scottie introduced me and Grandman welcomed me to "Alcatraz" - (At that time - that was a home away from home for "Al Capone").

I was sort of turned over to Joe Grandman to be trained as sample grabber bottle washer, clean up, pick up any and all messy jobs about the area.

Everybody does things a bit differently - I had gauged, pumped, sampled wells and tanks quite a bit, before coming to Texaco. They have their way. Joe Grandman was a tough stickler for his way. A genuine routine man. I held the gauge tape his way - I ran the sample his way - I filled the sample bottle his way, washed up the equipment his way - wrote the sample tags his way. We went into the pump house a bit of a rest period went up by the store house, had a rest room stop, then a few minutes rest and contemplation - Joe explained "This is a quick sample job - OK we can't kill it. If we do it in 15 minutes

they will want it 10 - must follow routine." When we get back to the lab - its out to the bottle wash room. I am introduced to black oil bottles. There is a pit they dumped out in (I learn later how that pit gets cleaned out). They have wooden racks that hold 24 bottles. Push thru hot water steam okite baths and flush with hot water - one trip usually cleans out gasoline and kerosene bottles but black oil bottles take a little personal attention even some violence.

This is the bottom rung in the lab ladder. There is a lot of climbing when you are on this bottom rung. I was husky and eager so did a lot of climbing. Grandman knew the ropes. Scottie kept the griddle hot. Also Kirk Thomas of the experimental lab found a few things for me to do - roll around some drums - get a little acquainted with his operation go to some of the various units and get some five gal samples, and 50 gal drums. Harry Gilbert at the gas lab - also showed me how to pick up gas samples in bombs - with always the cry from the lab "Clean Bottles." The life of a sample grabber - bottle washer - bottom step gets threaded on. There is nothing clean about it - no way to keep from being sloppy - everything you touch is gooey, stinks - they have rubber aprons and rubber gloves - This is just dirty work - stiffling lee foul smelling. The way into the lab is thru the eye of a filthy needle, the bottle wash job. While doing this bit about bottle washing the black oil bottles were whipping the pants off me. I was running them thru three or four times trying to get them clean with a brush by hand and always getting rejects sent back from the lab and steady cry for "Clean Bottles" - I was out there in this steam bath - sweat pouring off - falling behind. Joe Pearson came out - wanted bottles - saw what I was doing to the black oil bottles. He took me to the shed back of the store house. This was full of lab supplies - piles of cartons of new bottles. He got a two wheel cart and we brought over about six cartons of new bottles. We now had a lot of clean bottles. Joe took one of the black oil bottles to the trash bin and cleaned it with one blow of a hammer. I learned how to clean black oil Joe Pearson method. Stopped that howling for "Clean Bottles" - had racks of nice clean bottles - ready to go on tap. Grandman used to call me his protegee - but I cleaned bottles Pearson method. Had to dump a lot of trash cans. Right at this time as I was breaking into the lab. There were four Jims - Jim Nagle was a chemist, Jim Westling was a tester, Jim Cole also tester and me. It was Scottie's way when he needed a man to stick his neck out of the cubby hole and holler Jim in his high

pitched Scottish accent - We were all eager devils and when he would give out with his "Hey Jim!" - that brought a swarm of Jims on that little cubby hole, also pretty much brought everything else to a halt. Three or four sessions like this and Scottie got us all together. "Lets get you guys straightened out, about who is being called. Jimmy Nagle has seniority he stays Jim - Westling is going to be Westling - Jim Cole is "Coley" I am "Mack." Sometimes we got the batting order fouled up but this took care of the problem pretty well. I was "Mack at Texaco" from this time on.

In this old lab there was a big cooling cabinet - with pipe coils that use ammonia from a compressor unit in a big box outside at the rear of the lab. Ray Boothe one of the testers, smelled ammonia and started looking around to see wherefrom. Around the box it was quite strong - He flipped up the top saw it leaking from a valve stem. He got a wrench and tightened up on it but in shutting it off he got a big whiff of ammonia and keeled over. Someone called "Help" I ran out of the bottle wash room, several fellows were already there, they had Boothe hauled away from the compressor box. Some one had called First Aid - Boothe was just coming around sitting there on the lawn - Doc Brust the first aid man came running up. Pulled out one of those little ammonia break things - cracked it under Boothies nose and out he goes like a light. So help me - It ain't Laurel and Hardy.

I came to Texaco in 1940 - Two or three years before this had been a California Petroleum operation. A local company Texaco had just started set up its own kind of management - there was some friction between the old Cal Pet boys and the new fellers from Texas and New York. A lot of this was at the LA office and in the production Dept. up in San Joaquin Valley and Signal Hill. Scuttle butt is my only information.

Finn O'Connor pretty much ran the refining Dept. his way. He and Bill Ryan came to CalPet. from Standard Oil Co. O'Connor made Ryan plant Mgr. LA Works - Joe Scanlan plant Mgr. Fillmore refinery. When Texas Co took over O'Connors hand was at the throttle, and he made it known up the line and down the line. He had a lot of people scared of him - he was smart and aggressive. He could be scared too.

I met O'Connor soon after I broke into the lab. I was held over to pick up some samples later in the evening. Park Hagen was the second shift head tester. He told me to stand by - there was trouble with the blending equipment - he would give me the word when to sample. He also said ... "Hey do you want to go get some lunch?" Almost in the same breath he said "Do you like oysters?" "Yea - I just love oyster stew" Park says. "That is just what I am talking about. I got a can of oysters and have condensed milk and I make a respectable oyster stew I have plenty and you are invited." I thanked him and told him it was my favorite of favorites. We both went jumping around - hollering "The world is my oyster and it is in a stew" - It must be from something or other. Park explained that he was on a sort of milk diet. Park told me he would call me when supper was ready. I went out and started up the bottle wash machine, kept an ear cocked for the supper call. Kept the equipment so I could make a quick shut down after a while - "Hey Mack" - "Yea the stew is ready but they want you down in the tank farm for gasoline samples - I'll go ahead and eat but I keep your oyster stew warm." I tear off down into the plant with my sample gear. I stop at the pump house - they say wait - something isn't right - wait here. I call the lab tell Park - He said "Mack your credit is good and your stew is warm and I don't go home until midnight" after quite a delay - we took samples - top middle and bottom. I get my load, make out my tickets and off to the lab. I come racing in the chem lab door - yelling at the top of my lungs "The world is my oyster - I'll moister any one said it ain't so." Hagen was bent over by the supply cabinet. I roared out "Damit didn't you hear me declare myself." When they guy stood up and turned around it wasn't Hagen - I scared him and it sort of scared me. He said in a real quiet voice - "I am only looking for some soda." By then Hagen came in. "Mr O'Connor - Oh sure I got soda. I met O'Connor - and he never forgot. Many years after that he was in the engine lab telling Joe Scanlan about me scaring the hell out of him.

Before coming to Texaco I had worked a little while for Great Lakes carbon in their coke plant - Fired boilers and stills and ran some tests on their fuel oil samples, petroleum coke, and when I worked for Barnsdall they had several leases and wells with different gravity oil and it was the gaugers job to blend each tank to the best gravity - each two tenths API gravity was a price change. We did a lot of pumping around to get the finished tank to the highest gravity we could. My little experience in that little Petroleum

course (Penn State) I was in Bradford helped. Every other week our class was down at the Kendall oil lab. Steve Wolbert was the teacher and Kendall refinings chief engineer. He was also one of the chief officers of our little twylite ball club. We played on the Kendall ball diamond.

One time Steve took a couple of us thru the Kendall lab - showed us his "Fundamental Analysis Equipment" - I sort of recall he mentioned some crazy words like methane - ethane- butane - and hydrocarbon series. I had no idea what they were only terms connected with fundamental analysis. Back to Texaco - Laytons Smith had a fire in his lab - it didn't destroy a whole lot, but it was a lousy mess to clean up - Smitty gathered quite a swarm of help - and were we filthy - When we got the worst of it washed down a bit - we took a breather - sat out on the gravel. Smittie sort of to himself also the rest of us were trying to explain what went wrong. He was trying to brake down a sample of crude so that he could get a sample of the light ends for Harry Gilbert to run a fundamental analysis on it. Out of the blue I said "That is that methane ethane stuff huh?" The next day Scottie told me Mr. Kendall wants to see you. I went in to his office, Pete was coming out - told me Kendall was tied up for a while, he would send out for me. I go out to Thomas and he gives me a job to do. I had only seen Kendall one time and that only a few minutes. I didn't know anything about him. quite a bit later Pete called for me to come to Kendall's office. I wondered what I was here for he had me sit down and gave me a travel talk about his lectures before scientific groups, that he had assembled a fine staff, he ran a tight ship - but there are great advantages to being here. Wonderful things were in progress. All I had to do was sit and listen - I couldn't make too much out of it. After quite a session Harry Gilbert came in - Kendall introduced me to Gilbert - I knew him already but we were introduced. After quite a bit more talk. Kendall said "Harry, if it is agreeable to you I will assign "Mack" to your operations, if it is agreeable to him." "What do you say." I said "Sounds fine." I start at the gas lab. As we went over to Gilberts tin shanty lab. Harry said, "He sure had a bite of the dog that bit him." That is the first I ever got any notion of Kendall's problem. Any way I am at the gas lab - nothing could have been nicer. I had a nice almost thirty years there - a good life.

ALASKA

When Vivian and I were thinking about taking a trip to Alaska the idea came up -- supposed we could get some information about the new oil development up there? In one of the folders we picked up there was a tour of Prudhoe Bay. I asked the Auto Club about it, and they found out it could be attached to our tour -- a one day trip from Fairbanks. It is roughly five hundred miles. The flight I had was by way of Point Barrow. We left Fairbanks about 8:00 AM arrive at Barrow 10:30 they empty the passengers and for about half an hour. We sat around the little air strip station. I snapped a few pictures. Point Barrow from the airport looks like two streets of cracker box type shacks--some trailers and a few Quonset huts. The airport is on the Arctic Ocean and what I could see of the two -- it pretty much faces the airport. It seemed to me to be a dismally bleak place. There was a lady from our tour from Texas who wanted to see Prudhoe Bay so I had a companion. Her husband had been involved in some of the early wildcat wells in Texas and she had lived in some of the boom towns, so was curious about the conditions up here.

We were chatting there in this dinky little airport shack. I was sitting next to a Coke machine. There was either Indian or Eskimo, put a quarter in the machine and no Coke came out. He began cursing and beating on the machine, I was getting some of the back lash. A man came out of the office, told him it was out of Coke -- gave him his quarter back. He had more than Coke to drink. He was pretty sloppy. He pushed in by me began to tell me his troubles, "Everybody is a lousy son of a B---. It ain't no good here. Going to get to hell out. Old Lady throw me out -- I got four kids -- she can't do that can she? She can go to hell -- I am going to go to Hawaii -- she don't know nothing -- she ain't going to go -- I go -- That's what I do -- I go to Hawaii -- I got 900 dollars and I am going to spend it any damn way I want." He looked me over and said --- "You no good either -- You don't like me." So he went and told his story to other people in the place. Pretty soon we were put through metal detectors and put back on the plane. I don't know why the one and off bit. I shot a few pictures out of the plane window. Point Barrow looks

forlorn in them. It was about an hour to Prudhoe Bay. The air strip is at Dead Horse about five miles from the oil operations.

We were met by a tour guide. There were about eight in the group. This young man had us come out and sit in his bus like a school bus. He took our papers, also arranged for our return flight explained a little of what the tour included and that lunch was \$10.00 extra. The only alternative was to get a soft drink and candy bars from the machine at the airport. We all went for the lunch but one man. He stayed in the bus. It was 11:30 so the guide gave us a pre-tour-tour as lunch would not be ready until 12:30.

This is sea horse. This guy explained that he was told it was half way between the North Pole and Anchorage. It is up there -- as far as you can go -- it's Arctic Ocean from here on. The harbor is open only six weeks in the year, middle of July to Sept. The big boats have to stay out around thirty miles as it is quite shallow, around ten feet. There is a sort of floating dock and barges come and go with equipment, they also have big helicopters that land a lot of stuff. This was a very busy place. ARCO has its own airport and the commercial planes land at Dead Horse. We were told that before this summer there were five planes a week and now there are five planes a day. Most everything has to come in by air. The men are rotated in and out on a three week basis. Most live in the Fairbanks area -- that place is growing to beat the band.

The lunch was a real feast. I had some kind of roast veal, with an Italian sauce, help yourself style, au gratin potatoes -- there were several kinds -- a lot of different vegetables, three or four different salads, fresh homemade rolls and homemade bread -- real good -- all kinds of fresh fruit -- five or six different kinds of pie -- coffee urns -- tea bags and hot water a couple kinds of soft drinks -- as much as you want -- help yourself as often as you like. The price is high, the food is excellent and they encourage you to enjoy it. There is provision for thirty visitors a day at \$65 per day, \$35 for bed, \$10 for each meal. This complex is made up of trailers, they now have room for 224 and are expanding to take care of five hundred. Some of the contractor's men will live here -- there is a gym recreation area -- movies -- austere but not

uncomfortable. To provide this kind of living in this environment it is amazing. The British Pet. Complex is newer -- designed by M.I.T. with office, living, dining, medical and recreational facilities -- a forty foot swimming pool and a six man sauna. The center building has a glassed in area 200 ft. by 50 ft. for outdoor type recreation -- landscaped with trees, flowers and vegetation to relieve any claustrophobic feeling. In all 95000 sq. ft. It cost 21 million dollars. It was built in Seattle shipped up here by boat, floated in on barges in sections weighing over 1000 tons. It was moved onto its base by big land tractors like they use for missile launches. It was then fastened together on location. In conjunction with this building is a large power plant. It now turns out 34000 KW and is expanding to 84000 KW. A water plant, the main source is the river about a mile away and they have a lake for emergency next to the plant. They showed us some poles tipped over -- they have overcome the problem. When the thaw came the poles flopped -- now they drill down into perma frost about 30 ft. put the poles in a slurry that doesn't melt and on the surface an 8 ft. x 8 ft. x 5 ft. box of gravel so the new poles are straight up. Everything is complicated. All equipment has to be brought in a shop to get worked on or heat equipment has to be brought out to the job. Fingers would freeze.

This area of development is a 200 sq. mile block between the Kuparuk River on the west -- the Sagavanirktok River on the east. On the north is the Arctic Ocean and the Brooks Mountain Range is 60 miles south. All the land is a flat tundra, right now covered with lakes and swamps, it is an Arctic desert land, very low precipitation, the lakes can only evaporate -- permafrost stops the water from going down only until it freezes. This tundra is sort of like peat moss, there is stringy grass that grows in it and quite a few flowers in spots. We were told that in this area are 200 different flowers and grasses and 170 different type birds. A whole lot of animals -- an Arctic fox that is white in winter and gray in summer. It was not really cold the day I was there, in the fifties. It was quite windy -- my warm jacket felt good. I had to take most of my pictures out of the bus window and they were not clean. It is all gravel roads and hundreds of gravel trucks whizzing by every few minutes they couldn't be clean. The gravel hauling never stops, they change drivers while they are loading. There is no night so they just haul on. There is a sort of twilight from about midnight until three in the morning. In Fairbanks I took pictures -- no flash -- at

11:00 PM. Of course in the winter they don't have much daylight and it gets down to 60 below zero. They have winds and they rate the chill factor equal to 115 below zero. The guide said they operate quite routinely at 30 below. It is tough at 60 below. Right now they have completed 70 miles of service roads, they are with a minimum of five feet of gravel and four lane width. The gravel pads for the drilling are a couple hundred feet wide about a quarter of a mile long they can drill six or eight wells from each pad. Each well to tap one square mile of reservoir. They skid the rig from one well site to another on each pad. When they leave one pad it has to be jack knifed. It takes around thirty days to complete a well. They are equipped with dual safety valves, one on the surface and one below the permafrost. Floor lines are encased in insulation, will connect with the gathering centers, the gas will be separated for reinjection in the well to maintain flow pressure at least until a gas line is built. Down at the river there are big dredges and clam shells processing the gravel. Alaska General is the road contractor, Bechtel has an operation also -- one of their processes is use of Rolligons a big soft rubber tired tractor that can run over the tundra with a minimum of damage. Fluor Corp. is in on the pipe job. There are great piles of 4 ft. pipe here and at Fairbanks and Anchorage and Valdez. Roads have to be done first. There are over 80 wells now completed, they produce from 6000 to 9000 ft. deep, they have been tested to come in at 27000 bbl a day. The permafrost has been a sticky problem. They are still drilling some experimental holes into it and through it. To get a drilling mud that won't clog; also different kind of pipe lining for insulation. This is surely and immense project -- something like the space project. Here in the winter they only have about a foot or so of snow but after it comes it never melts. The same snow from September is there in May. A truck driver I met told me, "It don't snow deep except in the middle of the road." There is always wind and get quite a build up on the gravel. In the summer a lot of these lakes seep down into the perma frost, it freezes and expands and over many years makes a mound they are known as 'Pingoes' some are 50-75 ft. high and half a mile long quite wide, quite a lot are 3-4 ft. high -- makes a rough terrain.

Oil seepage has been known to the Eskimos for years. In 1920 the Navy made an extensive study of this area so that by 1921 the U.S. government had the title established to mineral rights. In the fifties some lease permits were granted, and from 1957 to 1963 Sinclair and British Pet. had sunk six dry holes.

Then in 1968 ARCO hit their new discovery well, now they are in this series of production zones they call the Triassic Reservoir from 6000 to 9000 ft. They have quite well determined this producing zone but think it may only be the beginning. The Navy has vast acreage set aside here and many other combines have bids to open up operations here. It is a tough spot to work but if there is enough oil someone will go for it. So far they have spent 2 billion and by the time they pump oil to Valdez terminal expect it to be 4 billion. They plan to start laying pipe in 1975 and be shipping oil in 1977 over 700 miles of 4 ft. line. It will take millions of barrels to fill the pipeline. It has to be boosted over 4000 ft. this alone is a gigantic undertaking. Pump stations, power plants, camps for the crews -- they have big headaches ahead. The big thing this summer is roads and there are streams of gravel trucks, they only stop to load, almost switch drivers on the fly. I talked to a driver, he said, "It figures to about \$50 per hour. They work 80 hours a week, 12 hour days and three weeks at a stretch. "He figured he would take home \$3500 every three weeks." One of the people asked our guide about clerical workers," he said. Double whatever they would get in Anchorage plus keep. The well crews are special men and they get the most. Alaskans are hired first -- highly qualified is what is wanted -- and you have to be a little big crazy. There is no doctor but there are two medics, anything more than they can take care of is flown to Fairbanks. He mentioned that they are pretty healthy men and at these rates of pay no one wants to be off the payroll. There is no hunting -- no firearms -- no liquor.

It is estimated that they can produce 90 billion barrels, and probably 150 wells will be needed. There will be trillions of cu. ft. of gas. Well head pressure is 1400 pounds -- no pumps -- they will flow. They have two gas extraction plants now and are building two more. ARCO has a small refinery in operation just to make enough diesel for their needs. The balance is pressured back into the wells -- same with the gas. They have a series of tests with gas and oil lines -- on the gravel -- in the gravel -- in plastic foam and gravel. Some they drive over and some not to see what effect on the tundra and perma frost. They have all kinds of instruments recording -- vibration and temperature changes. The Agriculture Dept. has a lot of staked out plots checking out different kinds of grasses and plants. There is a study of the animals and birds even the mosquitoes. There's a lot of caribou all over the place -- food is good in the summer.

That crazy story about the caribou not being able to get over the pipeline -- is just that. The guide told us, "They are very dumb animals, but they can do anything they want to do but you can't teach them to do anything -- they are stupid -- they can climb mountains 10,000 ft. high -- but you can't make them cross a ditch 2 ft. wide." Eskimos eat the meat but nobody else would -- a rubber tire is much tastier and not as tough. The Eskimo is allowed to kill two a year -- he said, "who counts -- most of them can't or won't -- they are on a par with the caribou. They will hunt but won't work at anything else."

There was some sloppy and wasteful operations at first but they are considering the ecology now. They are trying to handle waste material in a careful manner. While this is government leased land the operation is done with private capital. It is not really out of this world -- but almost.

BON VOYAGE

September 8th, 1970 -- Marilyn took us to the bus stop on Ocean Ave. Norma and Paul with Kimmie and Jimmie came down to see us off. It's a beautiful day to take off from Long Beach. Arrive at International Airport before 11:00 AM. Have a little more than an hour before scheduled take off time. I have been feeling for the tickets, etc. Quite a few times but no problems. A porter helped to land us and baggage at the right weigh in spot. We were directed to the satellite lounge, for our flight. After a while a Pan-Am plane came in and a lot of people got off. We found out the flight had started in San Francisco. (This was the day after the big hijacking to the Arab countries.) This plane was emptied of baggage and searched. The people from San Francisco were then allowed to board but everyone had to go past a metal detector. Then we were allowed to come aboard. I had our cameras in our flight bags, I had to open them up. The inspector was very nice about it, said they were sorry to cause any trouble. I told him we were glad to do anything to help make a safe journey.

We had nice seats on this 747. I sat by the window. Viv didn't want to. Very smooth take off. I snapped a few pictures as we circled over Catalina and up and over the Coast Range over Bakersfield-Salt Lake. We were served dinner by the time we were over the Teton's. Living it up -- I had a Manhattan, Viv had champagne. Much of the time could only see clouds. Then they had a good movie, Jack Lemmon in the "Out of Towners." We had seen it before but it was still funny. We dozed a bit. I tried out the plumbing. It came up dawn. I think it must have been Greenland below -- very rugged terrain. Then we approached England and clouds. Had to go down through them to land as the captain announced -- a typical London morning -- a mild drizzle. We checked through customs, they looked at our passports -- no big thing -- on out to the baggage ramp, and were met by the Gateway Tours man. He walked us to a bus for Hotel Waldorf. We are continental travelers.

Our travel agent here in Long Beach cautioned, "When you get to London go right up to your room and take a good rest." Now there were two pooped travelers that believed this a wonderful idea. We were at the hotel around 10:00 AM. Rooms not available until after 1:00 PM. We milled about the lobby, met some people going on our tour. They were in the same fix. We got a little lunch, tried to walk about the street a little, it was sort of sloppy. By 2:00 PM, we had met our guide, Marion Martin, and had our rooms. We flopped into bed until 4:00 PM. It helped. The tour group meeting was at 5:00 PM. A drink was served, got up and introduced yourself where from and why. The director gave a list of the activities for the next day. A line up of what was paid and what we were to take care of on our own. Pay for your drinks -- even water -- In London and Paris bought our own food, except breakfast (Continental). There were only a few people on the tour that knew each other before. A group of six from Beaumont, Texas, there were six or eight from California but mostly Bay Area. It seemed like a nice group and we came to find out that was right.

Turned some of our travelers checks into pounds, shillings, and pence. I still don't really know what we paid for stuff. They gave us a booklet to work from, I am too slow and too dumb to make change. I held out some money and asked, "Can you get it out of that?"

We had our dinner at the Waldorf -- it is an old hotel, being sort of overhauled. Expect this was a very fancy place at one time. Very nice linen service. The waiters are in frock coats and hard boiled shirts. Had a nice meal. Their tea is OK. It cleared up outdoors so Viv and I took a little stroll about the area. We noticed that walking in London wasn't different than any place else. Window prices were in their money but clothes -- food, etc., seemed same as home. Traffic is on the other side of the street, but when it is all that way it doesn't seem to make very much difference. After our walk felt like a bit of dessert, had a dish of ice cream in a sort of dining area. A lady was playing the piano -- very nice -- the sort of semi-classical stuff. Viv being the good kid she is went over and thanked the lady. Our first day on the continent had a nice end. Before retiring we speculated on how to use the Bidet.

Thursday up and breakfast at the Waldorf (don't that sound like Sherlock Holmes). Assembled with the group to have our city tour of London. Marion hired an Englishman to show us around. He was using the English language but you had to listen real carefully to catch what he said. He was very good, however. We went along and over the Thames to view the Parliament buildings to Buckingham Palace to see the changing of the guard. Had lunch at a little cafe, with an English lady not with our group who had just come back from a trip to Russia. We then saw Westminster Abbey - St. Paul's - Tower of London, where we viewed the crown jewels. If you wanted to be alone or lose your head, this was the place. Got a few pictures of the beef eaters. This tour wound up at Old Curiosity Shop -- it is surprising how gift shops appear.

Viv heard the ladies in the lobby tell of a place they had dinner up the street. The Strand -- it was real good. Viv had scampies (shrimp) never so good before or since. A couple next to us had crepe suzettes, it was interesting to watch this waiter fix them. He was somewhat of a ham but put on a good show. We are tired-on full tummies -- back to hotel and bed -- still wonder about that bidet.

It's Friday and after breakfast at the Waldorf we are bussing to the Shakespeare country. Out of London through the industrial part -- guide had little interesting tales -- the round-a-bouts, Charring Cross (was shering cross) -- High Witcome - Italian village make furniture. All the old inns had their sign. Showed the one woman's head chopped off -- Silent Woman Inn. Drove through Oxford. Beautiful old and new buildings. Saw the Spires -- over the bridges into the town -- pretty good sized place. Four female colleges and twenty males colleges.

Near Avon passed field that was supposed to have been the Forest of Arden in "As You Like It." Passed by Blenheim Castle, got a glimpse from the highway (Churchill's old family home). Viv is reading Jennie and is thrilled to get a glimpse of this countryside, old buildings, and stone fences, beginning to see a few thatched roofs. The guide says they are fine roof, expensive, each thatcher makes a patch on roof that is his trade mark. Not too many thatchers in the business anymore. It was nice day to drive through

this English countryside, nice horses, cattle and well kept farms and homes. Pretty well to do people live here. We come up over a little hill and down across the stream is Stratford upon Avon. See the theater from the bridge as we drive to a little inn for lunch (next door to Anne Hathaway's cottage). It was a very cute old English place -- roast beef and Yorkshire pudding -- very good all included in the tour. Guess what? They had a gift shop, not included. Walked through the Hathaway cottage. Shakespeare's old family home, the buildings are kept in the old tradition, but well maintained. There is a charge but the guide had tickets for us. We went into the town of Stratford a little while took a few pictures. Very nice place then on to Warwick Castle. Been a nice day but it started to sprinkle a little. Warwick is an old castle still lived in but kept up by tourists fees. Lord Leichester is the present occupant. There is a guide that takes 40-50 at a time. Our first time to see a real castle (other than at Hearsts). It was quite a sight, old and worn but kept in repair, great high ceilings, beams, big paintings, fancy frames of all the old guys and some of the gals and there was a lot of sculptures and vases, plates, pots, coats of arms, spears, swords, a whole room full of old guns. The lawns and gardens are beautiful. Took quite a few pictures but it was not a day for pictures, it had clouded up and sprinkled some.

On our way back to London went past the Lee Farm where Robert E. Lee's ancestors lived. Some of this highway was built on the old Roman Road. Near Warwick was church built by Sir Christopher Wren Warwickshire.

Coming back to London, passed Graydon Air Field it is a U.S. Base maintained ever since World War II. Nothing sloppy or cheap about the places we have. Officers quarters and office buildings look pretty plush. Near London traffic time but mostly the other way, however, had to take a "Temporary Diversion" -- that is a detour -- got into a few waits here. It was dark when got back to hotel. Took a little walk then to bed. Viv wrote letters. I just wondered about Bidet.

Saturday morning breakfast at hotel -- took cab downtown -- it was raining. Viv wanted to shop for things for her bracelet. It was sloppy but were able to duck in and out of stores. They are just like our

stores. Salespeople sort of slow. We get cab from center of street back to hotel to join up to go to Dover. Guess we had lunch at the hotel.

At one o'clock were on bus to Dover. Bus had to leave main highway several times to try to get fuel. There was a refinery workers strike on, so he had to try for fuel where ever he could -- as we got a ways away from the city he got filled up. Very nice country through Kent and Canterbury. Saw some old Roman ruins along the way and at Canterbury quite a bit of the old Roman wall is still standing. Passed near the old Cathedral and could see the fortress on the hill overlooking the port of Dover. We went aboard the boat for Ostend, Belgium a little after 3:00 PM.

It was a smooth trip and OK. I was not at ease. Viv went down to dinner. I didn't take any chances. Sat in cold fresh air, arrived in Ostend about 7:00 PM -- no bus -- we had quite a wait while Marion got another bus to take us to our hotel at Knockke (Knocker). Got there by 10:30 PM. Found coffee and cookies in a bar up the street. Cold and windy. Good beds and ready for them. We sleep on the continent -- there is a bidet.

Sunday, 13 September. Hotel Memline Zoule Palace, Knockee, Belgium - that is a lot of title, it is a cold morning. Have continental breakfast, then on bus for Amsterdam, Holland. The guide has located our regular bus and it will meet us in Amsterdam. Communication was bad, they did not tell the driver we were landing at Ostend, Belgium, so he spent the night in the bus waiting at the Hook of Holland to pick us up. "The guy who needs it never gets the word" -- Texaco slogan.

It is only a short way and we are in Holland. The Ben Lux countries have a minimum of checking across the borders. Our guide took care of the arrangements, only a couple minutes stop. Passed by this big reclamation project. Zeeland Reclamation Dams. They expect to complete it by 1980. Bus and all went over this on the Beverland Ferry. We were beside the Zider Zee, on the Zider Zee, over the Zider Zee, saw the Zider Zee most of the way to Amsterdam. We went by the Hague, it was raining, took a look

from the gate, pushed on to Amsterdam. It was raining pretty good. It was noon when we got to Hotel Krasnapolsky. Nice lunch in a beautiful dining room -- lots of flowers about. Viv's notes say -- fruit cup, soup, chicken, ice cream. Seems like the Dutch feed good. We were assigned rooms, then got squared away to meet our regular bus which took us to a boat landing for our tour on the canals. It was cloudy and wet but we were under cover. Sort of a water taxi. The canals were interesting. Fronts of the buildings must be left in old style. They can modernize inside -- got to keep it for tourists outside. Some old law has it that they are taxed by the width of the openings so there are very narrow windows and doors and stairways. They have hooks attached at the top of the buildings so they can hoist up furniture and equipment and swing it in windows. There are 635 bridges over the canals. For dinner we had Rijstaffel at an Indonesian restaurant. Scheduled for 8:00 PM, served at 9:30, introduced to Irish Coffee. Viv's notes say -- not much good -- back to hotel -- good night -- with bidet.

Monday, September 14. Breakfast by 7:30 AM bus by 8:15. Headed for Brussel. We stopped at the Alsmere Flower Auction, a million roses are auctioned in a day. Fancy gift shop, nice drive pretty Dutch country side and neat homes. More Zider Zee -- had a rest stop at our first supermarket type coffee shops. Get rid of our Dutch change before Belgium. Arrive in Brussels for lunch -- Plaza Hotel. Go right to dining room a very nice lunch is all set up for us. It has been a rainy morning but pleasant. Assigned rooms, good. In afternoon city tour sort of sprinkling and dull day tour wound up at lace shop. Back to hotel got a paper - relaxed had dinner. Don't remember if had Bidet but believe so, sloppy day but we enjoyed it.

Tuesday, September 14. Breakfast at 7:00 on bus at 7:45. This crowd is on time pretty well. We are headed for Bad Ems Germany. Go through Ardens, Bologne, Bastogne, Luxembourg. Lunch. Had visit at Luxembourg Memorial Cemetery, over 5000 of our men buried here 170 unknown. Very beautiful chapel plaque on wall reads, "Grant Us Grace, Fearlessly To Control, Against Evil - And Make No Peace With Oppression."

Took quite a few pictures here -- hope they come out. Cloudy and rain. Had beautiful drive along the Moselle River and across it into Germany. There was a flaming sunset as we moved down the Moselle toward the Rhine. Everybody was snapping pictures. It was dark when we got to Bad Ems Kuckenberg Hotel. Had our meals here but had to split up the crowd. We were in a quaint little hotel across the river and up the hill a couple of blocks. Feather beds -- both across the hall -- some of the old and funny looking fixtures -- door handles, mirror frames, there was a bidet, fixtures in bathroom modern, nice clean place. One woman wouldn't accept room here so guide got her another hotel. Viv and I thought it a lark to be in this real old time German inn. The people were very pleasant -- they spoke no English, but they showed us how to work the equipment and where stuff was. We had a good time -- fine meals -- with Rhine wine, local stuff.

Wednesday, September 16 -- left Bad Emms about 8:30 AM. Drove over the Rhine and up river to where a boat picked us up and we had a boat ride up the Rhine for an hour or so. Lots of traffic on the Rhine. Saw the ruins of many walled towns and lots of castles and church steeples. This is picture card country. Vineyards growing in terraces from hill top to river. Barges hauling everything -- coal, iron ore, slate, cement, very active river besides tourists. Got off for lunch at a picturesque place, it was still stormy and a bit cold but we walked about a little. Some shops were handy, we ate at Ansa Park Hotel, but don't know what town. It was near Biginin Castle - which we saw from a distance. Right after lunch. We got on Autoban very fine highway -- afternoon rest, stop at real nice supermarket type coffee shop. This afternoon saw a most gorgeous rainbow -- double rainbow -- took pictures like mad. Stopped the bus. We all went out in rain to snap pictures. Very well kept farms and some forests in this part of Germany. We come into Rothenburg -- 500 year old city -- walled town, narrow gate, but could get through but not on many of the streets. There was a square and that was as far as it could go. Our hotel, the Golden Kirsch, was just off the square. Real nice old, excellent dinner. It cleared up and after dinner we window shopped a bit -- everything closed up. Viv wrote some letters. I fooled with the valves on the bidet. Still don't know how to use it. This was a rainy day but no problem. We like Germany. Seems so well kept. Tom Donohue joined the tour here. His son's Air Base is near here. He was quite upset as on the way over here

his little grandson had fallen off a hill but was caught by the father. Donohue kept telling me I don't know why I keep so shaky. The trip very pleasant so far. Nice place Rothenburg.

Thursday, September 17 -- clear and nice morning. Had a good breakfast here in the Golden Kirsch. Walked up the square a little. Viv shopped in a little store. Cute little shops about the square. We load on bus at 9:15 on our way to Oberammergau (over the river Ammer) -- had a very nice ride through rolling country -- something like central New York state. Good highway, making fine time. Beautiful day. Little windy. We stop for lunch at Oberchingen. A very old inn, there is an outside dining area but it is chilly so eat inside. They have stables about and we wander about the farm and barnyard. We walk about to the church -- built 1533. It is very well kept. Pretty good size, light and neat, a very restful stop. It is a little bit of a community. Nice homes, graveyard next to church. Lots of flowers in the yards, good vegetable gardens. Took a few pictures. There is a very well built rack about the manure pile. I tried to get a picture of that in spite of wifely objections.

After this nice little stop, back in bus and on to Oberammergau. Get there about 5:00 PM. We pull into a spot looks like thousands of buses. We have to stay in private homes here. There were seven of us, went to the home of Anton Heimbach. There were Volkswagen buses that delivered us around. Every one is on first name terms by now. We had lunch and dinners at Heimbach's nephews next door. He had a sort of cellar restaurant in his home. Bavarian meal, sort of soup and cold cuts dark bread, nourishing. We walked down to the town, shopped a little. Shops are packed with tourists. I invented a way of walking back to our rooms that had to be altered, but we were in more of the town excepting there were very few lights. It is a very nice place even in the dark. With some discussion got back to our room. It was warm. Bath across the hall, wait your turn not bad. This is a very clean place. No bidet. Very nice day.

September 18, Friday -- at Oberammergau. Breakfast 7:00 AM at Heimbach's home. Good U.S. coffee, eggs, rolls and jelly -- real home like food, very pleasant people. Mrs. Heimbach used to be in

Passion Play. Her daughter is in it now. Anton Heimbach is in the chorus. He was born in Austria, can't be a player unless born in Oberammergau. Walked down to playhouse, it was clear and cold. The first part started at 8:30 until 11:00, then lunch and back for the second half. Stage holds about 900 -- there is a chorus of 60 men. No married women in the play. They work on the players for two years and one year for the chorus. People do their regular jobs, go to the play for their part, and go back to work. The local people do not get to see the whole play until the last two performances which are for them. We had a booklet in English to follow which was good but could follow the action pretty well. This was very very good. Everything about the Passion Play was fine -- be too bad to miss it.

Wood carving is the big thing here. It is not cheap. We didn't buy very much -- but you can spend a week in these shops. I am no judge but this stuff seems real fine to me. Some of this carving is very elaborate. Viv's little Creche was 44 marks -- with postage, about \$12 USA. We milled with the shopping mob after the play for a while then moseyed back to our room. Stretched out a little before dinner next door. I think it was a little better than last night. We walked back downtown again. Window shopped -- met a lot of our tour companions -- heard their comments about their quarters. Most every one was happy about accommodations. Coming back from town became a little confused where to turn. Anton Heimbach came along behind us and said, "you are headed allright." He walked along up to the house with us. He talked somewhat in broken English but could understand him quite well. They are nice people and we liked Oberammergau. Turn in for a good night.

Saturday, September 19 -- Beautiful morning. Another good breakfast and visit with Heimbachs -- took some pictures. VW picked us up for our bus at 10:00 AM -- on way to Salzburg, Austria. A little ways out of Oberammergau elected to take on side trip to Eidelweiskirche designed by a man named Zimmerman. His brother, an artist, had painted walls and ceilings. Not very large but excellent. Zimmerman liked it so well he built his home nearby and spent the rest of his life here. It is a very lovely setting, a great place for a gift shop. They have one. We drove down this picturesque valley and started to wind and really wind up the Bavarian Alps. Two lane roads and a lot of traffic. Trucks, farm tractors,

cattle on the road, they were driving them back from the mountains, they feed in the high country in the summer and come down to the valley for the winter. The cows' horns are decorated with flower wreaths, fancy bells on the cows. It is sort of like a festival, looks like the whole family having a ball driving the cattle. They have the right of way. We have to ease by. It is quite steep and not too much shoulder on this road. This is a big bus also. Peter, our driver, had to earn his money today. We crossed in and out of Austria at several spots. The guards just waves us on until Garmish-Partenkirchen. There was a customs office there. This being a Dutch bus it has to pay a fee. The guard came in bus and welcomed us to Austria. We had lunch here at the hotel that was the headquarters for Winter Olympics 1936. Lots of photos of that event. From the porch there is a wonderful view of the Alps, the big peak here is the Zugspitze. Had nice lunch and only short drive from here to King Ludwig's Bavarian Castle. There was a guided tour through this most fabulous place. The guide tried to impress on us that the gold plating all around was 24 carat. Ludwig was an admirer of the French Louis XIV and XV. He had staff of French artists working all the time. Fountains, sculpture, name it. There is an organ in gold he had made especially for Richard Wagner. It is hard to believe any one had that much money and power. He was called Mad Ludwig -- but he designed most of this stuff himself and several other castles. This is the only complete one though marvelous place, makes Hearst Castle look like a poverty area. It is now run by Austrian government. They charge to go through it. Our guide purchased the tickets -- don't know the charge. Viv has a few more items about Ludwig's place. Some enamel stuff -- blue color, severes china, ceramic stuff. One chandelier weighed 800 lbs. - has 100 candles. A big fountain shoots up 100 feet every hour. I did not measure -- there is a natural spring, no pumps. This is some dump and if you are going to have a dump why not have it elegant. This old king Ludwig was drowned -- not certain if by accident or on purpose or by design. He couldn't take it with him. From here had a nice afternoon drive to Salzburg, arrived about 7:30 PM. Had a good dinner, took a little walk, nothing open, so no shopping. Hotel had a gift shop, the ladies pawed the junk over pretty much. Viv quite happy with letter from Syracuse. Very large room, nice in continental manner with bidet.

Sunday, September 20 -- I am up at 5:00 AM, take off for 6:00 AM Mass. I can see a steeple across the river. Find a bridge walk over, quite a ways. Hear church bells but don't sound like from steeple. I am going to. I stop a lady with a nurses outfit on and ask for the Catholic Church. She no speak English -- but takes me to steps that lead to place on hill. I was headed for - sign says Museum. This kind soul gives me to understand over wasser by bridge, something about many flowers in park. Then the church bells rang again. She pointed out a steeple I could just pick out, back across the bridge where I started. The hotel clerk told me it was about five minute walk to church, but over the river and back was my short cut. Through many flowers in the park I got to Mass for the Gospel. It was a brisk cold morning but I had up a pretty good sweat. I couldn't understand the sermon so gawked about quite a bit, this is a real old church being repaired, a lot of scaffolding up St. Stephens. When I came out met some of our group going to 7:00 AM. I am the only one that finds the short cuts. Back to the hotel and breakfast. Cafe on 13th floor -- nice view. 9:30 city tour Saltzburg -- Mirrabelle Gardens (Sound of Music) Mozart's home -- old Cathedral 774 Mozart was baptized there. His father was organist. The family bakery is still in use. The convent near the cathedral is the Benedictine where Maria Von Trapp was a novice. Oldest convent in Europe. Down in the town square is a Glocken Speil-- very famous. Very interesting town like to see more of it. We take off at 2:30 PM for Vienna through beautiful country. Arrive at 5:30. We go to Bach Hengel Restaurant for Gemulich and Schrammelmusik. The new wine dinner and sentimental music. Supposed to be typical Viennese. There was guitar and accordion, a lot of roll out the barrel, etc. Cold cuts, German potato salad (cold), fried chicken, cheese, white wine which was last year's not the new wine which was what the party was about. Don't know who it made any difference to. It was a fun affair. We had a big day. Boy are we bushed. I don't care if they have a bidet or not.

Monday, September 21 -- Intercontinental Hotel -- good -- very much American. Good breakfast, took city tour also Schoenburn Castle (home of Frans Joseph, Maria Theresa). This is another fabulous place. Built 1740-1780, 1400 rooms 175 kitchens. Money had to grow on trees. Lawns and gardens are as big as Recreation Park, Long Beach. this was a summer palace. Maria Theresa used it for state affairs. Got back to hotel at noon for fine buffet lunch. Had afternoon on our own to shop about. Visited St.

Stephens Cathedral. We turn in early as we leave for Italy at 6:00 AM. A final little note on Austria. When people come in to town and women get out of car or bus they put on colorful aprons. Vienna very nice. Intercontinental real good and be fine to spend at least a week here.

Tuesday, September 22 -- leave Vienna for Venice. Breakfast in room at 5:30 for long trip through Alps. Really do some climbing this morning. A lot of truck traffic and roads narrow and wind up around the Alps. Some great sights, too bumpy to get good pictures. Last stop in Austria Villach, lunch in a quaint little inn. It is a nice day, took a little time to stroll about, got a few pictures. All these little towns are picture spots but we are making miles today. It is only a short drive into Italy from Villach. Around the border is a spot where Austria - Italy - Yugoslavia all meet. Traffic was very heavy at this point. Big trucks, logs and lumber, livestock, sand gravel cement. This is a busy area. Our bus was nearly sideswiped -- our driver made a good quick move. He nicked the fence on our side and rocked the bus some. We were lucky just a little scratch on the side panel. The guide told us that Michelangelo got most of his fine marble from what is now Yugoslavia, it was Italy's at that time. It is a very winding drive into Italy, real scenic. Seem to be smaller farms, some using tractors -- horses and even oxen. Grapes, corn, sugar beets -- all kinds of garden stuff. Looks like a prosperous area, nice homes. There are lot of flowers in window boxes. This was a big day. Get in Venice 6:00 PM. Leave bus and get into water taxis to go about the harbor and up the canals to our hotel. Luna Hotel ("So this my man is Venice -- on my word we are in Venice -- So this I say is Venice -- where's a man to park a car"). I sure have a memory for the classics. Everything here seems old so is this hotel but very good. There are heavy wooden shutters on the outside of the windows that pull up with a strap that goes over the top and through a slit in the window casing. It would be pretty hard to break in. This is Venetian blinds. Viv got letter and wrote letters. Walked to St. Mark's Square. Just looked a little bit. This has been a long day. Have to buy our drinking water. Two kinds -- Fuggia with gas or Fuggia without gas. You get whatever they bring you. Anyway, learn to save a little to clean teeth. This is a new ball game. An Italian Bidet is as confusing as any other. We drop into bed.

Wednesday, September 23 -- In Venice -- Rain -- we go on walking tour with guide. See St. Marks -- San Marco get a squint at Doges Palace wind up at glass factory. We find our way back to hotel. I take nap, Viv writes. Had lunch, after a bit it cleared up, and we shopped some in the San Marco area. There are a lot of people doing the same in these little narrow alleys. Italians are pushy people. I stopped and got a shoe shine from a character near the square. He did a fancy brush catching act. I don't know what he did for the shoes but it was worth a couple more lira or whatever he picked out of my hand. After dinner we had a Gondola ride. In and around the canals. Our crowd filled six boats. There was a singer and an accordion player, that entertained us and the people on the canals and bridges. People joined in the songs and waved. Tourist trap -- yea -- but fun. We close our Venetian blinds and go to bed.

September 24, Thursday -- Venice to Florence. By boat to bus -- by bus to Florence. Got to Florence about noon. Went to the leather factory before lunch. Got bill folds and stuff. Then checked into Grand Carlton Hotel, had a afternoon tour of city. Michelangelo Museum of Arts, Church of Santa Maria Novella, Lorenzo Chapels. Dropped out of tour to go through Flea Market and Ponte Vechio. Light was not good but took a few pictures. Visited silver factory. Got taxi through evening traffic to wrong hotel but straightened it out OK. Had a good day in Florence but didn't begin to see the high spots. Not so tired tonight.

Friday, September 25 -- Florence to Capri. Leave Carlton Hotel Florence at 8:00 AM. Get to Naples 4:30 PM. We skirted Rome -- nice day -- passed by Mt. Cassino -- could see it in distance. There were lots of ruins, stone walls, some castles on hills, nice farms, modern industrial plants in the Rome area. Where we went in Naples looked like the clothesline capital of Europe. At least they wash clothes in Italy. We are in the harbor area to sail to Capri -- everything looks pretty dumpy. We sail for Capri on a ferry around 5:30 -- smooth ride couple of hours -- get to Capri load into Fiat station wagons and zoom up cliffs to Cesar Augustus Hotel on a high point -- 800 ft above the sea. A wonderful view but some hair raising trip up. The car coming down is supposed to wait -- I think. We have a pretty good dinner and a good night's rest on Capri -- with bidet.

Saturday, September 26 -- Caesar Augustus Hotel -- we are up at 7:00 AM -- breakfast at 8:00 AM so we can go to Blue Grotto at 9:15 -- this is quite a sight. Took a lot of pictures, another fun trap. Had to zoom up and down the mountains again. Some of the group took a Funicular ride up the mountain. We spent the rest of the morning sitting in the sun, it was very welcome relaxation. In the afternoon walked up into the village. Shopped a bit, lots of art stalls and gift shops. Found out we could go to Mass at 6:00 PM to take care of tomorrow's obligation. Quite a small but very nice old church. Back for dinner with the gang and wind up a nice day on Capri.

Sunday, September 27 -- leave at 8:30 and zoom for the boat to Sorrento. Our bus is waiting. Peter is a pal by now. When we are approaching the dock he plays his musical horns. Royal welcome. Drive through Sorrento and along coast -- very scenic highway to Pompeii. Have a guided tour through excavations. Take a lot of pictures -- lunch at nice place near cameo store. On to Rome -- "All roads lead to Rome." All cars plug up the roads that lead to Rome also. There was a accident up the road that caused some of the tie up. If Italians in shops are pushy, in cars they are awful. I don't know about the rules but I am sure glad someone else is driving. It wasn't so far but traffic -- it is 6:00 when we get to Michelangelo Hotel Rome. Dinner and an evening tour of the city. Nixon is visiting Rome. Troops or cops, anyway, uniforms all over the place. Bus was restricted from touring some areas -- security -- see some signs (NIXON NO). Couldn't make out what else they said. Had a no good sandwich at the bar -- still buy water -- drank some wine -- don't care for it. Tea is OK -- coffee awful. When in Rome -- To hell with the Romans. I like good water and good coffee.

Monday, September 28 -- in Rome Viv had letter from Norma so she is OK. Michelangelo served us breakfast in person. Out for guided city tour. St. Peter's last stop about 11:00 AM. Have a group picture. They sort of push us out of St. Peter's Square as Nixon is supposed to have visit with Pope around noon. Great security going on here. Buy a few rosaries in the shops. We walk over to Sistine Chapel. It is a great thing to see. Bad place for feet -- picked up a sort of a bum lunch here. They figure to feed you on art. They sure have it miles and miles of it. It would take a week to see this building full of art

treasures. I don't want to try but any one who is interested in this stuff. In an hour or so can't hardly see any of it. All we can say is we were there. To give our feet a break take a taxi back to Michelangelo Hotel. Take a little rest. Then out for dinner at Tivoli Gardens. (This is an extra -- \$10.00 each). It is about 20 miles form Rome -- really an amazing sight. This old guy that built it was Lucretia Borgas son, he was a Cardinal and wanted to be Pope -- couldn't make it, was sent to this place and decided to make it the show place of the world, I guess. There are hundreds of fountains. He diverted a river to supply the water and pressure, this is supposed to be all by gravity. He destroyed part of the town to build this castle and the gardens. It is up steps and down steps. Tours require good legs. There are a couple of old gals that have bad legs but have to give it to them, they been limping but going all the way. I wouldn't want to miss this place but it takes a lot of puffing. We drive over in the village of Tivoli for dinner at a very nice restaurant. Champagne the whole bit, very good, the voices in the crowd sing out the barber shop melodies on the way back to town. They were not all in the same key or even on the same tune. Marilyn would get on the loud speaker and try to assemble them in that old American folk song, "My Wild Irish Rose." We were in Rome -- say a very little of it. Have a feeling it would be nice to see Rome again with more time.

Thursday, September 29 -- leave Rome for Genoa. We have had nice weather in Rome. This is a beautiful morning. The drive out of Rome is very nice on divided highway quite a ways. Go through big industrial complex. Also, fine new high rise apartment areas. Very nice, very modern. I also imagine expensive. While a lot of Italians are poor some have a lot of money. We go through Carara and all along the road are marble works -- the pits where they are digging it from and the shops where they are cutting it up. All kinds of trucks hauling marble. It is quite a business. We have to leave the new road and go up a winding narrow road over the pass, it is more than 2000 ft.-- up, up, up and a lot of traffic and some of these slide by guys life must be real cheap. We could look down and see the huge cuts where the new road is going. It will cut off a lot. As we approached Genoa got back on new road section. We went through a lot of tunnels, someone kept track -- there were 38 tunnels and some were almost a mile long. Between tunnels had some spectacular views of the coast. It was getting dark and lights of the towns. We

were up fairly high over the shoreline. We are late getting in to Hotel Savoia Majectis, so go right in to dinner. Mail from Norma Beach and Marilyn. Get our rooms up fairly high but right in the center of town. Nice view but noisy. I been sniffing all day. We take a little walk about. Try to stock up on Kleenex. Cold pills -- so to bar try to get hot buttered rum -- settle for some coffee with some rum in it. Took a lot of motion to get it and it wasn't worth it. We are at Columbus' hometown and he is on a statue out front. It is bed time and we have a Genoa bidet and some of this Italian plumbing is weird. The flush thing is in the wall -- on the floor -- it may make the ceiling. That is not why Christopher left town. Something like La Femme?

Wednesday, September 30 -- Leave Genoa Savoia Majestic at 9:30 AM for Nice, France. Viv didn't have good night, too much noise, trains, trucks, elevators. I slept all right but have runny nose and feel grumpy. Stopped for lunch at a very nice little restaurant on cliff above Mediterranean. With gift shop. We are on the new divided highway. Lots of tunnels. this is a great engineering fete. Have to pay toll but it cuts off a lot of dangerous miles. We stopped to take a few pictures in Monaco. It started to cloud up and did rain a little. We arrived at Hotel Splendid in Nice on Victor Hugo and Meyerbeer streets about 6 PM. Viv's notes tell that we have wonderful roast beef and strawberries. I have a cold and I don't feel nice in Nice.

October 1, Thursday. Day in Nice. Breakfast in our room. Viv out at 8:00 to get hair done (by John). Gave her the blueing treatment. It doesn't look bad but she is not happy about it. Walked about the town and boardwalk some. It is a little cold and windy. Stopped in a little cafe and got French hot chocolate. Viv notes that we had good dinner -- pot roast, cauliflower, salad, and fresh peach. It is a nice place, very pretty. I enjoyed the relaxation but felt lousy. I couldn't have been good company to myself or anyone else.

Friday, October 2 -- Leave Nice for Geneva at 7:00 AM. Breakfast in room at 5:45. It was a rough and bumpy ride over the mountains. Some rugged country through this pass. The farms along this route

look like meager existence. Some very nice views of the mountains. It started to rain as we came near Geneva. Looked like nice place but awful wet this evening. We are at Hotel Ambassador. We are shut in for a very wet night in Geneva.

Saturday, October 3 -- Geneva to Interlaken -- leave at 9:30. It is still raining, but circled city a bit -- beautiful in spite of rain. Picturesque drive into Bern for lunch. Viv records -- delicious soup, pork chop and chicken, red and white cabbage salad, lettuce, and ice cream. Poor coffee. It could have been good was off my feed. We got to Interlaken about 4:00 PM. Hotel Bernerhoff -- I go to bed. Viv went out to shop for charms. There is a lot of snow on the mountains and it is cold. Great view from our 5th floor window. Room is nice and warm. Glad we don't have an early start tomorrow. Dinner at 7:00 PM. Feel better.

Sunday, October 4 -- at Interlaken. Go to Mass at 9:00 AM up street 3 or 4 blocks. There is a horse show and riding exhibition -- Swiss Army men in park near the church. Viv has church at 10:00 -- the churches are near each other. Some of us walk along after church and watch the riders jump their horses. This seems like a very interesting place. All the stores are closed on Sunday. There was a lot of church bell ringing this morning. We had lunch at the Bernerhof at 11:30 and left at 12:30 for Lucerne. Some of the people went on a mountain lift, but we went on to Astoria Hotel Lucerne. There was mail, from Marilyn, Norma, and Doris. We went in and got a Swiss chocolate on our little walk. Joined the group for a Fondue supper -- with wine and beer and good entertainment. Yodeling, etc. Back to hotel at 11:00 PM.

Monday, October 5 -- Astoria Hotel Lucerne. Had breakfast in our room. Took short sightseeing bus trip. Rest of day on our own. I am feeling better today. We shopped about for watches and got cuckoo clock for kiddos. Picked up scout knife for Charlie. Viv got mats, pictures, and stuff. This place is all shops. This has been a fun day in a beautiful place. Even got candy with booze in it. We walked a lot and are pretty weary. Early start tomorrow for Paris. Yea, there is a Swiss bidet.

Tuesday, October 6 -- leave Lucerne for Paris at 7:30 AM. Not good roads. Guide tells us only fine highway in France is from Paris to Lyon by Chas. De Gaulle's home. It was nice in morning. Stopped for a couple of mid day breaks, in one of these I got a pitcher of milk for a bit of cheese. I do not have good French. This was a long bumpy trip and it poured rain before we got to Paris -- 14 hour ride. It was dark long before we got to Paris. We land at Intercontinental Hotel. Luxurious entrance and lobby but our rooms are sort of old and dumpy. We go down and get a bit. In a sort of coffee shop bar type place. It was late and we had to sort of squeeze in with others -- had a good omelette. We had a hard day's ride -- sure glad to turn in. There is a bidet -- this is Paris.

Wednesday, October 7 -- At the Intercontinental Paris -- City tour -- rain -- the Eiffel Tower -- Boulevards -- Arc de Triomphe -- Sacre Coeur -- Dome des Invalides. Beautiful altar where the royal family worshipped -- windows yellow -- so always looks like sun is shining. General Foch Memorial Bier -- on shoulders of French troops in black stone. A lot of sculpture about -- beautiful windows. We went on to Notre Dame here are the real beautiful windows. City tour ended at perfume sales place. Rain almost over. We walk back to hotel. Viv wouldn't let me show her a short cut -- went in a couple of stores and got directions. Never get to find the alleys this way. Got back in time to take a little snooze then joined some of the others and had dinner in a little restaurant around the corner and upstairs in back. Very good food. There was a nightclub party -- it was 32 bucks each extra, we passed it up. Got our beauty sleep.

Thursday, October 8th -- free day in Paris. At our own expense, walked to Louvre. Had lunch at a buffet counter -- art is better than the food. Walked three hours but didn't get to see much of the place, it is huge. Walked back to hotel for tour to Versailles -- Palace built by Louis Fourteenth and finished by some of the other Louis. This is another whopper of a place -- miles of gardens and lawns. No wonder France can't pay its debts, the yard work alone would take a thousand men. Marie Antoinette was daughter of Maria Theresa of Austria, can see how they go for the art work. Would not miss this for anything -- don't see how anybody ever conceived it. Paris is expensive but this is historical extravagance. We get back to hotel and take off for the restaurant we found last night. I couldn't make it. Had to go back to

room and lie flat. Viv came in and ordered some tea and toast after a while. I am better -- mostly tired I guess. Our last night in Paris.

October 9th, Friday -- Paris to Dublin -- Bid our traveling companions good-bye and taxi to Le Bourget airport at 9:00 AM. Had two hours until our plane take off time Irish Air Lines. Boarded plane and then had to get off -- go out on field and identify our baggage as someone's baggage was here and no passenger. There were security guys all around with walkie talkies, so much bombing, etc. Our flight was delayed about an hour. Had good lunch on plane. Got to Dublin, found CIE tour man who had us taken to Intercontinental Hotel. Got settled and then taxied downtown so Viv could get a coat. Had supper in coffee shop and that was no good but had Irish coffee in lobby later and that was OK. Our tour director is Bill Smith. Seems like a pleasant guy, late forties, dry humor, as he introduced himself said, "Unusual name people get used to it I have." He lined us up with the schedule for tomorrow. We turn in after a nice day in Dublin.

October 10, Saturday --Intercontinental Hotel Dublin. Viv went out and got a hairdo. I also got clipped. On a city tour in afternoon, sort of a bumpy bucking bus not good for getting pictures. Bill Smith explained the history of Ireland, its people and politics. He cautioned these are the facts as I find them but being Ireland there is always a contrary opinion. Saturday is a holiday so many things were closed. We saw the botanical gardens, the harbor area. Passed Guinness Brewery, Black Rock College, and Trinity College. Through a beautiful park and by some very fine estates -- could only glimpse from highway. Guide impressed the Georgian architecture on us. A lot of the buildings are built together -- first terrace -- second terrace -- they don't call them duplex. You own your section -- very little rental property -- except government housing in new area. We got a pretty good birdseye view of the city. Back to Intercontinental for dinner. We ordered Scampi but not as good as in London. I didn't eat much of mine, there was quite a bit. Waiter asked if it was all right, I told him yes, just my appetite. He said, "There are times we are just not in the humor for it." They have a way. There was a heavy brass thing attached to the door key and when the bell boy gave it to me I sort of fumbled and said that I didn't expect it to be so heavy. He

said, "They tell me no one ever swam away with one." In the evening, we went to the Abby Theater. It was a very good play.

October 11, Sunday -- Dublin to Limerick. Up and to 8:00 AM Mass. Good to be able to understand the language. It was about six blocks to walk on a raw cold morning. had a good breakfast -- bacon and eggs. The coffee is pretty strong. We leave at 10:00 AM for Limerick. Have a different bus. The driver Paddy told us it was an older bus. The new one he had yesterday was no good. We enjoyed a beautiful ride rolling green country lush farms these are the big estates of the gentry. Smith gave out with history of the area and the country. He must be a horse player because he knew all studd farms -- gave information on the blood lines of both man and beast. Cattle is the cash crop here but this is a bad year. They have trouble. There was also a bank employees strike. And big trouble in North Ireland. We checked in at hotel in Limerick Intercontinental. had lunch and in afternoon a girl guide joined us in Shannon and took us about the area. Saw ruins and castles -- forts and farms. Little villages all very nice. Stopped at a pub for guinness. Visited a folk park near Bunratty Castle in one of the little houses they served us tea and scones. Then went to another cafe and were served Irish coffee and watched some children do the Irish dances. At night was the Medieval Banquet at Bunratty Castle. Past the guard and over the moat. My Lord and My Lady welcomed with bread and salt. Then into the Great hall where we are served a cup of mead. A king and queen are selected from the group. They are robed and crowned and led us into the banquet hall where there is food and wine music and singing, quite an entertainment. There is capon and spare ribs, salad, and some vegetables and dessert. You eat with only fingers and a dagger. They put on a bib to wipe your fingers on. This is an all out tourist trap. My Lord was interesting. It is 12:30 when we get back to hotel.

Monday, October 12 -- Leave Limerick International Hotel at 9:30 -- drive to Cork for lunch. Silver sides (corned beef and cabbage -- it has to be good in Ireland). Very interesting ride to Cork -- beautiful farming country and nice well kept towns. Cork a large industrial center -- Shell Oil refinery, shipyards, lots of factories. Quite a few very modern apartments -- six or eight stories. After Cork drove through

some sort of barren rocky and hilly country not at all a prosperous looking area, a lot of peat bogs, some flocks of sheep. When we come down from these hills it is down to the lakes of Killarney, a lush green area -- most beautiful country. We are at the Southern Hotel in Killarney -- excellent in every way. It was a cold and dampish afternoon but we took a jaunting cart ride through the state park and along the Lakes of Killarney. (Sitting fernist). This was fun. "There's a lovely spot in Ireland." This is it. In the evening there was entertainment by Brendon ODowda -- tenor and his pianist, a guitarist, and a dancer. A real nice evening. A great day -- Love Ireland.

October 13 -- Leave Killarney at 9:00 AM for Limerick. It was market day and saw the cattle and hog buyers and sellers lined up in the towns along the way. All along the road they were hauling their livestock to town. Didn't stop but think it would be fun to take in some of the dealing. Had lunch at the Limerick Intercontinental after bid our guide good-bye -- he goes back to Dublin for more livestock. We take a Shannon Airport bus and at 3:00 PM via Irish Air Lines we are enroute to USA -- with our Irish whiskey and my new hat.

THE GANG GOES EAST

Around Christmas time 1975, Viv and I were talking and came up Art and Norma's fiftieth wedding anniversary. Viv said it was September 11 next year. Wouldn't it be nice if both our families could be there together? It then was only a notion. As we mulled it over from time to time it seemed to be a better notion, but with complications. Paul and Norma were struggling to get their house rebuilding job completed, these finishing touches go slow. With John and Marilyn, there was reorganization of his own company and being the President of the California Health Care outfit he has to make a lot of trips and wants Marilyn to go on some of them.

Viv mentioned it to Marilyn one morning, she said, "it is a lovely idea and I would dearly love to go, but count us out. Things are just too much as is for us." John had meetings at Houston, Nashville, Los Angeles, labor possibly Alaska all coming up right near this time. Inspection problems, labor problems, arranging his accounting to operate on a computer basis and found his high priced accountant couldn't deliver at his own hospitals. John is having high blood pressure and his assistant also. Not difficult to understand. On their Houston trip they went by way of Boston and spent a day or so with Carol and Steve.

When Viv got notice from Glendale Savings of her interest on the money left her by Grandpa Vergason, she said, "I'll put this toward taking Norma and family to Syracuse for Art and Norma's anniversary. We make up the rest." She also said, "I feel sure Charles and John will have some nice affair going on for their Mother and Dad." She talked to Norma Duffy one day about it and Norm was interested. This was almost February. Then we got word about Art having this heart failure so we sort of put it aside. Viv got herself prepared so she would be able to go if necessary. When we got word that he was better and at home we revived our plans. To drive? Bus? Plane? It came out Paul could use three weeks -- the kids start school right after Labor Day -- it was not that we expected there would be an anniversary affair

fearing it might be too much for Art. But it seemed a nice time for Viv to see Norma and have the family visit the East. We talked that we could stay at a motel, go to Olean and stay at the castle. See Viv's relatives and mine and have our young folks get to know the young fry in the East. I don't know if Viv mentioned it to Norma Beach when on the phone or had written about our plans but one night Charlie Beach called us and said, "I have the word that you folks are thinking of coming to Syracuse -- we have the room and insist that you stay here." Vivian wrote Charlie and Beth. Beth wrote Norma and Paul and us, so a lot of mail went back and forth. Vivian and Norma Beach arranged that she and I would stay with Norma and Art, Norma Duffy, Paul and Jim and Kim would stay with the Charlie Beaches.

We looked into transportation, on the family plan air rates -- save 25% on adults, 50% on children for 7 day stay up to 30 days. We considered about the kids missing school, so planned to get back here by Labor Day. Viv went on August 4, had about two weeks with Norma and Art. The rest of us came out on the 16th -- on a D.C. 10. Paul had worked on a lot of them but not been a passenger. On the night of the 16, we plunked in on the Syracuse folks. The 17th and 18th we visited with them and on the 19th picked up our rental car and took off for Niagara Falls. Had just a grand day and evening at the Falls. Got a real good view of the American side. We had reservations on the Canadian side. Fine view of the Falls right from our rooms. The next morning we drove down the Canadian side to the Peace Bridge, a most beautiful drive and across the road to Olean. We had reservations at the Castle Motel for five days. We had the nicest kind of weather -- warm but comfortable. There had been a lot of rain so everything was real lush and green. On the road to Olean there was green corn all along the way -- little stands were selling it. Norma kept saying, "Oh, how I would love some of it." We stopped at a little restaurant near Franklinville and she got her wish. They had green corn on the menu. When we got to the Castle we found we had family suite -- three bedrooms and a nice screened in porch, upstairs looking out over the swimming pool. Very nice set up and \$30.00 per day for all of us morning paper included. Nice coffee shop downstairs and they have a very fine restaurant for dinner and lunch. Norma, Paul, and kids loved the pool. When we were getting our baggage out of the car Jimmy's sharp little eyes took in the pool and he yelled, "Curved slide!" He had never been on one before, but he sure has now. Forwards, backwards,

upside down. Kim slid a lot but Jimmy was captain of that slide. To see those kids enjoy that pool made this the best money we ever spent.

We had a date with Wilda Hill and her daughter Beckey Powell to come to Beckey and Fred Powell's ranch home near Bradford for a picnic. We had to pull the gang from the pool and get going to Bradford. Theirs is a beautiful large farm type home on forty or so acres out near Allegheny State Park -- on Hedge Hog Hollow Road (don't that sound woodsy?). It is you drive up a lane of trees to their house, surrounded with orchard, the road leads in front of a big barn. They have farming equipment. They keep a horse for a friend, nice saddle horse. They have four kids, Kelley thirteen, she handles the horse, another girl just about Kim's age and twins just about Jimmy's age. Also Sharon McClarney and her family -- she is Beckey's sister from Erie, Pa. Her husband Joe and they have three kids about the age of our little guys.

We had our Howdy Doos -- then Beckey and Wilda led us to a buffet supper -- gorgeous goodies, so much, so good, and we were ready for it. Lasagna, green corn, and other meat dishes, vegetables and fruits. They really had a spread -- there must have been twenty of us. All ate well and heartily and there was still a lot left. With all this big eating there, a lot of talking -- were all about the place at separate tables. I don't think there were any inhibited people there. We all sort of talked at the same time. Found a lot of things to laugh at -- my, but we all had a nice time. While Wilda and her girls were getting the place in order, Fred took us on a guided tour of the place. It was a bright and pleasant evening, Kelley took the kids for a ride on her horse -- one at a time, back of her on the saddle. Our kids will never get over that. Then Fred has a little soft ball field laid out in the pasture. All the Moms and Pops and kids played softball -- that is, except the grandpas and grandmas, but I think Bill and Wilda did get up to bat. It got too dark to play and anyway everyone was tired. We chatted away so it was pretty late when we left and it was a tired bunch coming back to the Castle. It was a big day from sightseeing at Niagara Falls to softball on a farm i Bradford and back to Olean. Tired but a happy tired.

The next morning, Sunday, all up and head for Portville for church. A beautiful morning and the Methodists and Presbyterians were having an open air combined services in the park next to Viv's old home. Bill, Wilda, Sharon, and children went to this. Paul, Norma and kids with Joe McLarney and I went to Sacred Heard for Mass just up the street. We sat in Mother and Dad's old pew. The church has been worked over quite a bit since my day. Looked very nice. Seemed a lot smaller. I didn't know anyone there. Met the Pastor -- very affable young priest -- new on the job -- a Bonas graduate. Paul drove the car down to the park where Viv was. The rest of us walked on down Maple St., passed Joe's old home and my old home. Paul walked back up to meet us -- took a picture in front of our old house. Strolling down to the park, Joe and I lectured about Maple Ave. as we knew it and that was at least fifty years apart. The park services were over but some people were still there. Viv and Wilda were over in the Presbyterian Church where they had just put up a memorial ring about the Rose window over the church area. Viv had made a donation to the church in memory of her father. Wilda suggested they restore this decorative ring, it had a Scripture verse in gold leaf. It had been removed or painted over -- in the redecorating -- so Wilda arranged for a man to restore it in gold leaf. He had never done this kind of work but would like to try. It was just being assembled in place, the scaffolding was still up. The church has been worked over completely since the floods. It was wrecked badly at that time. They had just installed a new organ. A man that understood it explained it to Paul and Norma, they were very much interested. Viv was very much pleased to see the improvements. Then Joe McLarney took us on a nice sightseeing trip up the Lilly Bridge, the hill to the Haskell. The Swiss Alps have no prettier view than this. this was a perfect day to see it. We then drove up to Wilda's and Bill's camp at Obi -- Daggett Hollow is the road. It was Bill's father and uncle's oil lease -- their farm before that. Over a hundred acres and only partly cleared. The oil wells have been depleted and pulled out. The Hills did very well on oil production. There is quite a stand of 3rd or 4th grown timber coming on it. Oak, birch, maple, some hemlock and other trees. They have built this cement block house -- have it comfortable but rustic -- big stone fire place, electric kitchen apparatus -- good bath facilities and comfortable sleeping quarters. Down a little incline about fifty yards in front they dug a pond and dammed up a spring that keeps it fresh. It must be nearly 100 ft. by 50. Bill said it is about 12 ft deep at the most. Our gang swam dove and played in and about the pond. The Duffys, the

McLarneys, the Hills, Mrs. Lamn their relative -- all but Viv and I tried the water. Wilda's sister Norma Colletti and Russ came up and Wilda had another feast set up. Roast beef after a cold soup, green corn, a whopping lot of it just picked that morning. We helped shuck some of it. Fresh bread and rolls, water melon, cake, ice cream and all kinds of cake and cookies. Our Norma came over and said, "Who can diet under these conditions." These folks really know how to live good -- they are hearty. A few days before we came Wilda and Bill had cleared off an area of brush and cut the grass to make a ball field -- so there was another softball game. With the Moms and Pops and kids -- a rugged spot but all had fun. When it was too dark to play ball there was still enough light to some of the eager ones to dip again in the pool. Then we sat around in a gab fest until 10:00. Our kids were out on their feet. In the car they just conked out. Paul had to carry Jimmy up to bed at the Castle. Kim made it on her own just. We were certainly not keeping regular hours either for kids or old folks.

Monday, had leisurely breakfast at Castle Coffee Shop after Jimmy and I took a walk over to Bonas, seminary building, now a regular dorm. We walked out to the golf course pro shop. I asked about Hooker -- they said he came on at 3:00 PM. Norma and Viv had gathered up some washing to take down to a laundromat in Allegheny. Had Paul turn up into the cemetery. Visited Mother and Dad's, Jean and Pat's graves, walked about the cemetery, took a few pictures. Found out about going to Protestant cemetery. Tried to find the gravestones of Viv's people -- gave up. While Norma was at laundromat Viv noticed that right near was Norma Smith's Norton home so she went over there. We were going to Gene Moore's for dinner in the evening so Paul and I found a liquor store and got a bottle of good wine to take with us. Viv called to us and said to go to the house across the street. Harold Bump lived there. We grew up with him. I went over, rapped and when the lady came to the door, I asked if this was Bumps? She said yes, so I said, "Can Bumpie come out and play?" An old guy came to the door saying, "You're damned right he can -- who wants to know?" I told him Jim McCarey -- he looked me over and said, "The hell you are." So we had a shake hands and a giggle and a poke in the ribs. Met his wife, some grand kids running around. I told him Vivian was over at the store so we go over, they are out on her porch. Norma and Paul came over and met Bumpy, his wife and Noreen. She went back, checked on her laundry. It was done so

we bid goodbye and headed back to the castle. Then on to Portville through Henley St. slowly so Viv could point out where she used to live, go to school when a little kid in Olean. We were getting hungry so headed for Fisher's Restaurant in Portville. Drove down and called on Mrs. Dr. Hackett who lives in the first house that Charles Vergason built in Portville. He designed it and his father was the builder. Her daughter Carmen was with her, she got out bikes for Kim and Jimmy to ride. Had a real nice visit with Mrs. Hackett. Carmen took Paul and Norma all through the house. It is such a nice place and they were very impressed. This was built with hand tools. Excellent work. Time got away from us and we had to hustle to get back to the Castle and get ready to go to Moores.

At Gene Moore's there was another cook out. He has a very nice covered patio. Gene has 10 kids and eight of them were there. Helen Hannigan, Marie Bisett, Jim Cunningham, and Dorothy. We move in crowds and are quite a bunch ourselves. Gene and Barbara are certainly a young looking couple to be parents of 10 -- and they showed us pictures of their grandchild just new. Their eldest girl. Very nice libations and food. Great to have our families know one and other. We stayed late but had a nice time. It was almost closing time for the pool when we got back to the Castle but Paul, Norma, and the kids took a dip in the pool. This was after 11:00 PM so it was after midnight again.

Next morning we fixed breakfast in our quarters. Used our little coffee pot. Viv got little cereal boxes, milk, cinnamon rolls. It was a relax time. Later, we drove over to the college campus, went through the church and monastery to infirmary to see my old buddy, Fr. Fergus Fitzsimmons "Dublin" --he is much improved since last year but still confined to the infirmary. I was a stranger to them all but "Dublin" seemed funny that I didn't know anybody at the college. He said you and I are of the vanished race. Even though he is lots better it is sad to see him so sort of helpless. He is well taken care of but still helpless. I took a picture of our gang with "Fitz" then we went about the campus. Took in the library, the Bisett Bros. picture is still featured on the front wall. Showed Norma and Paul where we were married and "Fitz" the one who tied the knot. The new extension to the library makes it five or six times larger, it is a beautiful building. We went around to the student center, sort of hippie chapel, then on to the Mike Reilly

sports center, some fine tribute to Mike, a classmate and one time buddy of Hookeys and mine. I think they call it the "Field House" -- basketball courts, swimming pool, some fancy gymnasium. Reilly would be most proud to know of it. Some man not even a Bonas man left a lot of money to be matched for its construction in memory of what Mike had done. It is a real excellent building, a real nice thing for Bonas. We had to break away from sightseeing Bonas because Wilda had invited us up there for lunch, some black raspberry pie. Viv wanted to stop at Norma Colletti first, we saw Norm and Russ, had to look over their house, yard, garage, cellar Russ had fixed up, as recreation room. They are a great pair for projects. Lovely home. We then had to hurry to Portville. Big lunch with Wilda and Bill. Bill expected that afternoon to go out on a service call for Clark Bros. It is Dresser Co. now but I'll always think of it as Clarks. After lunch Bill took us downtown and we stopped at the library while he took Paul to Olean to get his camera fixed. Viv and I went over and called on Dunc and Caddy Wormer. When Bill and Paul came back they drove up into the cemetery in Portville. Viv found the O'Neil graves, then Bill left us and drove around on the Lilly Bridge Road while we walked down through the "Tip a Noddy Pines" where we used to slide down on bob sleds. When Bill picked us up he gave us a little tour up Mayville and down Brooklyn St. to the new high school -- it was all closed up but we got a pretty good look from the outside. We then went back to their house, and soon Bill was picked up by the company car. Viv talked to Wilda about coming down and having dinner at the Castle with us. She had things to do but would come later. So when we got to the Castle, Viv called Helen Hannigan and we had a fine dinner at the Castle Restaurant -- the only meal we ate there. They then came up to our rooms and while the kids took a dip in the pool we watched from our screened in porch. Fun for all. It is amazing how wonderful the weather stayed -- everyday perfect.

Wednesday morning we had breakfast downstairs. Then Viv and I went up to see her cousin in East Olean. Then we assembled and took off for Bradford. We had arranged to see Joe and Jim White, my cousins at their home one o'clock. They invited us for lunch but told them could dn't make it so stopped at little restaurant on the way. This was another beautiful day and such a nice drive over the hill. Had a couple of hours with Jim and Joe got a line up on their family. They got to meet our bunch -- Dick Bisett came up from the office, only saw him for a few minutes. We broke away as we wanted to stop at Rock City Park on the way back. We made a swing up the West Branch where my old oil lease was. It

is desolate and abandoned, completely run down, weeds and brush, and junk -- looked like the full 40 years accumulation. I think I am sorry to have seen it. We then took out for Rock City. It was near closing time but we took a trip through most of the big rocks and some of the old Brahaney wells were still working. Paul was very impressed with the old get ups in pumping equipment. These old wells are still stripping away. It was pretty dark for taking pictures down in the Rocks. They are still quite a sight. However, this place has run down terribly from the hey day of the street car to Rock City.

On our way back to the Castle saw a pizza place. Stopped and had our supper. When we got back to our rooms, Viv called up Laura Gallmeyer. Asked her to come down, said she would and bring Joyce Wallace who used to teach with Viv. She then called Helen Hannigan and Margaret Hooker. She and Creighton were going to be in Allegheny and might stop if not too late on the return. Paul and Norma went out and got libations and snacks -- fixed up real nice dippit stuff on the little porch. We had just a whale of a nice time. Creighton came in with a bottle of Cold duck -- we added it to the fun evening.

"LAST HURRAH"

Not sure just what make a "hurrah" -- but I think this is one. I have been thinking quite a bit about going back home, to Portville seeing if I could touch base with any of the family left in the area. I passed up the idea as a daydream. I had a notion it would be good to go back to the cemetery in Allegheny -- to see how the place was maintained.

I write Norma Beach and speak by phone occasionally, so we have some contact. Wilda Hill and I exchange letters every now and then. There is some family contact.

One day Norma Duffy, my daughter, said, "Paul and I are thinking of going back East, to go to Syracuse and see the Beach family, rent a car and drive to Portville. Will you join us? Oh, Boy! that hit me right. I said, "Sure will. I'll buy the tickets." She said, "We are thinking of taking Stephen out of school a few days and having him go along." I said, "Great -- I been trying to explain how much fun it was to grow up in a small town to him. I knew I hit a blank wall when he said, 'Grandpa, you didn't have T.V.'" Norma has a friend in the travel business, so in a few days she told me this is the schedule. We fly to Syracuse May 21, 1992 -- return May 28th. She had talked with Chas. Beech's wife, Beth, who insisted we stay at their house while in Syracuse. Norma got in touch with the Castle Motel in Olean.

May 21 -- Jimmy Duffy takes us to an early morning plane at L.A. Terminal. In Syracuse Charlie Beach's wife and mother are there to greet us. We had a pleasant flight, warm welcome, we are here for a pleasant visit with the Beach family. John Beach and Joyce come in for dinner and later in the evening Marilyn drives in from New York. We are off to bed, with an early call for the Duffy gang as Charlie is taking them fishing up on Lake Ontario. Beth and I have a leisurely breakfast, she has some errands, I have a nice opportunity to look at the Syracuse paper. A little later Beth comes by and we go up to the "Nottingham," Norma Beach's new quarters -- as they say -- it's ten minutes away. It is the town of

Jamesville, sort of a familiar name. Norma has the correct information on it. I am going to guess there are a dozen buildings, two stories - on maybe ten acres -- anyway spaced very nicely on a slope. Quite a large set up. Quite new and very nice. The outside view and real nice inside. It is on quite a knoll -- nice lawn all about. A lot of mowing and care taking by someone. Norma's apartment is upstairs, there is elevator, several apartments on each floor. We enter Norma's apartment -- living room pretty good size. She has some of her own furniture, davenport, a couple of chairs, table and TV. Nice room. There is an adjoining kitchen, a hall with a bathroom and goes on to her bedroom, nice size. From her living room you can walk out on to a small porch with a couple of chairs. We sat out there as it was a lovely day. Beth has some errands to do. So she left Norma and me to reminisce -- we did. We did, we did. We retraced old times -- we remember some things differently, but it was fun going over our lives. We went back clear to the fourth grade. That is when the Vergasons came to Portville. Norma and I were in the fourth grade -- Vivian was in the fifth. We had a nice afternoon. Then when Beth came back we got in her car and take off for Lake Ontario, where Charles is fishing with the Duffys. A pleasant drive. I'll guess 75 or 80 miles. We meet the gang at a nice restaurant on the Lake shore. Have dinner. Charlie has Norma and me ride back with him in his car. The Duffys ride with Beth. It becomes dark and as we approach Syracuse, see a display of fireworks -- at a ball park -- decoration day celebration. Royal greeting. They all caught fish, great experience. Steve was thrilled. The next morning at breakfast, Charlie said the men were going on a drive to Coopers town, to see baseball Hall of Fame. Norma and Beth were doing a ladies shopping day. This was just a great day. Beautiful drive to Coopers town, past a lot of lakes, I think the loveliest part of New York State. Quite a trip but a nice one, not freeway driving. Mostly two way roads, but little traffic. Well kept farms, a lot of this is grape country. Some very fancy homes. Charlie said, "some of this is tax write off -- gentleman farmers." Now Coopers Town -- real nice town. Right on the main drag is the Hall of Fame. I was bowled over -- I figured it important but I am amazed. this is big big biggie. Takes up a city block and adjoining this is a big ball field. We saw a lot but we didn't see it all. You just couldn't see it all in one day. I was delighted and amazed. We all were. Charles has seen it before but he said he saw a lot he had not seen before. I couldn't begin to describe it. You have to see it. After absorbing a lot of this wonder, Charlie heads us back to the Syracuse area. When we are back to the outskirts of the

city, Charlie turns in to a restaurant parking lot and we meet up with Beth, Norma Duffy, Norma Beach and Marilyn Beech has come in from New York. We enjoy a fine dinner. Somewhere we have met up with Caren and her husband for a short hello. They are on to a wedding party but we met. When we came back from Olean David was home so we had contact with all the Charlie Beach's.

Paul had already picked up the rental car at the airport. After breakfast we get aboard for Olean. Charlie has already laid out the route to Paul -- there is a little light rain, we are under way. This countryside does not compare with the scenery on the Coopers Town route. Good road and through a lot of small towns, sort of not too prosperous farming area. Once in a while a big well kept place. Some small commercial places but mostly sort of hardscrabble operations. Not bad roads, light traffic. A little rain but we get into the motel in Olean by 4:00 PM. We store our gear, it is still early so we go to Allegheny cemetery. See the McCarey lot after we make our little visit here. We drive over to St. Bonas -- drive about the place. The old gym is the only building left from my time. It is no longer a gym. It is used for a girl's dormitory or something. We stopped and talked with a worker about the place. He was nice in explaining the set up. When he found out I was an old timer he told me Father Jerry McMinin had just been buried this week. He was one of my teachers and a real good friend. We just drove about the place a bit, made a visit to the chapel. It is getting eating time so we find a restaurant not far from our motel. When we get back there find there was a call from Helen Hannigan. We try to call her but not in. We watch a little TV news. I am tired. Steve and I have good rooms right next to Paul and Norma. I think theirs must be the bridal suite. Two rooms adjoining lace curtains between, quite a set up. We enjoyed a couple good night's sleep here.

In the morning it was some holiday. We got up and went up to St. Mary's for 10:00 AM Mass. Met Gene Moore there with his wife. Made arrangements for them to join us for dinner at a restaurant where his son works. Got in touch with Helen Hannigan, Dick Bisett in Bradford, so we had a pretty good family group. A nice gathering of the clan. We make contact with Bill and Wilda Hill. The next day is decoration day -- Wilda has us come up for lunch. Sort of early so we can take in the Portville parade on

decoration day. We take in the whole affair. From folding chairs on the side walk. Deluxe -- that is our style. Wilda has had Emagene Keller join us for this event. Then we go up to the Hill family's camp. Wilda's two daughters and their family joined and Norma Colletti, her sister and families are all in for a delicious dinner. In the mean time the young folks played volleyball in the field. This camp is a delightful place. Emagene went back to Olean with us to the rest home where she is located. It was not far from our motel.

Norma had arranged for Wilda and Bill to come down and have breakfast at the motel with us. Here we did get a chance to have a conversation with them. The day before we only got a chance to see each other and say hi. We had a nice morning with them.

We now take off for the McCarey farm, at Rock Run about 20 miles. There is a new sort of through highway. We got by the place to turn off for the Sartwell Church so I saw Annin Creek. I knew we were too far. We turn around, go back a ways, see a sign, "St. Mary's Church." That is the old Sartwell Catholic Church, we drive up into the church yard and up further to the graveyard in back. Norma and Steve are out and looking for the McCarey lot. Paul was getting his camera stuff assembled. I was not quite sure just where to look, I guess Steve hollered, "here it is." Quite a large monument -- Patric McCarey in large letters is carved there. I think 1843. There are three other names. I think one boy and two girls. Died very young. I heard my Aunt Liza tell about a girl. Mary Ann died very young. I think there were three names on this stone. Along beside this monument are headstones, Mary McCarey (my grandmother), Owen Eugene, John, and Elizabeth. My dad's brothers and sister. Dad was only three years old when his father died. Uncle Gene was the head of the family to him. I have always been under the impression that Grandpa McCarey was Thomas. Aunt Liza told Jean and I about grandmother saying, "Poor Tommy, he had to have papers when he came to this country. He wouldn't let me do that I had to wait until he could, bring me in clean and clear." I am sure I have heard grandpa called Tom McCarey. I talked with Father Joe Cauley one time. He was a neighbor of my folks. He said, "Jimmy, you uncle John is the only McCarey, the rest of your family are Caufield, they favor their mother." I am sure he said Tom

McCarey was a big man, John is good sized man but this man was big and powerful, and he could read and write and he was the law in the neighborhood. My mother used to scare us kids by saying, "How are you going to explain that to the McCarey." On the monument it says Patric -- it is Thomas in my mind. I don't know how to get it straight. Paul has pictures of the monument. We look about the cemetery some it is quite well maintained. We found this now we want to find the McCarey farm. We inquire about and find Rock Run and there are still a few familiar names on the mail boxes. Lanes at the old Dan Lane farm and Finn at the Old Finn Place. No others I could see. We are at the old McCarey place. The house is still in the same place. It is changed some. It is not abandoned as some places seemed to be. We didn't see anybody about. The old barns were replaced by metal sheds. The old orchard near the house was gone. It doesn't appear to be a dairy farm. Same old hillsides, not plowed and cultivated as I remember them. I imagine only a grazing area. We saw the farm, Paul took some pictures. We got back to the story of the McCareys. I am very happy to do so. We head back to Olean and the motel. We have arrangements to have Gene Moore family -- all who are available, Helen Hannigan, and Dick and Gertrude Bisett to join us for dinner at a restaurant, where Gene Moore's son works, up on Union St. about where the old Jack Daley bar used to be. We enjoyed a nice meal and a lot of good family get together talk. Dick and I are the only ones left of our generation. I thoroughly enjoyed it and feel sure the rest did also.

After a good night's sleep at the Castle, Helen Hannigan and Dorothy Cunningham (my cousin Jim Cunningham's widow) joined us for breakfast at the motel. Paul and Steve went out and played, some pitch and putt golf. Then we take off for Syracuse on our way home. Have a pleasant evening with the Beech's, they had Norma over. Sort of have our goodbyes as we plan an early drive to the airport. We are aboard for the breakfast flight to L.A. Aboard we all say it was a most pleasant and successful trip. Jimmy met us in L.A. Hurrah!

ARRANGEMENT

A while ago Viv and I were up at the cemetery, putting flowers on her Dad's and Mother's graves. A lady came up and spoke, asked if our family were here. When Viv told her they were she asked if we found the cemetery arrangements satisfactory. We exchanged names -- she gave us her card and explained that she was a representative of Sunnyside Mausoleum and funeral association. Did we have final arrangements made for ourselves? Would we like information, she would be pleased to show us, etc? As a result a meeting was arranged, so one evening at our house we are into 'Lay Away Plans.'

The lady arrived and pleasantries were exchanged. We were presented with some literature, any how folders, with pictures and figures and probably facts -- concerned with the unavoidable future. I offered my quip about "View Lots" -- this was respectfully ignored. Then we got down to the when you got to go part it should be done properly. I wanted to use my little 'Stinker Phrase' -- the one about if you think I am a stinker now wait until I am gone. Viv glanced it down. When she twists her head just so and looks sideways through the top of her bi-focals -- that is the end of the line, period. Now we listened to the lady presentation with silent attention. How nice and comforting a feeling to know that the Sunnyside Association had an arrangement in every last detail, of your every last wish and your very last wish for sure with pictures of well constructed two story condominiums for caskets which will be dug in and sealed so the inhabitants will be secure from the elements without. (I refrained from asking about security from the within elements.) We looked at pictures of caskets of various types, makes, and materials -- wood and metal finished, fiberglass with linings of silks and satins, clear and colored with bows and beading and ruffles. I also refrained from asking how fire resistant. I did mention that my friend the undertaker had bad feet and that I attributed it to the fact that he never had to buy shoes. This was ignored, noticeably, saying the wrong this has bothered me but never stopped me for long.

The women got off to discussing church work. Viv discovered she knew this lady's family. They discussed many problems but being a salesperson we were back to the satisfaction of having final arrangements completed. Now how about the marker? Do you have lodge emblems you would like displayed? I brought up epitaph. This is not done. Grays Elegy could not be written in this era. The only one I knew was the one about Charolette -- born a virgin died a harlot. The result of this cozy party -- we have a dual vault, a bronze marker with both our names and only one date for each of us, the other date to be added as necessary. Viv paid the bill with her inheritance money and I go Sunnyside for free. There is still a date pending to go casket shopping. I am not sure if I should have ruffles or not. I know that I cannot make the last minute decision.



RESIDENCE OF M. J. McCAREY, M. D.



MAPLE STREET, LOOKING EAST



Elizabeth (Bestes) McCarey
Aunt Bestes

Michael McCarey



John
McCarey
Winsor & Whipple
PHOTOGRAPHERS
NEW ORLEANS, N.Y.

John McCarey
Uncle John



Michael McCarey

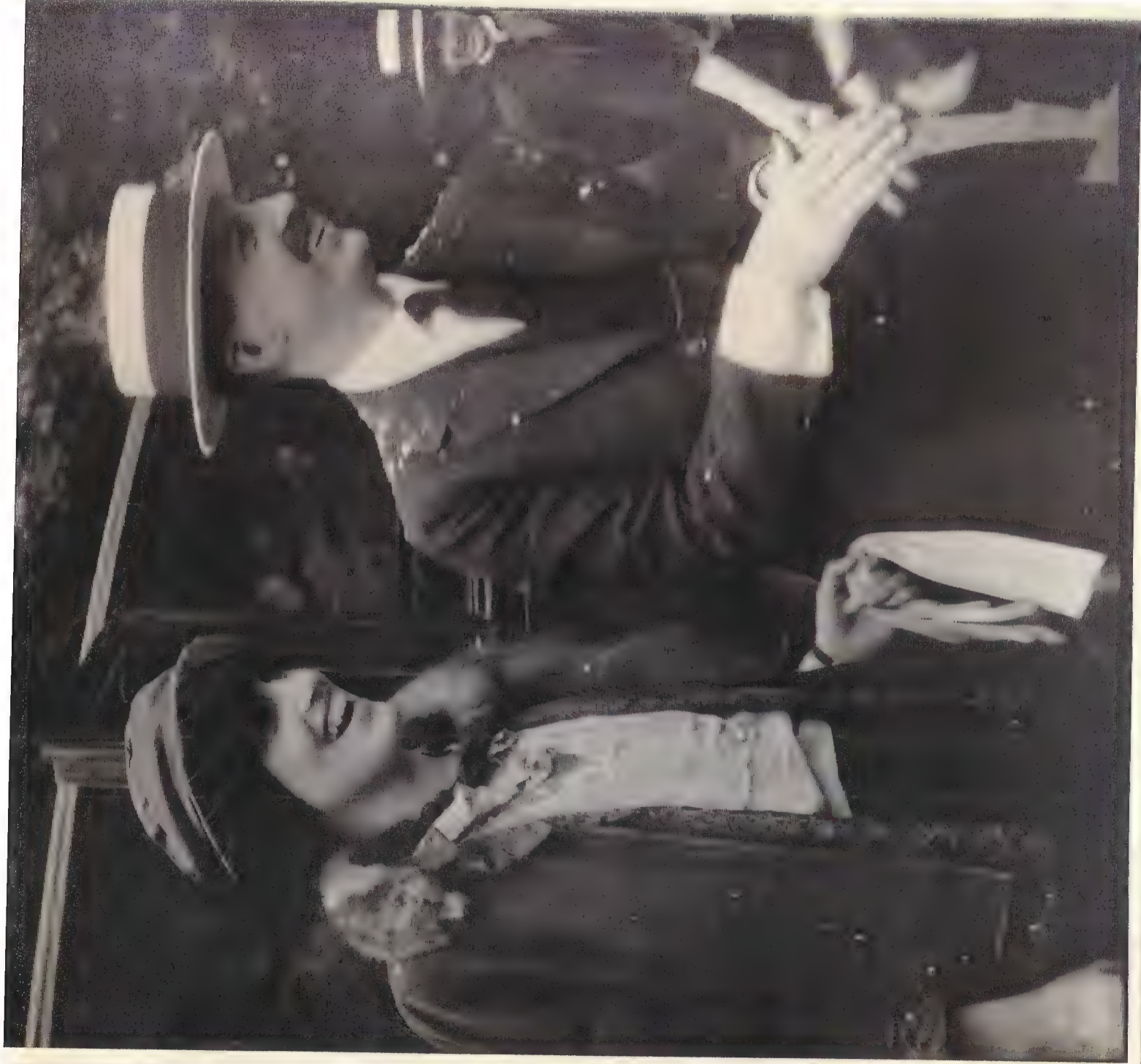




Anna Bisett McCarey



6th Grade Portville Class



Eugenia (Jean) McCarey Sterne

Walter (Pat) Sterne (brother-in-law)



John

Eugenia McCarey



Walter (Pat) Sterne



St. Bonaventure Graduate



Signal Hill oilwell



Eugenia McCarey

Anna Bisett McCarey



Vivian Vergason



**St. Mary 's Church
near the farm**



Rock Run Farm Area



Dr. McCarey Home on Maple Street



Vergason Home on Maple St.



Vivian Vergason McCarey Anna Bisett McCarey



3020 E. 6th St. before addition



Vivian McCarey Jim McCarey



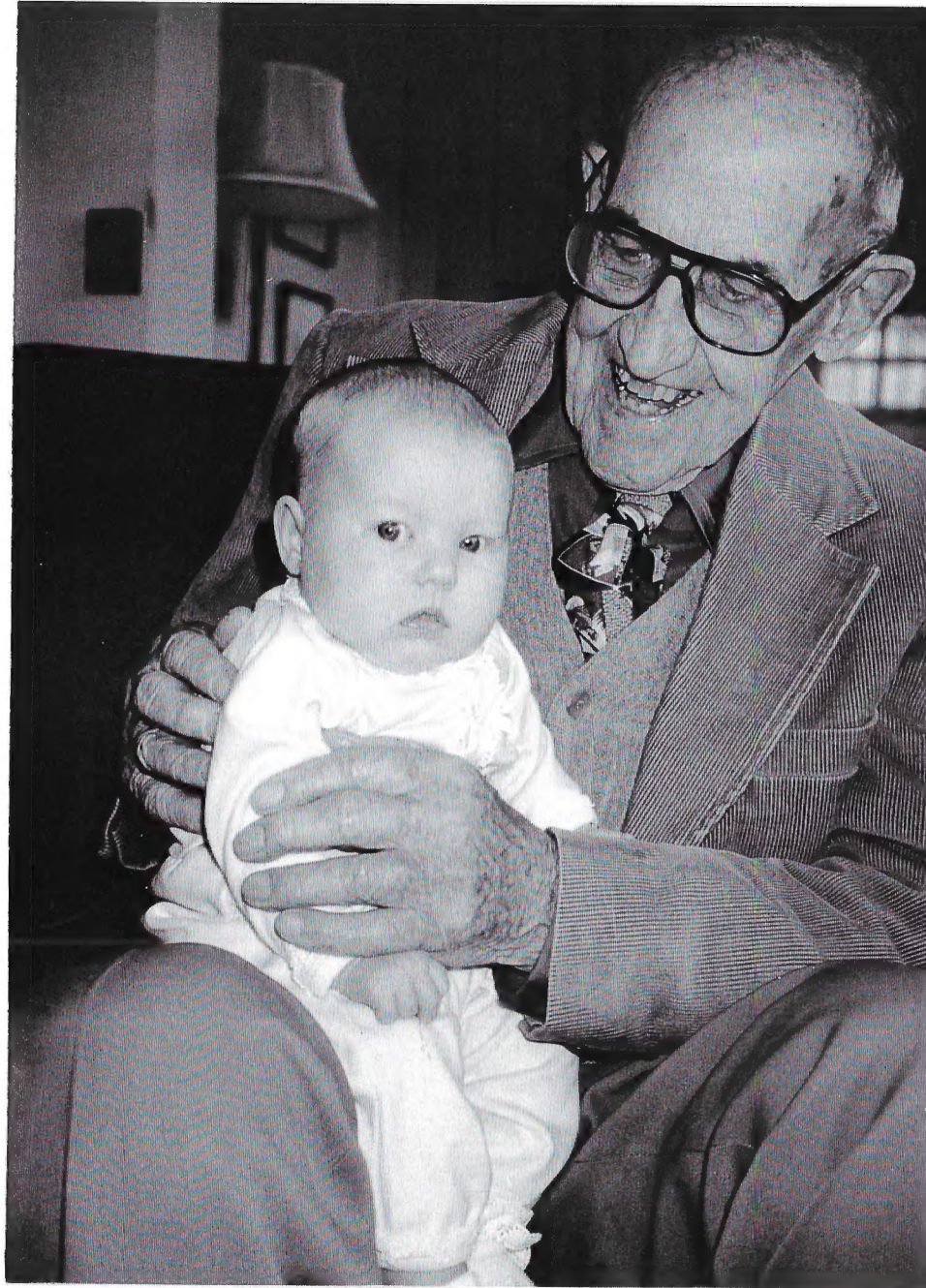
Letter from Charlie Vergason to the California newtyreds.

Maple Ave.
Portville, N.Y.



Mr. and Mrs. James B. McCassey
Long Beach,
California,

3020 Sixth Street.



Clare Shannon Duffy

